THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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SID JACKSON

Cosmo Hamilton—Philip Gibbs—Thomas McMorrow—Norval Richardson
Albert J. Beveridge—Calvin Johnston—Joseph Hergesheimer—Will Payne

Authorities call it the "neglected age" —the years from 3 *to* 6

because then childhood needs are not always fully understood

IT is said that during the first five years, children learn more than during all the rest of life. Busy, interesting years!

They charm us completely, these little folks; yet —do we unconsciously neglect them?

Authorities say we do. They call the years from 3 to 6, especially, the "neglected age."

After 3, a child is no longer a baby. The strict routine of babyhood is slackened. Before 6, he is not subject to the regular habits imposed by school. It is a "between" stage, often unintentionally slighted.

But never are a child's needs greater than between these years. For never is he more active, physically and mentally.

Such constant activity must have an unlimited fund of energy upon which to draw. Energy is a basic need; the motive power which keeps the engine going. Every effort of body and mind, every vital process consumes energy.

This energy is supplied, of course, through food. But how easily and quickly, how generously it is supplied, depends upon the kind of food.

What your child especially needs at this age, is food known to be very rich in energy. But more than that —it must be so simple and easy to digest that the waiting body and brain get *all* this energy quickly without losing any in hard extra work of digestion.

Providing such a food for your family need be no puzzling problem. In one favorite, well-known food

Apple Pudding

2 cups cooked Cream of Wheat
2 cups milk
3 apples cored and sliced
3 eggs
1 cup sugar
Nutmeg

Mix Cream of Wheat with milk, beaten egg and sugar. Pour ⅓ the Cream of Wheat mixture into a buttered baking dish, cover with apple rings, sprinkle with sugar and nutmeg and dot with butter; repeat twice. Bake in a moderate oven one-half hour and serve hot or cold with cream

—Cream of Wheat—you find combined these two necessary qualities!

A wonderful source of energy is Cream of Wheat, which is also so easy to digest that every bit of this vital force is quickly available for use when needed.

It is made of the heart of the best hard wheat—that part richest in energy elements which scientists call carbohydrates. Of all food substances these are easiest to digest. In fact, unlike many foods, digestion of Cream of Wheat begins *in the mouth.*

A basic need for little bodies and brains—this need of energy; one which neglected, will lead to serious effects. And yet it is such a simple thing to provide—in delicious Cream of Wheat!

There are so many ways to serve it, other than as the always welcome breakfast cereal. New desserts and puddings which furnish energy for grown-ups too, and please their appetites as well. A food for all the family!

We have a new booklet which suggests a variety of delightful ways to serve Cream of Wheat. We will gladly send it to you, if you will fill out the coupon below and mail to us.

FREE—Illustrated Recipe Booklet

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn.
Please send me, FREE, your recipe booklet, "Thirty Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."

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Cream of Wheat

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
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ADLER COLLEGIAN CLOTHES

THEY KEEP YOU LOOKING YOUR BEST

The McBeduein Finish

Warm and friendly is this smartly cut Overcoat with its deep, roomy patch pockets. The set-in sleeves give a trim shoulder-line to top off the full box-back, which hangs in a straight sweep. There's plenty of room in this model for the fellow who enjoys a brisk, leg-swinging stride. Made in many beautiful fleecy materials; in over-plaids, plaid-backs, or in quiet tones.

The Adler Collegian dealer in your community has the above and other stylish Winter models in Overcoats and Suits at moderate prices. Smart styles for every man of 17 to 70.

Worth *looking* into!

Next time you buy a suit, look at and into the pockets. If the suit was made to sell at too low a price, chances are a good many pennies were taken out, or, rather, *left out* of the pockets.

To the casual eye, all pockets look alike. But, by actual count, there are fourteen ways in which quality may be added or subtracted in pockets alone.

Adler Collegian coat pockets, for instance, are made of fine, close-woven silesia. We could buy cheap silesia which would look as well when new, but the seams would not hold and you would be annoyed by holes and rips.

Another example. The pockets in our coats are amply faced with woolen cloth. But the pockets in some coats we have seen are faced only with a tiny, narrow strip. When such a poorly made pocket gapes open, you see the lining.

Then we know that lots of men, at times, carry material of considerable weight in their side coat pockets. So we use wide, liberal stays (upon which pockets hang) and we tack the pockets to the canvas skeleton of the coat with linen thread so they cannot pull out of position. In some clothes, the pockets are not tacked, and the stays are so skimpy and the pockets quickly sag and pull the whole garment out of shape.

So it goes. We shrink our woolens in cold water. Steam shrinking is cheaper for the manufacturer—but not for you. For your coat foundation, we use pure, Irish all-linen canvas—cotton canvas can be bought at one-third the price. Every Adler Collegian seam is securely sewn with new silk thread. Costs could be cut by using old, brittle silk thread and, for the hidden seams, cotton thread. To insure the fit, we attach coat collars by hand. Machine work costs less.

Buy good clothes—clothes that are worth what they cost. We don't believe that you can get good clothes for less than the moderate prices asked for Adler Collegian Overcoats and Suits.

If there is no Adler Collegian dealer in your town, we shall be glad to send you the name of one near you.

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Milwaukee, Wisconsin 330

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WARMTH - WEAR - GOOD LOOKS

those are your overcoat requirements

Good, all-wool fabrics will take care of the first;
our name in the coat is a sure sign of the other two

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

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UNWRITTEN HISTORY

By Cosmo Hamilton

In all the histories that have yet to be written, the only two pages that will be of any importance to you and to me are those which will deal with the sayings and doings of myself and you. ALI BEN ABOU TALAB.

WITH much kindness and affability, they had permitted me to join them in a game of dominos, and to pay for four rounds of not very old brandy and six quite deadly cigars—the mayor, with an astrakhan beard that was parted in the middle and trained to port and starboard; the gendarme, whose black mustache ran bristling to the very lobes of his ears; and the portly carpenter, who was helping to erect a two-story building on the other side of the street, and who, judging by the leisurely mode of procedure that I had watched from my window, was likely still to be helping in his ripe old age. This condescension was due to the fact that they had known my father, my brothers and me during our several walking tours through their village of Claire to the sleepy sister villages which nestled round the innumerable old churches in the romantic heart of France. And then, as usual, at nine o'clock, they had risen, bowed, smiled, thanked me for the pleasure of my company, little imagining that it had cost me a good deal more than I could afford, and gone their separate ways to bed.

Already the lights in the charming village, with its fifty-nine homemade bridges across the stream that meandered along the High Street, had gone out, one by one; and the thrifty woman who owned the Hôtel du Chariot d'Or scraped the bosom of the good red earth all round it for the last atom of its rendering, and had made me very comfortable for a month in the smallest of her three guest bedrooms, for seven francs a day, had blown out all but one of the oil lamps in the *salle à manger*. The composite aroma of garlic, tobacco, kerosene and stock pot gave that small, uncarpeted room its characteristic homeliness to which I had become almost fondly accustomed. Before the quarter had been struck by the mellow bell of the little mother of Claire, I and another stray dog were alone upon our feet.

A momentous month, that, to me; a month filled with feverish effort in an atmosphere of paradoxical quietude; a month during which I had deliberately hidden myself from the eyes of my family to pursue what was generally considered to be a forlorn hope, a futile and pathetic effort to prove to my worried, kind but skeptical father that the bad attack of *cacoëthes scribendi* from which I had been suffering through all my adolescence could, should and must bear sufficient fruit to gain his permission to make a name and a living as a writer of books and plays.

Government Work in Good Company

IT WAS, as I see it now, arrant cheek and conceit to have imagined that I was capable of tackling any such adventure; and, with a son of my own growing daily out of his clothes, and approaching with uncanny speed that difficult moment when he in his turn will have to choose the means by which he may earn his bread and butter, it is easy for me to sympathize with my father's attitude. A man with a large family, a delicate wife, an unresilient salary, my father's spirit of taking chances had been killed by heavy responsibility, the caution and timidity growing out of a painful knowledge of the risks and difficulties of life, and the undermining security of having sat all his working years in the safe cul-de-sac of a government office. A colleague of Matthew Arnold, who was happy only when he could disappear from Whitehall, prop himself up in bed against a mass of pillows and concentrate upon his poetry, my father was one of the departmental chiefs of the Board of Education and a leading spirit in the formulation of the code of free education which was given to the people of England during the various parliamentary changes which made the Duke of Devonshire, who dropped all his *h*'s, Lord Lingen, who dropped all his final *g*'s, and others who quickly dropped out of sight, the shifting presidents of his office—an office in which W. S. Gilbert, while serving as a temporary clerk on an infinitesimal salary, devoted the hours which should have been dedicated to an ungrateful country, to the writing of the Bab Ballads, which led eventually to his brilliant partnership with Sir Arthur Sullivan and the production of all those delightful operas which are even now as much a part of England as the lions in Trafalgar Square, the Lord Mayor's show and the yellow fogs of London.

V. R. was stamped not only on every mat, glass and envelope of my father's office, but on his body and soul as well, and he was as closely tied by red tape to that dull old building next door to the one from which Charles I was conducted to the scaffold as by the heavy chains of Prometheus. He had set his mind, therefore, on my playing safe, on my utilizing some of the back-stairs influence that could be exerted on my behalf by my grandfather, who was then a queen's messenger, to cross the easy stepping-stones of a conventional career to a placid and respectable harbor on a well-earned pension.

"My dear good lad," he said to me when, having tasted the intoxicating joy of appearing in print as the winner of a guinea prize in a short-story competition in a half-penny evening paper, I saw myself with Dickens, "one swallow doesn't make a summer, one accidental effort, which is very poor at that, doesn't mean a career or pay a tailor's bill."

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Cyril Maude, Who Was One of the Haymarket Managers Who Accepted Hamilton's Dramatization of a Kipling Story, is Seen Here in The School for Scandal

Well-Meant Advice

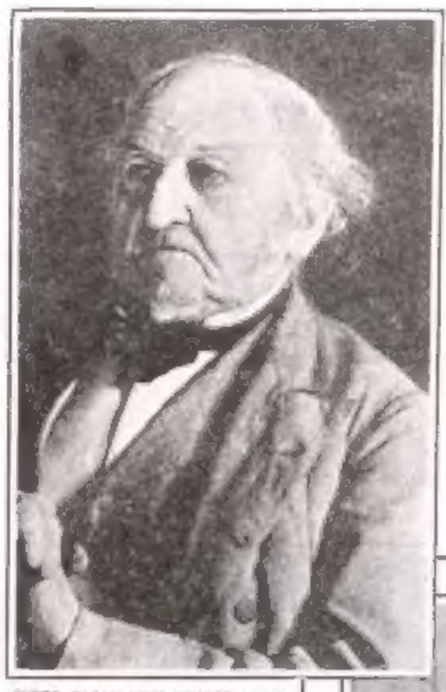
AND, with all the eloquence which had made him famous as an after-dinner speaker, he went on to draw a harrowing picture of Chatterton's garret, to describe the well-known hardness of the paving stones of Fleet Street, and to give a series of pitiful examples of the struggle, failure and heartbreak of those friends of his youth who had dared to challenge fate with nothing but a pen, a bottle of ink and the midnight oil that runs so quickly dry.

In spite of all this sanity, and the sage advice that always seems so feeble to the very young, I had gained a short probation after several sad and ineffectual efforts to conform to parental desires. I had buried myself away in the eager determination to tempt the Muse, to write a book that should make me famous overnight, to win my spurs in the face of all the don'ts of disbelieving parents and the remorseless ridicule of a well-known writer who had asked me to dinner in the Authors' Club for the palpable purpose of choking me off. Ascott Hope was, paradoxically enough, his name; a bearded, brawny Scot, who added little to a small but canny income by turning out an everlasting series of school stories and travel books to a small discriminating public. I shall never forget that evening, and my excitement at sitting at the same long table with Robert Barr, who

PHOTO. BY LEWIS-SMITH, CHICAGO

Cosmo Hamilton

rolled one cigarette while he smoked another and with each one added a deeper stain of nicotine to his mustache; Conan Doyle, with his massive shoulders and policeman's feet; Jerome K. Jerome, of the ready laugh; and Rider Haggard, with the cavalry face and the jangle of imaginary spurs. Olympian gods, all four, who sat upon Parnassus. Nor its nightmare aftermath, when my most well-meaning host led me into a deserted room, gave me a cigar which made my head whirl round and played strange tricks with my knees, and then used all the eloquence of his misty mountains to show me what an impossible cub I was. I had made up my mind that failure would not lead me into uncongenial safety but to South Africa in the Bechuanaland police. I had already clicked heels to Col. Hamilton Goold-Adams and the enrollment form was in the pocket of my bag. As a member of a territorial regiment, I had played at soldiering for two years.



PHOTO, BY NEWS SERVICE, N. Y. C.

My month had not been fruitless. Morning, noon and night I had glued myself to a little table in the bedroom of the Chariot d'Or, and in the white heat of enthusiasm, the adolescent conceit of private revelation, with ink all over my fingers and probably in my hair, I had turned out a story of forty thousand words designed to blush within the red covers of a famous library in which, among many well-known books, there had appeared Mademoiselle X, A Study in Temptations, Cavalleria Rusticana and John Oliver Hobbes' Some Emotions and a Moral. "A man's reach must exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" The story was laid in India, of which I knew nothing; about the Indian Army, of which I knew even less; and so I had called it Which is Absurd to take the sting away. Under the title and my name, the name that must be known wherever English readers lived or I busted, I had set a Euclidean problem in the following words: "Being as they were, it was quite impossible for them to have done otherwise than as they did—which is absurd."

It dealt, naturally enough, with the great riddles of life—men, women and love. It was filled, of course, like all first books, with epigrams and philosophy, and touched with the octogenarian cynicism of callow youth. At midnight it seemed to me to be a masterpiece. At nine o'clock in the morning it bore all the earmarks of egregious nonsense. But the midnight feeling conquered that of nine o'clock, and instead of making a bonfire of all the pages that I had copied and recopied in my best handwriting, it was posted to the publisher with a note in which I gave him an address in Dieppe and the sort of high recommendation that one reads today on the paper covers of every novel.

British Royalty Incognito

I CHOSE Dieppe as my headquarters for the remaining period of my probation because it had a casino, in which, with one of those infallible systems and a certain amount of luck, it seemed to me impossible not to break the bank and return to London a very rich man. I ought, perhaps, to add the slightly disturbing fact that my capital amounted at that moment to a few shillings short of twenty-five pounds. There, at one of the cheapest of the hotels, filled with the cheapest of English tourists, I settled down to wait for the verdict as to whether I was to become a novelist or a policeman.

It so happened that this pleasant resort harbored at that time another man who was waiting for greatness to be thrust upon him, who was enjoying, incognito—under the name, perhaps, of Mr. Smith—a little respite from the numerous duties that he was called upon to fulfill, and a brief escape from the public searchlight that beats so hotly upon the heir to a throne. His desire to be ignored and permitted to pass unnoticed on his walks was granted very grudgingly by the crowd of English and French, who recognized him instantly and could hardly refrain from demonstrating the love in which they held him in the usual trying way. The blue Guelph eye, the neatly pointed beard, the Monte Carlo hat at a rakish angle, the genial embonpoint, the irresistible charm and urbanity of manner made Mr. Smith conspicuous, whether he was sunning on the end of the pier, strolling along the sea wall with one or another of his friends, in the paddock of the rather comic race course, or sitting next to the bland croupier in the casino for a little flutter at the table. And whenever I caught sight of him in any of these places, wearing the air of a schoolboy playing truant, eager to catch whatever fun there was, I used to remember the vivid description that my grandfather was wont to give of having advised him as a lively boy and lent him a handful of small change from time to time with which to buy a box or two of sweet stuff.

While on the subject of my grandfather, a story has been handed down among the few heirlooms of my family of how he and my grandmother, at a very ripe old age, hired an antiquated four-wheeler, driven by a man even older than the cab, whose horse was a greater age than all of them combined, to pay a Sunday afternoon call in a London square near by. On its funereal way from house to house the bottom fell out of the cab, and as the aged man on the box was too deaf to hear the by no means unviolent expostulations of the hot-tempered old gentleman and the probably high-pitched cries of his small and elderly spouse, there was nothing for them to do but to run along inside. The laughter of those who gazed with an abandonment of joy at this most unusual sight must have done much to break the gloom of that early Victorian Sabbath. I tremble to think of the final outburst that must have thrown the driver out of his seat when the cab drew up at its destination and the blown and helpless prisoners stepped goutily into safety.

Mrs. Langtry, the Jersey Lily, at the Zenith of Her Fame and Beauty. At Right—Miss Gertrude Kingston. Above—Mr. Gladstone, the Subject of a Feeble Caricature by the Autobiographer

My system was undoubtedly infallible, but it let me down to the extent of half my capital after several evenings' play. The loss of every twenty francs nipped off at least two days of my waning and remaining month. With luck unsmiling, and never a word, even of acknowledgment, from the publisher in Paternoster Row, incredible as it seemed, my heart was in my boots. I was on the verge of retiring from the game, when one night a lady with large violet eyes, a skin like the petals of a white rose and a very lovely face looked at me with a smile that seemed to put the lights out—said something to a soldierly man who was standing next to Mr. Smith and beckoned to me to come round to her side of the table.

"You ought to be in bed and asleep," she said, "instead of flinging away a fortune in this place." And she smiled again at the remembrance of my timid punting with single francs which had evidently amused her very much. "Never mind; follow me. I'm in luck tonight for a change."

I followed her, not with my usual modest stake, but with the large silver cartwheel that represented five-franc pieces, and won back all that I had lost and a hundred francs besides. I hadn't the remotest idea who this dazzling person was until some time later, when I went to the St. James's Theater to see my first performance of As You Like It and recognized in Mrs. Langtry my lady of succor. But it was not until many years later, when she did me the honor to come to tea at my rooms in the Albany, in Piccadilly, that I had an opportunity to remind her of this incident and offer her my thanks. It was then that, in her inimitable way, she told me how it was that Oscar Wilde became the model of Gilbert and Sullivan's aesthetic Bunthorne in Patience.

At the time when Mrs. Langtry was at the zenith of her fame and beauty, Wilde, just out of Oxford University, came to London, poor but proud. He fell in love with the Jersey Lily, as all men did, bought one exquisite blossom every evening at Covent Garden Market, marched across London, holding it in front of him with the amazing unself-consciousness that he afterwards parodied so well, waited on the curbstone outside the theater to open the door of her carriage and then handed his tribute of adoration in silent ecstasy.

When Mrs. Langtry Relented

FOR a time there was something rather touching in the gallantry of this knightly deed, and Mrs. Langtry accepted the inevitable gift from the sallow, large-eyed, long-haired, inarticulate youth with pleasure. But the deadly monotony of these evening presentations, and the regular sight of his worshiping figure looming in the shadows as she left the theater, got eventually on her nerves, and Wilde was begged to go away. Shocked and wounded, he continued, however, to hang about night after night in the deepest melancholy gloom; until at last, taking pity on his passionate plight, Mrs. Langtry sent out word that he might renew his wordless attentions and once more allowed herself to be handed out of her carriage by the man who originated the now so popular method of saying it with flowers.

Poverty being the better part of gambling, I presented a cold and cautious shoulder at the casino during the remainder of my holiday at Dieppe. Restless, disheartened and very lonely, hearing nothing but the echo of Hope's keen ridicule in the booming of the sea, I went through one day after another with depression at my heels. I had worked out all my *cacoëthes scribendi* on my first enthusiastic effort. The inkpot stood neglected. Then came that thrilling moment when the longed-for letter came at last, not of mere acknowledgment of the manuscript, and not of its refusal with thanks, but very briefly desiring a call at the earliest possible moment.

The next boat, London, home; the oiling of an old tall hat, the borrowing of a pair of spats, a haircut and general brushing up, and the choice of the smartest hansom cab in which to drive in style to Paternoster Row. A rising blood pressure, a needle sewing through and through the solar plexus, the sun grown twice its size.

But Paternoster Row is the narrowest street on earth; and as wagons have a way of blocking up its passage, the impressive effect of my hansom cab was dissipated in thin air. Paying the callous driver at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, who, had he known all that hung upon my mission, might have made a slight reduction in his charge, I walked down the shabby thoroughfare of books, handed my card to an office boy with a brandy ball in his mouth and waited, seeing stars—and waited. The office boy, returning from the great man's room, was only held from suggesting a game of catch with a fat ball of string by my father's snow-white spats. I could see it in his eye. Finally, when every minute detail of that insalubrious outer office had been stamped upon my brain, the exit of the important person, the ring of a bell, "This way, please."

PHOTO, BY CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE, INC., N. Y. C.

In a large and immediately pleasant room, lined with bookshelves, with a bowl of flowers on the center table and many framed photographs of celebrated authors hanging on the walls, was a man in a silver-gray frock-coat suit, with so long and fair a beard, so high and wise a forehead, that he gave me the instant impression of having been sent to earth on behalf of the prophets for the worthy purpose of discovering new writers among the vast obscure. I had never met a publisher before, but Mr. Fisher Unwin fitted exactly into my preconception of one. All about him was

(Continued on Page 138)

THE DANGER OF EUROPE

The Failure of Peace—By Sir Philip Gibbs

HOWEVER hard one clings to hope, it is very difficult just now to maintain a cheerful belief in the prospects of a slow but steady recovery in Europe. Many of us, in spite of constant disappointment and disillusionment, have tried to follow the gleam of light ahead beyond the darkness and confusion of the years after war, believing that the spirit of peace would prevail in the minds of men, and that the common sense of peoples—is there such a thing?—and their economic needs would bring Europe back, by degrees, to normal intercourse and decent conditions. Like millions of others, I hoped—and by that hope believed—that after the dreadful lessons of war and its overwhelming costs to victors and vanquished, there would be a growing allegiance to some new code of international law, such as that possessed in the League of Nations, which would substitute arbitration for the old argument of force, and justice—subject to human error and weakness—for the brutal old claim that might is right. We were not fools enough to imagine that these things would happen in a hurry, by the wave of a magic wand, but we did believe that European nations and their leaders would move in that direction as the only way of escape from new calamity.

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Doctor Dekers, Rukr Separatist Leader Who Proclaimed Rhine Republic

That hope must now, I think, be postponed. It is the conviction of many observers who see below the surface, that Europe is going to get worse before it gets better. It is certainly my conviction, after recent travels. So far from moving in the direction of peace, there are ugly signs that it is drifting fatally towards new convulsions of strife between nations and within nations. Instead of a rising allegiance to international law as a substitute for the argument of force, there is a steady reaction towards the use of force as the only method of satisfying national claims and fulfilling national ambitions. After a period of partial recovery from the wastage and economic ruin of war, the bankruptcy of Germany and the present breakdown of the greatest industrial machine in Central Europe have checked all further progress of world commerce, and the purchasing power of all markets is again at low ebb from one end of Europe to the other. The groundwork of the new order laid down by the Treaty of Versailles is beginning to crack and crumble above a boiling lava of human passion. Europe is once more slipping downhill and gathering speed on the slope.

The Worst Not Over?

THIS setback to progress has happened at a time when there were reasonable hopes that European peoples were well on the road to recovery. There were visible proofs that, after wild illusions based on the false promises of victory, some of the victor nations were returning to sanity, facing the plain truth of things, and realizing that no progress could be made on the perpetuation of hate or the old law of "woe to the vanquished." England was perhaps quickest to get rid of the hate stuff. She raised her old standard of fair play—even to the Germans. Partly from self-interest, partly from a wave of pacifist sentiment and belief in the possibility of an international code of law which would give humanity a better chance, there was in England—as well as in some of the smaller nations, like Sweden, Denmark, Norway and Holland—a great rally of popular opinion to the spirit of the League of Nations. After the restlessness and neurasthenia that followed the strain of war, people were getting back to work and developing their industries with faith in the future. There was material improvement in the conditions of countries most battered by war and its consequences since those years when, like Russia, they were famine-stricken or, like Italy, falling to pieces in civil strife.

There is no longer immediate need of such great adventures of international charity as that of the American Relief Administration or of the British Save the Children Fund which rescued millions of lives and checked the spread of pestilence. The French people, in spite of their enormous debts, their devastated districts, and their inability to get reparations from Germany, are prosperous individually. English credit stands high, and by brave taxation she is balancing her budgets and paying back her loans. In almost all countries, except England, the peasant farmer is doing well on the land and producing enough to feed the cities, if their money has any kind of value.

Compared with the state of Europe three years ago, it is evident that there was a material improvement in many countries which justified the optimist in believing that the worst was over and that slowly but surely these countries were advancing towards normal conditions. It comes, therefore, as a horrible shock to discover that the worst is not over, and that, on the contrary, new ordeals must be faced and new calamities may happen, unless there is an abrupt and unlikely change in the direction of the tides of European passions and policies.

What has happened to cause this new danger to Europe? It is something that has been happening in the minds of peoples, imperceptibly for the most part, and not recorded in newspapers except when it has been revealed in dramatic action here and there. It is a reaction against constitutional law and the rights of democracy, a cynical disbelief in world justice, and harking back to the primitive faith in brute force as the only argument of human life.

The first cause of this reaction was Lenine and his philosophy of communism. The red bogy of Bolshevism has done more harm to liberal and democratic progress than anything that has happened in a hundred years. It is the great excuse of the reactionaries in every country of Europe and has enabled them to seize the power of government in many nations. It justified their use of force to defeat the violence of mob passion; and having gone back to force to restore order within their frontiers, they have the inevitable temptation of force to regain what they have lost or to grab what they want beyond their frontiers. The militarists and nationalists, unchecked by parliamentary compromise, liberal opinion, and the voice of common cautious folk, are out for adventure with national egotism as their impulse. In many places the people themselves have been intoxicated again by the old flamboyant symbols of glory, empire and power.

Italy is the most striking example of that, though constitutional forms and checks have been abolished in Spain, Hungary and Germany.

Mussolini and his army of Civil Guards, the Fascisti, undoubtedly saved Italy from disintegration and ruin. When I went to Italy in 1919, and again in 1920, it was rotten with revolt, the natural, ignorant and dangerous revolt of hundreds of thousands of workless men, disgusted with the failure of many high promises made to them in time of war, and bitten with the microbe of Bolshevism, which they imagined would convey the wealth of the nation into their own hands, give them all the profits of their own labor, revenge them against the profiteers who had grown fat out of the massacre of youth, and establish a beautiful equality of welfare with large wages for little work. They scrawled the name of Lenine as a sacred symbol on the very churches of Rome, spat on the king's head—as I saw it done—when they stamped a letter, seized the factories, which they could not manage, and brought trade to a standstill.

The political leaders and parliament were unable to cope with the situation. Mussolini played the part of a little Napoleon, with castor oil instead of a "whiff of grape shot." He gained the position of dictator as the leader of a middle-class army of defense, and it is only fair to him to say that he not only restored order in Italy but gave it for a time a disciplined energy and a new sense of national purpose and progress which had real results, allowing for the wealth of rhetoric and rosy phrases which exaggerated with Italian bravura this new order of things.

Italian Defiance of the Law of Nations

WHEN I was in Italy in October last it was evident that Mussolini's benevolent despotism had invigorated the spirit of the people and saved them from a miserable bog of Bolshevistic filth. Nevertheless it was a despotism founded on force and not on law, and, like all such powers, could only continue to exist by the display and advertisement of force. Mussolini, like Napoleon, was bound to maintain his prestige by playing up to the spirit of violence, which is the chief weapon of dictatorship. He had to show them that he was a strong man still, and could go on being strong.

He seized the chance at Corfu, and satisfied the "sacred egotism" of Italy, avenged its national honor, by bombarding a defenseless port and killing a number of children, after the murder of some Italian officers on the Albanian frontier by persons unknown. To the protests of the League of Nations he returned insulting answers and defied international law with mocking humor. He made it quite clear that he did not care the toss of a coin for international law or for any League of Nations, because he had the force to carry out his will and did not believe that any superior force would be used against him. That affair at Corfu, and that open defiance of international justice, is one, and not the least important, of the reasons why Europe is reverting to belief in violence and to disbelief in the possibility or advantages of peace.

Before that there was another cause. It was the success of Turkey in smashing the terms of peace that had been imposed upon it by victorious powers. Utterly destroyed and ruined as the Turks seemed at the end of the European war, it was the revolt of Mustapha Kemal and

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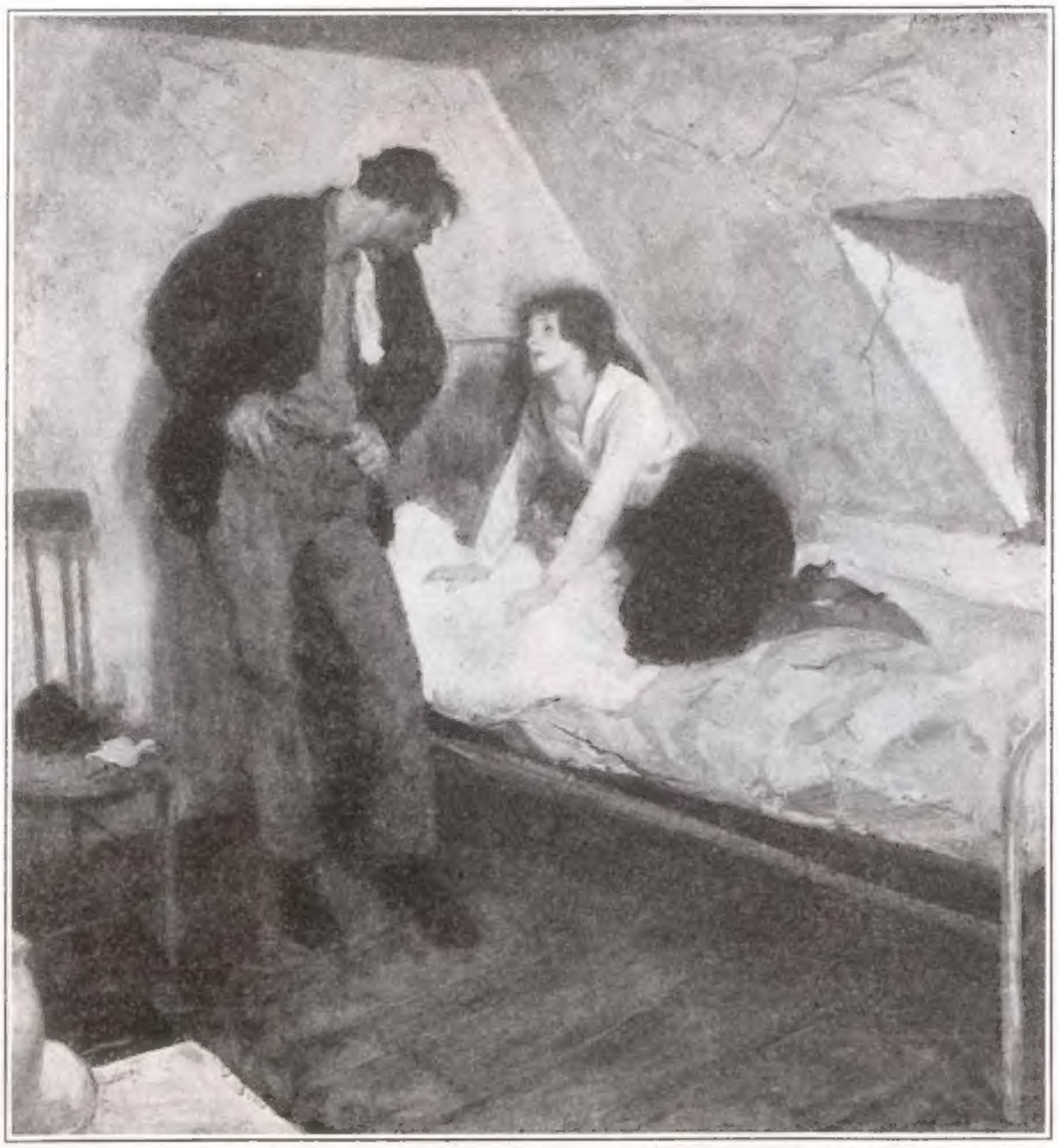
The Town That Had an Alias

By CALVIN JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER



"Sure, You're Out of Your Head With the Fever"

LITTLE concern of mine is the large and growing ignorance of brakemen on matters in general," began the night foreman scornfully, as he entered the switch shanty and, dropping his suitcase, hurriedly changed from a new salt-and-pepper suit to working clothes. "If there was not ignorance there would be no such thing as stingers at all," he continued breathlessly but significantly, "and who would brake the trains?"

The engine crew ready to take its trick nodded approval of this sentiment regarding brakemen, and with lanterns swung in the crook of the arm waited for particulars of the arraignment. Tonight the foreman was a figure of unusual interest in the shanty as a returned traveler, for he had been on a visit to his brother-in-law at Bloomer's Junction and would have picked up many an incriminating bit of evidence against trainmen who were suspected in the yard of knowing nothing of railroading.

"'Twas on the way down to Bloomer's Junction that I learned nothing new of the ignorance of passenger brakemen at all," explained the foreman, "by reason that I paid no attention to them. And 'twas daylight and I could tell where I was by looking out of the window at the station signs. But coming back tonight on 6 with many messages of my relatives to remember, and as a yardman alarmed by the rough handling of the train, I depended on the brakeman to call my station. But when we were coming in he did not know the name of it at all, and only put his head in the coach door with the same outcry he had been making wherever the train stopped. So I was carried by and the conductor pulled down at the far end of the yard to let me off. An argument we had over brakemen who did not know enough to pronounce one name different from another ——"

Denny, the old switchman, knocked out his pipe on the table with so sharp a rap that all stared at attention as though called to order by the chairman at the lodge meeting.

"There is," he observed, putting his pipe in the locker and moving to break up the group, "a reason why brakemen should ballyhoo on approaching a station—'tis because of instinct which has come down to them, and not of ignorance, as some aut'orities would have it. And if ye should ask how they came by the instinct, 'tis far you'd have to go for an answer, unless ye met me by the way and I should explain that they have had it since the early days on the Tableland Division of the old P. D. and the station which had its right name but chose to live under an alias. 'Tis little we know," said Denny, and drifted out and through the ray of the yard engine's headlight into the black drizzle beyond, like a veritable specter of ancient and vanished yards.

Young Hogan with a mutter to the saints followed the manifestation with rounded blue eyes. "Sure, there were wizards in Galway in old days, as my granny explained to me in the cradle," he told the man at his shoulder, "and 'tis like Denny came from there with all his wisdom of old days and prophecy of the future."

"I would not believe the half of them," began the foreman and then, meeting the glare of eyeballs from the still shadow in the penumbra of the headlight, added diplomatically, "if anybody but Denny told them to me."

For hours the black bulk of the switch engine, with its dazzling eye and plume of sparks, crawled monstrously about the leads among the circling signals. Then in the long breathing spell after arrival of 35 with the red ball freight, it glided up to the shanty.

"Is it a town have an alias, Denny?" inquired Hogan, hardly waiting for pipes to be lighted. "Sure I have heard of men who used them, one of them being a man named Fahy who called himself Fay, which did not fool the officer who came after him. But a town ——"

"Ye have yourself been a great traveler, Hogan," said the old switchman kindly, "and 'tis only your misfortune that the traveling has all been in one place, up and down the yard. But to me, and to the foreman who has journeyed as far as Bloomer's Junction, the world offers few surprises. Least of all would be a town masquerading under a false name. Is it not so, foreman?"

The foreman grunted quick assent. "There be many mysteries abroad in the world between here and Bloomer's Junction," he said darkly; and thus sponsored by this lately returned traveler of undoubted veracity, Denny told his story.

'Tis not necessary that a railroad story should begin on a railroad, as is proved by the fact that the story of the first railroad began in a banker's office with not a tie or rail on hand. So ye will not be surprised that the story of McManus Station should begin in Chicago in the top story of a cheap rooming house, on a winter Saturday evening, where two men with overcoat collars turned up were engaged in the division of spoils. Little could be said for the house itself with its yellow spotted walls and peeling paper, and carpets so worn out that they looked like hammocks nailed to the floor; already condemned it was by time if not by the building inspectors, who figure with reason, "What is the use of condemning a house to be torn down which will shortly fall down of itself?" 'Twas only the powerful smell which held it up—of insanitary cooking; and perhaps the damp and darkness, too, which have a way of surviving whole boards of health inspectors appointed to end them.

Divil a care had the two men dividing a package of bank notes for the drawbacks of such a residence, but, with caps pulled over their ears and coat collars turned up, counted out the money in two piles on the bed where they sat, till each had eight hundred dollars.

They watched each other closely and listened like wolves who had been robbing a fold, for voices, footfalls; once a faint knocking came from below, and the older man hissed through his teeth and laid hand on his revolver.

He was a dark-skinned man with a vicious, snoutish face, and showed his fangs when his partner caught his wrist and said: "Ye make no draw here, or what show would I have for my eight hundred? Ye know a police knock when ye hear one as well as I do."

"They are not far off, for ye were spotted in the getaway by the watchman, Barney," explained the other.

"He did not spot my residence," said Barney, "and if the cops come ye will want to be out of here, and there is no time like the present for leaving."

'Twas a robbers' parting in the dim shabby room, each saying good-by with friendship and watching for treachery till the older man disappeared down the hall; then Barney, locking the door and feeling the money in his pocket, sat down on the bed, pulling the coverlet over his shoulders against the chill.

"Sure, Weasel was right—I was spotted," he reflected, going over the details of the Saturday afternoon pay-roll robbery at the firm's office where he had been working. For a moment he was sorry he had kept Weasel from shooting the watchman when the handkerchief over his face had slipped for a moment and the latter had called his name. Then he grinned and lighted a pipe. "They do not know my right name or where I live," he said; "and the watchman can take his life and welcome; I have the money." Still he admitted 'twas wiser to leave the city for a time, and decided to pay his room rent next day and do so.

While he sat on the bed smoking and planning where he would go, he gazed through the dingy window at the spark of the evening star. And after a time he began wondering, without knowing it, that an armed robber listening for the hue and cry of the city to break on his trail had only to raise his eyes to look on a world bright and peaceful, where there was no crime and pursuit and violent death; and wondering so, he heard a creeping footstep in the hall, and stealthy as a wolf he rose, dropping the coverlet, and stood ear to the door and revolver in hand.

A key turned slowly in the door up the hall; he heard a soft sigh as of one who had reached the end of a wearisome journey, then faintly the creak of the bed, proving the tired person had lain down without closing the door.

During the two weeks he had been in the house, there had been no other tenant on that floor of four rooms except a girl in the room next his own. No one but the poorest, or someone who courted privacy like the robber, would live in winter in this unheated attic with the garbage of

generations of tenants in its corners. But this was no concern of Barney's, who, beyond flinging the girl a keen glance when they chanced to pass in the dark hall, had not given her a thought. For she was still as a mouse, not a sound of her movements or voice ever being heard beyond the thin wall by Barney, who came in late and went out early. So now that her footfall had been recognized and she was past his door, he forgot her and again sat on the bed, pulling the cover over his shoulders.

"Sure, I have a hunch not to go on the street tonight," he said, and being already hungry for his dinner frowned at the police who kept him holed in. But it was the part of good sense not to risk the profit he had made on a gamble, and he took it like any other business man, dismissing the frown, which somehow did not become the clean-cut face of him in spite of the hardness of the blue eyes and lines of the mouth and jaw that fierceness breeds, y'understand. So Barney stayed holed in as a matter of business, but of fear he had none at all. And having no company nor newspaper, he looked again at the evening star, wondering that the worlds of peace and the fighting world should be so close together with no road between. After a time he was troubled in thought, and then even his body moved uneasily, as if a threatening message had reached him from the star which held him under a spell. Still he looked, and the sense of danger grew. "Bad cess to the star," he breathed, and now not only was gazing but listening to it—the armed pursued robber in his den to the message whispered from the world where only the saints all unknown to him dwell in the great miracle of peace. He heard it, the coverlet dropped, again he felt the cold steel under his palm.

The Two of Them Talked and Walked and Even Rode Together the Next Few Days

"God save us—this is the end," said the whispering voice, and slowly his gaze fell to the wall of his room, which sighed again, "This is the end." And caught up into the mystery of the moment, with the star threatening like an angry eye and the voice pleading through the wall, Barney answered them both without thought of what he was doing.

'Tis not of interest to anybody to hear the old story of poverty and overwork and sickness, but the story of a robber given a job to do by the saints might be heard with profit. So I will say nothing of the history of the girl who, lying huddled on the bed, opened her eyes to stare at the strange man standing beside her. Even by the flickering little gas jet she saw that he was tall and fierce looking, and would have screamed with fright, but he gave her such warning with upraised hand and the words, "What do you mean 'This is the end'?" in a low threatening voice, that she closed her eyes, shivering.

"Keep them closed," said the man, "and you won't be afraid of me. Now answer."

Little by little, with her eyes closed she answered.

"Nine dollars a week," he said when she had done. "No wonder you are sick and broke." He stopped with suspicion. "Hold out your hand." Instead of examining her pulse, as she thought, he examined her palm, roughened with hard work.

"Are you a doctor?" she asked.

"Yes—and 'tis money I prescribe for ye," said Barney, and put two hundred dollars of the money in her hand; and

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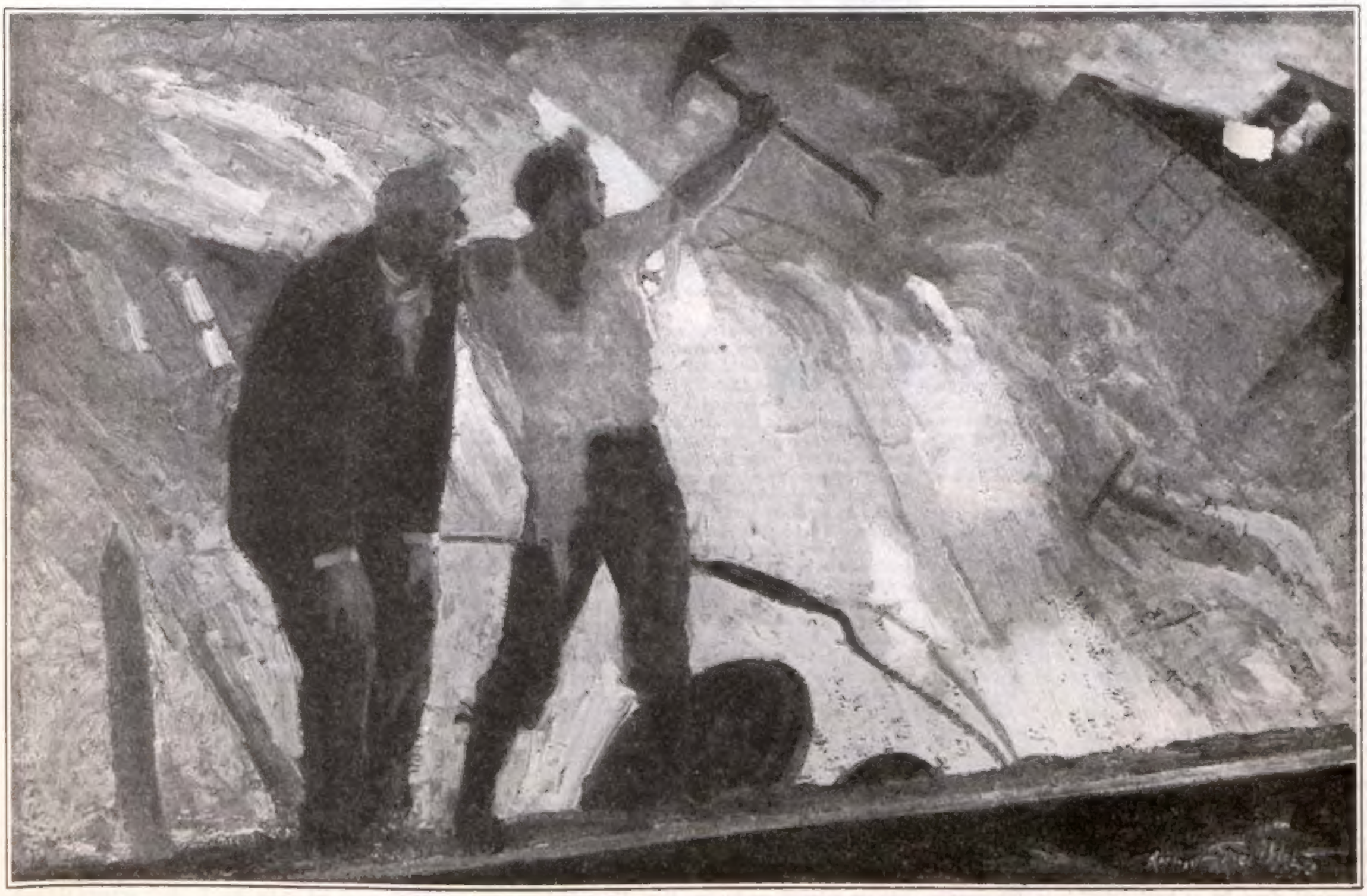

He Shook His Ax at the Flames. "Roar, Dom Ye," He Said; "Ye Have Lost Your Dinner"

DISENTANGLING ALLIANCES

By Norval Richardson

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

SO THIS was diplomacy, real diplomacy, the sort you read about in story books, saw on the stage and was written about in two bulky volumes by those who knew! Billy looked about the table and tried to take in the fact; he even went so far as to pinch himself surreptitiously. It was too good to be true; it even struck him as a bit fantastic that it had at last come to pass after having waited so long for it—a whole year, in fact—in that far-away Central American capital.

Though he was at the foot of the table, he was at the table, which was the important fact; on his right was a rather awful-looking old lady—one of the frumpiest people he had ever seen—but, if you please, a lady in waiting to the queen herself, and who, before the fish course had been removed, had launched forth, straight into his ear, on stories of court life that almost convulsed him; and on his left was a much better-looking lady, young and really pretty, the wife of the Italian secretary, who bore the somewhat resounding title of marchesa. Farther away, approaching the more important places, were the minister for foreign affairs, the French minister and his wife, the famous Lord Redwood and his even more famous wife, several other diplomats—all of them excellencies, mind you—and finally, sitting at the right of the host, who in this case was the American minister, and incidentally Billy's chief, was a demure little woman, not a bit strikingly dressed, shy in manner and very far from looking as Billy had expected her to—a royal princess, nothing less than the king's daughter. Yes, this was, to put it in Billy's own vernacular, the real thing!

Across the vast expanse of white linen, heaped with red and white tulips and candelabra and glasses and knives and forks and spoons, he could not help seeing, now and then, that little sun-baked town in which he had spent the past year. It now seemed as far away, as remote as though it were on another planet. As a matter of fact, it was another world; in comparison with this new one, into which he had just fallen that morning, it didn't really exist. And yet it had furnished a somewhat auspicious beginning for his diplomatic career. Yes, it had been a useful experience, he had to admit that; he had learned a great deal in that desperate little capital; he no longer felt himself a beginner in diplomacy; and so far as experience went, he felt fully capable of tackling the business of any big European mission. He had had a whole year of intimate association with diplomatists and he had learned a great deal from them. During those long rides across primitive mountains, endless evenings at bridge and over dinner tables where the little groups were almost always composed of the same people, he had heard many stories—recounted in voices frankly filled with longing for departed or at least distant glories—of all the intricacies and amusements of court life in those countries where monarchs and not temporary presidents held sway. But you can hear about a thing all your life and not know what it is actually like until you have experienced it; and that was what he was going to do now.

"And when King Edward came for a week's visit," the old lady in waiting continued in a confidentially lowered voice, "we had a most awful time finding the different wines he demanded. You see, her majesty is something of a teetotaler, and there are rarely any vintage wines in the *cave*. She says vin ordinaire is good enough for anyone, even a king of Great Britain. But the vintages King Edward demanded were tremendously dear; and I'll tell you quite confidentially, though you'll find it out for yourself after you've dined once or twice at the palace, we are rather careful about the amounts we spend on living. If you want an example, glance at her royal highness. I call that a jolly plain frock, don't you? Yet—will you believe it?—it's her best."

On and on she went until Billy's attention was caught by seeing the minister rise, bow to the royal princess beside him and drink a toast to her. This was done in succession by all the men present, each one's turn coming according to rank—and Billy waited a bit nervously for his own. Then, the signal being given by the royal princess, everyone rose and filed out to the drawing-room. When everyone had stood about for at least a half hour, the demure little lady made another signal, which meant that the minister and Billy and the gossipy old lady in waiting should accompany her down to the street door and land her safely in an old-fashioned coach that was livened a bit by scarlet-clad attendants.

"I Shall be at Home Tomorrow From Four to Five—Quite Alone"

When it was all over and the guests had hurried on to a ball being given at the Spanish legation, the minister invited Billy to come into his smoking room and talk over the situation. It was easy enough to see that this very genial old gentleman got a keen pleasure out of the life he was leading, especially the social side of it. Six years there—he had been lucky enough to hold the job through a change of administration, which speaks a good deal for his cleverness—had made him into what he considered a finished diplomat. Billy was inclined to think he was too; and more than that, liked him. There was something tremendously genial and friendly about him; and though he let nothing pass that might impress the young secretary with his importance, he had an ameliorating twinkle in his eyes that made one forgive him harmless vanities.

"What do you think, young man, of your first day in a new post?" he asked when they were seated comfortably in those red morocco chairs which seem to be a necessary part of every American mission.

"Wonderful!" Billy answered enthusiastically. "It seems to me this offers more real diplomatic life than many of the larger places."

"Yes, you are quite right. The best European diplomats are sent here—due to the alliances between this royal family and almost every other reigning one. You'll learn more about intrigue and hear more gossip here than any place in the world. But discount it all by half. And don't get into any entangling alliances. How old are you?"

"Twenty-six, sir."

"Pretty young to be sent to a place like this. If I had a son I wouldn't let him go into diplomacy until he was thirty."

"Isn't that very late to begin a career?"

"Not a diplomatic one. After thirty, a man knows what his standards are. Before then, he's forming them. This sort of life is a bit insidious for a young American. Things go, over here, that don't go at home. People here are inclined to laugh at what we frown down upon. But I'm inclined to think you've got enough sense to avoid the pitfalls. Just keep a close watch on yourself; and don't think, because you receive more invitations than you can accept, that it's due to yourself. It's merely your diplomatic position; young secretaries are in demand everywhere. If you get into trouble—or I see you going a bit strong in the wrong direction—you mustn't mind my putting in a word now and then. Just remember I mean it for the best. The trouble with this place is that there isn't enough to do to keep you busy."

"Thank you very much, sir," Billy said when he rose to leave. "I don't think you need worry about me. I've had a year's experience in diplomacy."

The minister smiled leniently. "A year in Central America is not much of a preparation for the social life of a place like this. At any rate, remember I'm your friend—and you can come to me with your troubles."

Billy left, smiling over the advice of his chief, and yet feeling a very pleasant glow of friendship for him. But what did the old fellow think he was going to do? Run off with the wife of the foreign minister, break up the royal family and generally play the Don Juan of the community? And with this smile still radiating a rather charming expression—one of his most attractive traits, by the way—he walked over to the hotel where he was stopping and stepped straight into an affair that came perilously near to ending his diplomatic career.

At the door of the Hotel d'Angleterre Billy met a group of people coming in, one of whom he recognized as the secretary of the French legation who had been present at dinner that evening.

"Where are you going, Welbourne?" he called out.

Billy turned and explained that, for the want of nothing better to do, he was going to bed.

"Entirely too early for that. Come along with us. We're going to look in on the masked ball here in the hotel. It's a public affair and ought to be rather jolly. Let me present you to some of my friends; they'll soon be yours too." He took Billy by the arm and led him to the group, two of whom were ladies in elaborate evening wraps, their faces covered with narrow black masks—a mere strip of satin across the eyes, but enough to disguise them completely. "This," the French secretary explained, "is Madame Sans Gêne; and this Madame—shall we say?—Bovary. Not their real names, you understand, but suitable for the evening and a place where they're not expected to be seen. The men are your colleagues—this is Sweden, that's Portugal and here's Bulgaria. We've just escaped from the Spanish ball—an awful bore—and here we are for a good time. Come along; let's take a peep into the ballroom."

Billy followed, wondering who the ladies could be and very much intrigued by their appearance. In spite of the fact that they wore masks there was something distinguished about them; especially the taller one, who was thin almost to emaciation and perhaps on that account possessed such amazing style. Her really beautiful neck and shoulders and arms, particularly her arms, so effectively displayed in a very plain and sweeping black velvet dress, formed an exceedingly lovely setting for some handsome jewels, almost entirely emeralds. She wore some sort of garland of diamonds in her reddish hair and carried a huge white ostrich-feather fan; altogether, thought Billy, quite the most stunning person he had ever seen, and with the sort of presence that rather bowled you over. The way she swept ahead of the others, holding her head high, even imperiously, and the way the others bowed down to her made him feel sure she was someone of importance. If he hadn't just met the royal princess that evening at dinner he would have been inclined to say it was she; she was so exactly what he had always expected of royalty.

Their group, led by the lady in black, entered the ballroom, which was apparently a signal for most of the waiters

to drop what they were doing and hurriedly arrange a table for them at the edge of the raised platform—a sort of terrace—which ran about the room. From there they could look down on the dancing floor where a crowd of masked women and unmasked men were dancing, throwing confetti and apparently enjoying themselves in a way that was rapidly approaching hilarity.

The lady in black sank down at the table, glanced indifferently over the crowd and then waved her huge fan towards Billy, who was standing a little way from her.

"Come here, Monsieur America," she said, in what Billy found a delightfully inflected voice, in spite of the fact that it was tinged with utter boredom. "Come sit beside me and tell me of your wonderful country. I have never seen it. Is it as extraordinary as I have been told?"

Billy passed behind some chairs and stood just back of her. Her neck and shoulders were amazingly white and lovely from where he looked down on them; and as she turned and met his glance, thus displaying the reddest lips he had ever seen—rather large ones, too, but very pretty, especially with the smile just then curving them—he was rather thrilled. As for her eyes, he wasn't sure; through the strip of black satin they looked very large and very dark, perhaps black; but then, blue eyes are often almost black at night.

"Are you just from America?" she continued.

"No; I have been away from home over a year."

"In Europe—where?"

"Central America."

"Ah! Then you will like it here."

"I'm sure I shall. I already think it is wonderful."

She laughed gayly and turned to the others. "He thinks it is wonderful here!"

Billy flushed and wondered why they all laughed so, and the lady, quickly realizing his embarrassment, said at once, "Ah—but I see. You are only showing us what a real diplomat you are. You believe in admiring everything in the post to which you are sent. I wish I could train myself to do the same. You are very wise. You will go a long way in your career; while France there—and Sweden—and Portugal—all of them will still be merely secretaries when you are a full-fledged minister—perhaps ambassador ambassador from the rich and glorious America. My congratulations, Monsieur America!" Then, lowering her voice slightly, so that her words reached only him, she said with an almost plaintive note: "But please don't be diplomatic with me. It bores me most frightfully."

"Then—to please you—what must I be?"

Her hand rested for a second on his arm—the most charming and fleeting of gestures—as she looked up at him. "Be just yourself. I like men that way. You will too—after you have been a great many years in diplomacy." She picked up a glass of champagne, again lifted her masked eyes to Billy and held the glass to her lips. "I shall drink to your arrival among us—and to your great country."

Then she put down the glass and rose. The men at the table sprang up and gathered about her protestingly. The fun was just beginning, they had just come, she must not think of leaving so early!

"But it is all so banal," she said, not attempting to hide a weary note. "Why did you make me think it would be amusing?"

Again the clamor of protests broke out, and she showed signs of relenting. "If I must stop here I am going to ask Monsieur America to take me out of this dreadful noise. You will find a quiet spot for me, won't you?" And slipping her arm through Billy's, she indicated a corner of the terrace which was farther from the music and somewhat sheltered from the gay throng.

As they made their way through the crowds, many stopped their chatter to look at her; and Billy—like most men—found himself bursting with pride that he was accompanying the woman who was attracting so much attention. When they had sat down at a little table he asked what he could order for her; and to his surprise—and the waiter's disappointment—she said an orangeade, a very sweet orangeade. This struck Billy as entirely out of character. She didn't seem at all the sort of person that would want an orangeade; she rather suggested some exotic wine, a rare vintage, something that was held in a strange bottle and served lying down in a basket. You see, he was still inexperienced enough not to know that Continental women rarely touch those drinks that Anglo-Saxons are so familiar with.

And so—you think it is wonderful here!" She again glanced over the crowd indifferently. "How nice to be so young—so enthusiastic! I wish I could think it wonderful. To me it is almost—yes, it is—quite sordid. It is all such a cheap imitation of Paris. Do you know Paris well?"

Billy had to confess that he had spent only two days there on his way to this new post.

"Then of course you do not know it! Perhaps that is better—for you. I go there tomorrow."

At this Billy felt very keen disappointment. "Tomorrow! So soon?"

Her lips curved in a most alluring way, and her eyes rested on Billy's. "You dear boy! You said that as if it really meant something to you. It was nice of you. But don't go farther and tell me that you will miss me. That would spoil a perfect beginning."

"But—you are coming back?"

"Alas, yes! I shall only be gone a fortnight. I must have that fortnight every few months; otherwise ——" Her voice fell into a downward curve that struck Billy as being somehow terribly sad; then she changed quickly to a gayer note: "But talk to me about America. I long to see it so. I love the Americans I meet. There is something so virile, so strong, so honest and so—yes—so innocent about them. Tell me everything you know about it—your life there—the things you do—the women you have loved there."

Billy's confusion at her questions deepened into a flush. What under the sun could he tell a grand person like her about his life in America; at least what that would interest her? He almost smiled at the thought of attempting to describe to her his home in that wheat-growing country of the Middle West; and yet, strange as it seemed to him

"I Shall Drink to Your Arrival Among Us—and to Your Great Country"

afterwards, that is exactly what he was soon telling her about, led on by questions and by her evident interest in what he said. As a matter of fact, he talked unusually well under the influence of her close attention—as almost all of us do—and also for a long time. It was only when she glanced up at a clock and exclaimed over the hour that Billy finally stopped.

"Three o'clock!" she said, rising. "I must go at once." Then, softly: "I wonder if you know what a delightful evening you have made this for me. If I had remained with those others it would have been exactly like thousands of others. You have made this one unique." She gave him her hand; he quickly raised it to his lips. "When I return you must come to see me—very soon."

"But—you forget—I don't know who you are."

The lady's laugh rippled softly and yet a little annoyingly on his too sensitive ears. "That is quite true. You do not know who I am. How intriguing! Then—you must find out."

"The others will tell me."

Again her soft laughter rippled about him. "Indeed they will not! I shall forbid them to speak."

"But ——"

"Think how amusing it will be for you to find out!"

"It will not take me long."

"Ah, that you must prove!"

When they had reached her friends she stepped quickly before Billy and held up a warning hand. "Monsieur America has asked how he is to know me when we meet again. I have told him none of you would tell him. This is his chance to show how clever Americans are. I put all of you on your word of honor. And now—will someone see me to my motor? No, not you," she promptly refused Billy's offer. "That might give you a clew." She smiled again through the strip of black satin and held out her hand. "Au revoir, Monsieur America—until you recognize me without a mask." With a glance towards the others, she sighed: "What a shock for the poor fellow—when he sees me without a mask!"

Billy didn't sleep much that night; he was altogether too excited; and through the haze of first impressions he saw principally the lady of the mask. Who was she? What was she? A person of great importance, he felt sure, not only from the way her group treated her but from herself alone, her presence, her jewels, her way of looking at the world and things through such—er—experienced eyes. And yet, withal, she was immensely sympathetic; one of the most understanding people he had ever met. The way she had listened to him talk about America was not only flattering, it also showed an extraordinary interest in things she had not seen. He supposed it was that craving for knowledge that all alert minds possess. Her long, thin, beautifully formed arms seemed to shine before him more distinctly than any other features of her lovely presence. They were so amazingly long and so expressive. Her manner of using them was perfection. And her hands, so soft and cool and somehow terribly thrilling!

Billy turned on his pillow and tried to shut out the vision. He must go to sleep; he must try to get her out of his thoughts—at least for the two weeks she was going to be away. But, you see, he had never met anyone like her before. She came up so completely to what he had imagined a woman of the world should be; indeed she went far beyond that; she —— Oh, well, he didn't know exactly what to think!

The next morning he appeared at the legation a little less fresh and buoyant than was his usual custom and was forced to exercise patience while his new chief went into a long dissertation—tommyrot, Billy felt like calling it that morning—on the social obligations of his new post.

"You might as well make your term here one of social experience. You'll never have such a good chance again. Scoff as much as we Americans are inclined to do at the social demands and forms of these foreign capitals, they are a most necessary ingredient of a diplomatist's experience. If one understands them well and observes them, one goes far; if one neglects them, one is very likely to remain always an outsider. For instance, here you'll have an exceptional opportunity to learn the intricacies of seating guests properly at dinner. I'm glad you don't smile at this suggestion. These people take it seriously; so why shouldn't we? My predecessor was extremely indifferent to such matters; and consequently had the mortification of having two people, of the court too, refuse to accept more than one invitation from him—all because he had not seated them according to their rank at one of his diplomatic dinners. My policy is to send the list of guests, no matter how informal the affair is, to the court chamberlain and have him mark the place for each one. I'll turn this over to you so you can learn the system.

"Tomorrow I'll begin taking you round to make your formal calls—at the foreign office, on the ministers and on the more important court officials. The season doesn't begin until the reception of the diplomatic corps at the New Year's court, when I shall present you to their majesties. As that is only three weeks off, you might as well buckle down to leaving your cards on everyone you meet. It's an awful bore, I know; but nothing is more important. If you are presented to someone and don't leave your cards on him during the next twenty-four hours he either thinks you don't want to know him or that you haven't good manners. And for heaven's sake, don't ever fail to leave your cards after you've dined with anyone. They say the custom began in the time of the Borgias—when people dropped by the next day to let their hosts know the poison didn't work. If they didn't pass by, they were supposed to be dead. Perhaps it's the same idea today; if you don't know enough to leave dinner cards you are supposed to be a dead one. And about your French. I noticed last night you weren't exactly fluent. Go at it hard; get a teacher; give it at least two hours a day. A diplomat that doesn't speak French might just as well retire from the service."

Billy listened, made notes, engaged the French teacher and buckled down to work. He had brought only two hundred cards with him and soon saw they would last about one day, at the rate at which he started out leaving them. In making up the list of the diplomatic corps he studied the names carefully, not so much to become familiar with them as to try to find out which might be hers. She had spoken of diplomats being boring. Did that mean she was one of them? He thought of asking his chief some discreetly put questions, but decided against it. The old fellow might guess at once what he was driving at. No, it would be better to wait; and there was a chance, too, of the French secretary dropping a hint that might lead to something. Her long white arms and masked eyes haunted him fairly constantly until, engulfed in a series of entertainments that carried him through the holidays, he had barely time enough to think of the day's events.

At exactly forty-five minutes after nine, on the evening of the second of January, Billy and the minister left the legation to attend what the former thought was going to be one of the most impressive events of his career—his presentation at court. Their group was somewhat small in comparison with other legations, being made up of the minister and his wife, the military and naval attachés and their wives, and Billy. Of course the ladies wore court trains, the attachés had on their uniforms, Billy and the minister were clothed in their somber evening dress; but, in spite of this, Billy found their appearance entirely too simple, especially when they were being ushered up a staircase lined with royal guardsmen and shown into a room where everyone appeared clad in some sort of glittering costume. Crystal chandeliers, tapestried walls and long stretches of red carpet made a setting that demanded much more than the simplicity of ordinary evening dress.

"Our Government will come to it one of these days," grumbled the minister. "That old Puritan idea of getting yourself up like a head waiter is on the wane. If we're going to take our part among the nations of the world we'll have to make up our minds to dress up to the rôle. It was only last year I had a South American diplomat, who hadn't met me, order me in a most peremptory way to bring him a glass of champagne. Of course I couldn't blame him; I looked the part."

Billy purposely stood a little to one side of the great hall. As each mission's turn came to be shown into the throne room the group formed before the folding doors and awaited the signal to enter, being kept back for this moment by a somewhat overpowering personage in red velvet—some sort of functionary—who held a long gilded baton with a threatening gesture. Billy gave one gulp of amazement when he saw this extraordinary master of ceremonies and tried hard to suppress amusement; and it didn't take him very long, for, as a matter of fact, he was searching closely, almost breathlessly, each face in the gathering. If he were ever going to find her he felt sure it would be that evening.

And then, just as he had about given up hope, he caught sight of a pair of long, very white, very beautiful arms. From the arms his riveted glance traveled up to the face—and remained there. A strangely white face it was, and almost aquiline—softly aquiline, not sharp, you understand—with striking, intense, very dark eyes and the loveliest reddish hair you can imagine drawn straight back from a—yes—a noble forehead. Billy thought first of an eagle. There was just that sort of daring, farseeing, soaring expression about this face; and it appeared to be looking down from a great height on everything about it. Her dress accentuated this impression—very severe, white, and almost completely covered by a sumptuous train of silver brocade that rippled for yards behind her.

Billy grasped his chief's arm and nodded towards her. "Isn't that one of the Balkan legations?"

The minister nodded.

"And the lady in silver and white—is she the minister's wife?"

Again the minister nodded, and this time smiled. "Her Excellency, Madame la Comtesse de Barodovitch. You probably haven't met her. She has just returned from Paris. I'll present you after we are safely through this ordeal."

Billy's eyes remained fastened on her. "And Count de Barodovitch is her husband?"

The minister's smile broadened. "Yes. But you needn't bother about the title. She usually goes here by the title of her excellency."

"Why?"

"Don't you think it fits her?"

"Yes, yes—of course. And he?"

"That is for you to decide. Besides being years older—what do you think of him as a husband for her?"

Billy's eyes clouded. "He has the most malevolent face I've ever seen."

"And yet he apparently gets by with it; perhaps more on her account than his own."

Just then the group passed through the doors into the throne room, and the conversation between Billy and his chief was interrupted for more important business in hand—that of getting in position for their own entrance. But by this time a great deal of the thrill of being presented to a king and a queen—after all, a very brief affair which consisted principally in bowing correctly as their majesties were approached and bowing backwards out of the room—had been submerged in the realization that when the audience was finished and they had been ushered into the banqueting hall, he was at last going to meet her—and without the disturbing disguise of a black mask. However, this did not come so quickly as his impatience demanded. The banquet hall was crowded with those diplomats who had been presented and who, if appearances were suggestive, had reacted from the ordeal

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"I Want You to Send This Message. Aren't You Willing to Do That Much for Me?"

BRASS TACKS—By Thomas McMorrow

The Group of Experienced Speculators Did Not Doubt That Cavendish's Title Was Flawless, and They Pushed the Matter Briskly

I'M THINKING of buying some lots at this big real-estate auction," I said, tapping a newspaper which lay on Quackenbush's desk. "I see that the Metropolitan is guaranteeing the titles and issuing policies free to lot buyers. By George, this looks like the chance of a lifetime!"

Quackenbush lifted his dull-brown eyes and looked at me with melancholy. He is a dampening fellow; he has the fire and enthusiasm of a wet rag. His look galled me. I had come to him in his stuffy den under the stairs in the Metropolitan Title Insurance Company's building—to ask his advice and to be told that this lot auction was the chance of a lifetime.

"I have a couple of thousand that's eating its head off in the bank," I protested. "I want to invest it where it will grow up with the city. New York City lots are the best buy in the world; you can't deny that. Why, look at the Astors! Look at the Vanderbilts! Where did they make their millions if not in New York real estate?"

"You want to get rich quick?"

"Certainly!"

"Then I have the very thing for you, Cavanaugh," he said gratulatingly, opening a real-estate manual. "Here is an article of a dozen lines which tells the infallible way to great wealth. Every word in it is true as gospel; its every statement is demonstrable. Read it, Cavanaugh. Inasmuch as you propose to get rich quick by buying vacant lots and holding them for the rise, you will find this article novel, illuminating, amazing. I judge that you have never seen it."

"Pshaw!" I said impatiently, glancing at the open page. "This is the compound-interest-table!"

Quackenbush closed his wide mouth grimly on the stem of his corncob. He opened it again for a glittering generality:

"Selling vacant lots to innocent bystanders is a standard American swindle."

Quackenbush, of course, used that hard word for rhetorical effect. Selling vacant lots to the uninstructed is a reputable industry, and not a swindle; but he'd let the hard word slip and my afternoon was spoiled. It chilled me, and it would recur to me; I should not enjoy the auction. When the auctioneer leaned over the multitude under the big top and exhorted them, pleaded with them to be good to their children and buy a few lots, begged of them to think of the future and to make a sacrifice now, wheedled them, entreated them not to come to him after twenty years—after ten—after five—and blackguard him for not having crowded them into buying, and then, lifting up, looking with blazing eyes over the massed heads at the golden future, personifying to every Tom, Dick and Mary Ellen there the fugitiveness of opportunity, bellowed at them in a great and remorseless voice—a voice to convulse, to convince, to galvanize, to cause limp arms to fly up and tight mouths to open—bellowed "Going!" I should not be convulsed. I should not be galvanized. I should not feel in my marrow that it was now or never. I should be detached, unmoved, cloddish. I should say to myself, "This is the standard American swindle. That auctioneer does not care a tinker's retaining wall for me. He is not a prophet or the son of a prophet, and he doesn't know beans about the future; he is just a standard American swindler." So, perceiving that my erstwhile glamorous afternoon must be flat, stale and unprofitable, I sat down disgruntled and frowned at Quackenbush and his stupid compound-interest table.

I begrudged him my confidence, but he had it. He is a valued and trusted employe of the Metropolitan, the corporation which does a large business in examining and insuring titles to real estate in New York City; and real estate in New York City, *en passant*, has an assessed value of eleven billions of dollars. Quackenbush makes special investigations for the Metropolitan, investigating matters that are off the record. If you buy a house or lot in New York City the Metropolitan will guarantee that every deed in the chain that ends in you conveys what it purports to convey; you put your policy in your safe to sleep in peace, and then, perhaps after years, a process server politely hands you a *lis pendens* notifying you that Mary Jones claims to own your property and intends to have it; you stalk to the Metropolitan, bristling, policy in hand; to spare your bristles, the Metropolitan employs Quackenbush. It is his job to see Mary Jones' representative coming and to ward him off. It is his to discover that Peter Jones, who formerly owned your property and who wrote himself down as unmarried when he sold it, had a lawful wedded wife named Mary whom he had deserted in a huff in Kansas City; Peter Jones is dead, but Mary is marching on, and so is her baleful right of dower.

It is his to befriend the black sheep, to go out and find the wayward lad of whom his sisters and brothers never speak, not even when they are signing the deed to their intestate father's property; else the black sheep will return to the fold at an inconvenient moment for the Metropolitan, inconvenient because the Metropolitan has guaranteed the record which says implicity that there is no such animal. It is his to discover that Richard Roe, who owned your property once upon a time and who transferred it to his son in apparently due course, was suffering from an incurable disease at the time of transfer and died immediately afterwards, so that the conveyance was not a bona-fide transfer *inter vivos*, but was made in contemplation of death and to beat the state out of its inheritance tax.

The contingencies calling for Quackenbush's services are many, but they do not arise in every title; he has protracted spells of leisure, periods during which the readers of titles gray old lawyers in the department above stairs—skim fleetly over their abstracts without standing at gaze to view a deed with alarm. My visit coincided with one of these periods; so I sat and frowned at Quackenbush, looked disparagingly at him, looked at him as though I thought he was talking through his hat. He is a touchy little fellow, rather acid; I would have something out of him, though he denied me the opportunity of a lifetime. I had fancied buying those lots and selling them at a good fat profit, had shaken hands with myself on the deal and had said a few words in sincere appreciation of my instinct for realty values. And now it was not to be. Quackenbush said so. He knew. I was put out with him.

"Did you buy any lots at the William Duyck Cavendish sale last spring?" he asked.

"No," I said regretfully. "You mean the sale of that forty-acre tract up in the Bronx? No, I wasn't in funds just then unfortunately. Now there was an opportunity! That property had been in the Cavendish family for ninety years, hadn't it? And old Cavendish is said to be worth forty millions in New York real estate."

"This Bronx acreage is the only parcel the Cavendish family has sold in fifty years," said Quackenbush. "It was also the only parcel they had that wasn't improved in some shape or other; the rest of their holdings paid as it went. They had a string on the tract for over ninety years, but you're wrong in saying that they owned it during that time. The Cavendish family didn't own that property until one week before the auction sale."

"Who did?"

"The record title to that property was, until one week before the auction last spring, in a man named Henry Timmons. He was a clerk in the office of a Twenty-eighth Street furrier, getting forty dollars a week and living in a Harlem walk-up flat."

I sat up. Quackenbush has told me some astonishing tales of New York real estate: tales of sudden fortunes, of millionaires made overnight, of great families made penniless. He has dazzled me and inclined me to speculation; the wealth produced by the Comstock lode or by the Klondike was a sum to throw to a beggar in comparison with the wealth produced by the growth of New York; all the gold and silver above ground in the world would not suffice to pay for New York realty's increment in value during the last fifty years.

"You mean to say that this forty-dollar clerk owned that Cavendish tract? Why, it sold at auction for something over five hundred thousand dollars! Ah, I see—he did not know that he owned it."

"I told him," said Quackenbush, with puzzling dryness. "I informed Henry Timmons of his good fortune.

"Mr. Cavendish contracted last spring to sell that property to a syndicate of speculators; the sale price, as I remember it, was three hundred thousand dollars. The syndicate proposed to divide the forty acres into city lots, and to sell the whole thing off at auction on Decoration Day. The group of experienced speculators did not doubt that Cavendish's title was flawless, and they pushed the

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SILVER

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

"I Can't Find What the Devil You're After," Carment Declared, "or If It's Any of Your Business"

SITTING, waiting, through the evening in his rooms, Francis Jammes wondered irritably what, exactly, was the purpose of the telephone message fetched to him from the drug store at the corner. It had been necessarily brief, since its delivery left unprotected the preserved fruits, the chopped nuts and chocolate of the soda-water fountain. Nothing but the announcement, if Jammes were at home, that a call, immediate and urgent, would be made upon him. As it happened, Jammes was not going out, he seldom did at night, and so the condition of the arbitrary engagement was easily kept. At least, till now, it had been; he was tired, a state that sometimes, if he were lucky, turned into sleep; and in a few minutes more, he determined, he'd go to bed, refuse to answer any call at his door.

He was, actually, stirring to that end when there was the sound of arrival below, a sharp knocking at the street door. Jammes, the week before, had taken away the wire pull that operated the bell. Without haste, muttering a half-audible annoyance, he went down and admitted a man with a leather traveling bag.

"You're Francis Jammes?" he was asked. He nodded, a useless proceeding in the almost complete darkness of the hall, and slowly mounted the stairs. Carefully putting down the bag, the other, a very correctly dressed man, past forty, with a face at once tanned and subject to small nervous muscular contractions, clearly hesitated to see if Jammes knew him. Then: "I'll tell you right away why I came. It's to see if you'll buy some silver—a very fine service. I've often heard about you, the good things you get, and I thought you might be interested in this set. But it won't be cheap."

"Nothing is," Jammes told him shortly; "probably it's dear because it's not worth what you think."

"It is, though," he was assured. "The trouble is there must be some conditions in the sale. You're a dealer, of course."

Francis Jammes drew in a long breath.

"Yes," he said.

"Well, that's all right then, and this is what you'd have to do—pay for the silver tonight and sell it out of the city. Keep quiet about it here, do you see; send it as far away as possible."

"I could do that," Jammes replied concisely, "but the chance is I wouldn't."

"Why not? The fact is we don't want our friends to know we're selling it. There's no reason for them to discuss our private affairs. And then if it got around we were letting some of our family things go—we're rather well known—it would have a bad effect on what I'm trying to do downtown."

As he talked his nervousness increased, his eyebrows twitched continually.

"Is it American silver?"

"Yes; the best—a little later than the middle of the eighteenth century and made here."

Francis Jammes silently and with a thin hand indicated the bag.

"There's no good taking it out if you can't stand the price." At this he sank back into his chair, indifferently closed his eyes. "I'll have to get a thousand dollars. It ought to be two."

"I might manage even that, if what you say about the silver is half true," Jammes answered, without a glimmer of vision.

He heard the man with him move and open the bag. There was a rustle of soft paper.

"That's the teapot."

Jammes opened his eyes, gazed for a second at the slender, graceful object on a table, and then abruptly picked it up. There was a small crest, blurred from countless rubbings, with initials on the bottom, IR. Francis Jammes held the teapot through a long stillness, delighting his senses with the close texture of the beaten silver, the perfection of its form, tall, on a square base, the lid, free of a hinge, finished in a classic finial.

"Well, it's as good as I said, isn't it?" he was asked.

"Oh, better, very much better," Jammes assured his visitor. "May I see the rest?"

There was a coffeepot, taller and heavier than that for tea, a hot-water pitcher, a cream pitcher and two bowls. The silver, in a flickering gaslight, reflected a pale, cool radiance. Jammes thought that the tall pieces were like lilies changed into a delicate and precious metal. Silver—that silver—was so infinitely finer than yellow gold. And Joseph Richardson. The third quarter of the eighteenth century; his shop had been on Front Street, below Walnut on the west side. How characteristic this service was—the urn with square base, the beaded bands at the edges, the double scrolls and cast spout. Absolutely authentic; in the best manner; and quite, in the ordinary, the vulgar sense, without price.

What, he wondered, would the set bring in a competitive New York sale. What would Deacon, with the advantages of his situation and customers, charge? Six pieces; three hundred each, anyhow; eighteen hundred dollars! Why, he, Jammes could get that—with a telegram! He put the sugar bowl carefully on the table.

"Thank you," he said, "it was nice to see all this again."

"You know it!"

"Certainly. How could I help knowing it?—perhaps the best Philadelphia silver in existence. But I didn't recognize you at first—Fisher Morrow."

"I couldn't remember if you had ever seen me." Morrow was plainly confused. "I don't play around with things like this. Now you understand why nothing can be said, why the silver must go like this."

"To be clear with you, I don't," Jammes told him; "but that, certainly, I can't discuss with you."

"Anyhow, you'll take the silver, since you seem to know all about it—the way I explained."

Francis Jammes glanced swiftly at the dark, quivering face before him. "I'd take it, naturally," he replied; "but this way it isn't probable."

"Are you insinuating I haven't a right to sell it?" Morrow demanded.

"It occurs to me you haven't," Jammes admitted.

Fisher Morrow, with quick fumbling hands, wrapped the silver in its tissue paper and returned it to the bag.

"There's nothing else to say to you," he declared.

"Nothing," Jammes agreed.

"And," Morrow added, in a manner so positive as to be almost threatening, "nothing is to be said about this. I want to be sure you understand that."

Francis Jammes was cold, unstirred:

"Something will depend on you. Let me suggest that you put the silver back in the bank. You don't play with things like this and you know nothing about them. You couldn't lose that service or sell it privately; it's too well known and been in a dozen exhibitions."

However, when Morrow had unceremoniously gone, Francis Jammes didn't, as he had intended, get into bed. He sat thinking of Mrs. Morrow the elder, Fisher's mother; or rather he was intent on all that she was said to possess—but not in money. Though they kept inviolate a social importance older, in Philadelphia, than the Revolutionary War, the Morrow fortune, largely inherited, had, in the last decade, practically vanished. No; what, materially, they preserved was a wealth of silver and glass and china, a part early American and the rest brought by the Bonapartes, temporarily in New Jersey, from France. There had been, Francis Jammes knew, a Bonaparte-Morrow marriage.

He had met the present Mrs. Ambre Morrow. She thought well of him, sharing his skeptical attitude toward the present; and if there had been the slightest question of

a sale of her property he would have been notified, chosen to value it. The silver Fisher Morrow had offered him was one of the most valuable details of his mother's collection.

What, Jammes wondered, had carried him to such a questionable situation? That, though, was no affair of his. Instead, Jammes wondered if Morrow would return the service to the bank from which, Jammes had no doubt, it had been, in effect, stolen: or if Fisher Morrow would succeed in selling it somewhere else. The truth was that Jammes coveted it—just that hurried and informal passage of so much beauty through his existence had changed all his thoughts, his feeling. In imagination he saw a long dining room, white paneled, with delicate Hepplewhite chairs, chairs with the sheer fine charm of the Consulate at its best, and a table with tall lighted candles. The table was set, but the room was empty—dinner hadn't yet been announced. There was a high sideboard with slim square legs, the service he had just seen on a tray with a pierced gallery and lacquered in Chinese vermilion; the windows, all on one wall, reached almost to the ceiling; and the draperies, woven in a Chinese pattern, swept from under floriated cornices. The dark oak floor was bare, waxed. Girandoles held candles that burned like spring flowers. Iridescent Waterford decanters sparkled with pale Jerez; about their ringed throats labels hung on silver chains.

Old silver.

It was the loveliest of all metals, Francis Jammes assured himself; run from coins and annealed, worked, by hand. He thought of heavy porringers, their geometrical handles faintly stippled with the initials of the past, of seal-top spoons, spoons slipped in the stalk, rat-tail spoons with trifid handles. Marrow spoons were long double-ended scoops; the ladles were like tulips with drooping stems. He remembered a flip strainer that fastened to the edge of its great glass

The light played over them all with a thousand reflections, clear rather than bright; the handles of the teapots, the coffees, of dense Eastern wood, were brown rather than black; and he knew the trade-marks, the American names and initials, the hall-marks of the English years—the PD of Peter David, the ID of John, his son; their goldsmith shop was near the Second Street corner at Chestnut. The IR of Joseph Richardson became the I.NR of Joseph and Nathaniel. John Le Telier stamped his silver I.LT. Williamson used his name in full, and so did J. Lownes.

Hammered silver with the light broken on the minute hammer marks the surface of the spun silver of the present, compared to this, was dead. Then the tankards he had nearly forgotten them, with early flat bases, cans with rounded bottoms, goblets with reeded lips in pairs; gadrooned sauce boats on high feet; pierced tongs with shell tips; the beakers of Holland; cream pitchers like chased and engraved pears; floriated trays, bright cut, with flaring edges; ecclesiastical patens; stone mazers with quatrefoil silver bands; covered cups for possets of hot sack and spices and milk and eggs. As he fell asleep it seemed to him that the silver was murmuring; it had the voice of a running stream

A great deal of this, he concluded when he woke, had been a dream; but the memory of Fisher Morrow was an ugly reality. He must have been desperate to overlook so completely the inescapable tomorrow. Yet that was swept from his mind by an astonishing, an incredible, letter, written to him from Nocatee, which, he discovered, was on Long Island. It began conventionally enough, with a recognition of his special knowledge and reputation, but then:

> What we want is this, my dear Mr. Jammes—for you to come to New York and go over the sets in detail and tell us what is wrong. Perhaps you know that my husband is quite celebrated for the accuracy of his pictures. I can add this—no director in existence goes to greater expense to have things right, and for that reason we want you. Things, we can't tell what, are wrong. Will you make them right? And I can add, too, that there will be no trouble about money. Moving-picture people are not exactly as prodigal as you hear, but we can be generous. We think we appreciate and we are willing to pay for having men with reputations like yours with us."

He showed the letter to Cardell, who was immediately noisy with enthusiasm.

"You old fool!" he cried. "What are you waiting around here for? Don't you know who the Vanes are? Haven't you seen any of Millward Vane's pictures? He'll spend two or three hundred thousand dollars without knowing it. His pictures are—are—they're tremendous. And think what you can do for us—for you and me! The period's made for you—1790 in America. What will you charge them?" Cardell demanded.

"I'm not going," Francis Jammes replied.

"You may not realize it, but you are," Cardell informed him. "You'll go if I have to drug you. I hear Mrs. Vane is as important in their productions as her husband. A thousand dollars a week, Francis, and your expenses."

"Absurd," said Francis Jammes.

"And don't stay at any cracker-and-oyster house either. The Ritz! But of course you'll go out to their country place. Have you telegraphed?"

He hadn't and wouldn't!

"I've threatened before this to throw you out of my store, I've been so mad at you: but, Francis Jammes, if you're insane enough to refuse this I'll—I'll just forget you ever existed. Look at your shoes! I can see the hole in one sole from where I'm sitting, and it will be winter before you know it. Do you want to get pneumonia? That overcoat you've had for twenty years is nothing but the lining."

There was, Francis Jammes reflected, a certain amount of truth in Cardell's attitude toward the offer from the Vanes. His overcoat did hardly conceal its lining; but it was Jammes' new conclusion about himself that most powerfully influenced him. A thousand dollars a week! That, of course, was idle; yet the producers of moving pictures, as Mrs. Vane had said, were notably generous. Well, he needed money; his advice was as good, as dependable, as any he could think of; and though advice was the last thing he dealt in, this was a special circumstance; here he wasn't committed to particular pieces, but only to a general effect. He was perfectly safe in explaining the furnishings of 1790. Still, he would ask a large sum; and, in his telegram to Mrs. Millward Vane, sent collect and containing fourteen words, he intimated as much. Her reply consisted in a request for him to come immediately to Nocatee, where they would meet him at the station.

"They," he found, was a small car lined in coffee-colored cloth and a chauffeur that Jammes guessed to be Italian. He had a solidly rolled moustache, and, of all the chauffeurs Jammes had encountered, none had a more adroit disregard for what seemed inescapable calamity. The Vanes' house was surprisingly large. Its two wings were joined at a wide angle—a long, low, brown expanse hidden in an artificially natural planting. He saw no one at the door. The hall—the walls were hung with tapestries and the furniture was Jacobean, English and oak—was empty; but, putting his hat on an Elizabethan chest, Francis Jammes followed a Japanese servant into a small but dense chattering crowd.

The servant deserted him, and Jammes stood in an uncertain dismay. However, no one spoke to him or noticed him: the confusion of voices, a studied and spontaneous laughter, swept on; the women, as brilliant as tropical birds, were stirred to a pitch of shrill gayety; the men, in every variety of morning dress, spoke with a flattered, a dominant, masculine good humor. He had been led into a wide sun room. The floor was tiled, the outer walls glass, and there was a profusion of comfortable wicker chairs with gay chintz cushions, and tables that held Scotch highballs in a score of tall crystal glasses. On a tray were a number of shallow cocktail glasses, drained, and the smoke of the cigarettes made a palpable blue haze.

Beyond the opened doors a smooth lawn sloped to the dark rippled water of the Sound and a multitude of yachts; gasoline cruisers with the names common to Southern waters, steam yachts, yachts with sails, yawls and smart schooners and small single-rate sloops. The far shore was green and animated; the sky was as solid in color, as azure, but lighter than the water.

He wasn't spoken to; he wasn't noticed; and for this Jammes began to be glad. As he stood, undecided, he began to plan a swift and unannounced escape. This was not a place for him. The station wasn't far, and he could wait for a train—a train in almost any direction. Yet, as he turned, or rather backed, his attention was caught by a woman's feet. Francis Jammes hadn't known that feet could be so graceful. Why, the instep was as delicate as a curve by Duncan Phyfe! She had on a clear white dress with a pattern of flower sprigs. Another, standing, spoke with a noticeable hesitation—bright short hair, a cigarette, Scotch whisky. He was quietly falling back into the hall when a small, active woman whose banged hair would have

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"Mr. Jammes? Of Course I Know. I Ought To." "But You Don't," He Insisted

A LAWYER'S CASE

By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

FEDERAL STREET in Tombury, down which British redcoats and American continentals once fought, descends in a broad curve to the new cement bridge over Tom River. There, properly speaking, it ends, the ragtag-and-bobtail continuation of it on the other side of the river being called Water Street.

Water Street's pavement is in a dilapidated state the buildings cluttered and ramshackle. Many dark-haired children with shiny eyes swarm there; stout women in bright calico pass to and fro, with now and then a slim, lustrous girl. Between a junk dealer's sheds on one side and a wood yard on the other stands an especially dingy two-story frame building whose unwashed front windows bear the sign, in pale yellow letters, P. Maglione, Boots and Shoes. Repair Work a Specialty.

The stock of boots and shoes in the shop is of the scantiest, a score or so of pasteboard boxes dispersed over the shelves containing it. P. Maglione sits on a cobbler's bench behind the little stained-pine counter, with awl, needle or hammer in hand, the dome of his bald head and his big grizzled mustache looking heroically out of place above a coarse apron. If you enter the shop he looks up smiling, and if you have work to be done he limps forward to the little counter—one leg being shorter than the other—eager to get his hands on the shoe, nodding briskly as he repeats your instructions in his best broken English. Very likely Mrs. P. Maglione will be in the shop, shapeless now save for a general rotundity, only fine black eyes remaining of youthful beauty. She speaks no English, but waits on customers of her own race, or sometimes plies awl or hammer on a simple job. But she beams at you.

There is no friendlier shop than this; the cobbler's tools ply all day and into the evening if there happens to be a press of work. P. Maglione and wife live upstairs in the second story.

The stairway is walled in behind the cobbler shop. A side door, facing the wood yard, gives to the little landing at its foot. About three o'clock of a September afternoon a young man who belonged in the best part of Federal Street strode through that side door, to whose lintel is tacked a sign reading, The Freeman, Weekly. The stairs arose in front of him. A closed door to his right communicated with the cobbler shop; but he turned to the open door at his left and looked into a long room with a general air of inky and belittered disreputability. Skeletal lath showed here and there where the plaster had fallen, and that which remained seemed to be composed mainly of grime. Three spindle-legged compositors' frames stood against the rear wall, where the light was best. An old-fashioned hand press occupied the middle of the floor. There were no partitions; but two torn and dirty green-baize screens, set at right angles, made an ineffectual gesture in the direction of dividing the editorial department from the mechanical. This was the establishment of The Freeman, Weekly—four dauby pages printed on the hand press.

The editorial department, into which the young man looked from the doorway, contained a time-eaten desk, three or four bookshelves, and an iron safe that was obviously an ancient article, for its door was decorated with a naïve pastoral scene whose once-bright colors had grown dim with age. Hahn, editor of The Freeman, sat at the desk, and Achille Bruno, who was a sort of editorial assistant as well as an amateur compositor, bent over his shoulder, speaking about a proof sheet.

The Masked Man Seized the Column Rule, Leaped and Struck With All His Might

Looking up together, they saw in the doorway Robert Henshaw, in a steely blue flannel suit with white stripes, the creases in his trousers falling true as plumb lines to silk stockings and glossy shoes; his shirt and double collar pale blue and his four-in-hand tie a darker blue. He carried a yellow walking stick with chased silver on its handle. There was a suggestion of college athletics in his tall, clean-lined figure; probably a suggestion of arrogance in his lean, dark face with a bold, outthrust nose. He was only twenty-eight, and—locally speaking—had the world in his pocket. The two men at the desk beheld, in their doorway, an incarnation of what they most hated.

And young Henshaw, looking in, wished to kick what he saw before him—especially Hahn, editor of The Freeman. The editor himself could scarcely have told how he had kept this dubious venture afloat for two years, after exhausting his scant capital and credit in getting hold of the derelict printing outfit.

Tombury's sixty thousand inhabitants contained many wage earners; but most of them were either Americans who took radical socialism as a joke or foreigners who could not read English. True, The Freeman was bilingual, printing three or four columns every week in Italian. Bruno attended to that, translating Hahn's bitter English into still bitterer Italian and then setting up the copy, for he was a printer of a sort.

No doubt only the quenchless zeal of a fanatic could have kept the venture going; and this zeal seemed to have consumed the editor's flesh, leaving little but skin to hold his flat-chested, high-shouldered frame together. A short, coarse black beard covered his jaws—cultivated in order to make him look older and fiercer, Henshaw thought, and so practically a fake, like everything else about him. His collarless calico shirt was not clean, and that also Henshaw took to be part of the fake.

Achille Bruno—at least so he now called himself—was older than the editor. Shaven beard roots blackened his face up to the high cheek bones. The hair above his broad brow was thin and his eyes deep-set, as under a crag. He was a source of secret amusement to Hahn when they were not quarreling. Capitalist blockheads, like this young Henshaw, regarded the editor of The Freeman as a dangerous radical—but if they only knew what the swarthy editorial assistant would do to them if he had the chance! To his chums Bruno denounced Hahn as no better than a bourgeois, which was the vilest thing he could say of anybody. But common hatred of what this figure in the doorway connoted held them precariously together.

Pausing at the threshold and looking down at the two men, Henshaw said, "I'd like to see you alone, Mr. Hahn." Insolent enough!

The Italian's deep-set eyes flamed at him, but the glower made no more impression upon Henshaw than an urchin's taunt in a strange tongue. Bruno picked up his proof sheet and slipped through the space between the two screens, whereupon Henshaw stepped forward and helped himself to the chair by the editor's desk. He had noticed a compositor working at one of the frames in the rear of the room, and this Italian would be somewhere about, so he lowered his voice. Nevertheless, he was in no mood for circumlocution, and began with a challenge, like the firing of a muffled shot:

"You have a large envelope with my return card printed on it—full of papers. Meagher gave it to you. He telephoned me a few minutes ago."

Hahn looked at his caller so intently that he squinted, as though by intent looking he could see into his mind; but he said nothing.

Coming down here—after looking in his vault and verifying Meagher's statement that the envelope was gone—Henshaw proposed to keep himself strictly in hand. That was a hard thing to do when his mind was a hot swirl of wrath and alarm; and in spite of his effort, emotional turmoil showed in the timbre of his low voice.

"I took Meagher out of the gutter when not another law office in Tombury would have him around. I tried to put him on his feet. Twice when he got drunk I overlooked it—gave him another chance. Today he came up to the office drunk again. It disgusted me." He paused to rub his dry lips together in order to moisten them. "I told him to get out or I'd pitch him downstairs." It was clear that he yearned also to pitch Hahn downstairs; but he swallowed his wrath. "I was a great fool that I didn't throw him out of the office then—not go away and leave him there. But I was disgusted. He telephoned me a few minutes ago that he'd taken this envelope out of the vault and turned it over to you. He said you'd promised to print it."

Hahn put a hand up to his beard, still squinting, and said, "I keep my promises."

At that impudence the wrath and scorn boiled up afresh, and Henshaw lashed out, "You can't keep this one!"

But he instantly regretted that; it wasn't the way; he must keep his temper. He writhed a little in his chair, striking a nervous hand across his sleek, dark hair, and took a different key:

"Those papers were left with me in trust—a matter of honor—my honor. I don't mind telling you there was a difference of opinion as to whether I should handle it or

somebody else." He choked a bit and swallowed. "They said I was too young. That makes it all the more binding on me. I'm showing you just how it stands. I admit I was a fool to trust Meagher—I can't let those papers get away." He hesitated, and brought himself to ask a direct question: "Have you opened that envelope?"

"Yes, I've opened it," said Hahn, and an instant later he gave a sidelong glance at the old safe.

Henshaw had to wait a moment, struggling to be composed.

"Well, you see what they are then. After all, this is a private matter. The public has no right to it. It has nothing to do with Moorehouse's administration as mayor, nothing to do with his public acts—a mix-up call it a scandal if you want to. But it's a private affair domestic. It came along. Of course his friends wanted to hush it up—smooth it out. No man need be ashamed of trying to patch up a thing of that kind. There's Moorehouse's wife and children. They're innocent; they'd suffer. On grounds of charity it's justified. It has nothing to do with his record as mayor."

In spite of his effort the emotional turmoil showed more plainly in his voice, and he had no idea how offensive it was when he added: "I'm talking to you like a white man, Hahn. You have no right to print it. Those papers were stolen from me by a man I'd helped and trusted. They were left with me in trust—on honor. They'd just bring disgrace and suffering to people who have nothing to do with politics—women and children. It would be infamous to print them."

Hahn had ceased squinting and was regarding his caller with a faint, ironical grin behind the black beard. That grin boded ill; but Henshaw made another effort at self-control and reasonableness.

"You may call it the fortune of war—a piece of good luck for you in this campaign, though you'll get no credit with any decent man or woman by printing that stuff. But call it a piece of luck for you. I'll offset it. I'll give you one thousand dollars right now for the papers—my check, or I'll send up to the bank and get the currency if you prefer

"You can take it for your paper or your party or whatever you like. It'll do you a lot more good than you could get out of this scandal."

"A Check's All Right," Conley Assured Him Calmly. "Make It to Bearer"

Hahn's grin looked impish as he replied, "That would be too cheap. I sympathize with you." The grin broadened, showing ill-tended teeth. "You've had the earth and the fullness thereof handed to you on a silver platter all your life. You expect it Now your friends will call you an idiot for spilling the beans." He fairly chuckled. "Here I am, a Hun socialist in hand-me-down clothes, tossing a dead cat into your feast. I know how that grinds you. I really hate to do it. But I've got a painful duty to perform. I've got to show the public how rotten your crowd is in a plain case that they can understand"

It was impossible to doubt that the editor enjoyed the situation. Although the blood suffused Henshaw's lean cheeks, and he glared, he held himself in the chair and Hahn continued:

"Of course Moorehouse don't count personally He's only a jumping jack Your uncle and his pals pull the strings Your uncle had to have the local police and the state police and state troops to break the strike in his paper mills—save him from the shame of paying living wages to the men and women and children who make the paper." The grin widened again. "To save yourselves from that your crowd would cheerfully blow up every church in Tombury; but you fool a lot of people with your talk about standing for law and order and religion and morality. That's Moorehouse's platform—when he's helping to break a strike or trying to get reelected. Everybody's out now waving the banner for law and order and religion and morality—and low wages and no labor unions. Right in the middle of the chorus your milk-white leader goes and gets himself caught in a dirty mess. Of course your crowd will do all it can to hide it, especially till after election. It's hard luck, too—when you own the two

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The Italian's Deep-Set Eyes Flamed at Him, But the Glower Made No More Impression Upon Henshaw Than an Urchin's Taunt in a Strange Tongue

What is Going to Happen in Spain?

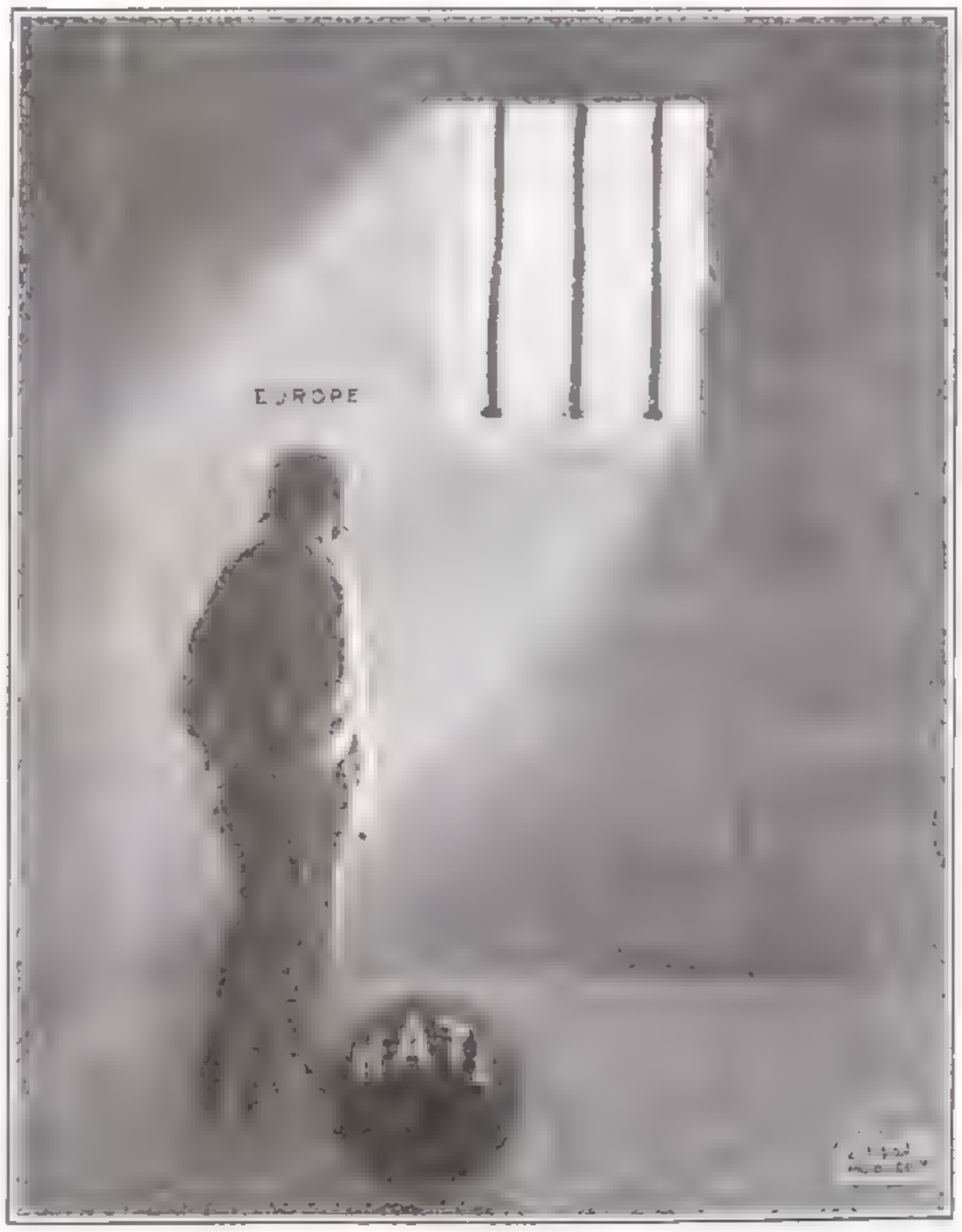
By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

IN FRONT of me, as I sit down to write this article, is a decree of the military dictator of Spain ordering one of his committees of investigation to report to him two months hence; and as I read it I wonder whether by the time this article is in the hands of the American public Gen. Primo de Rivera will not already be a memory of the past. I wonder whether in two months' time the Spanish Mussolini will still be scaring the Spanish bureaucracy into decimation by heart failure brought on by a mingling of anxiety and excessive and unaccustomed activity, or whether the Spanish bureaucracy and the Spanish politicians will not then be shaking hands together over his grave. I wonder whether even more startling events than that may not have occurred and the world's press be then publishing their extra-special correspondents' telegrams about the Spanish syndicalist-communist revolution, coupled with interesting obituary notices of the Spanish monarchy.

I wonder—and all Spain is wondering too. Delighted as is the Spanish people at finding itself rid of its politicians—here in Spain that hits one a hundred times a day—it is more than a little skeptical of the permanent duration of the régime under which, on this thirteenth of October, 1923, it finds itself. It has already lasted one month—and that is already much.

Spain can never be quite the same again. A gust of efficiency has blown through the dusty labyrinthine corridors of its administration and some of the dust has gone forever. But the continuance of that fresh breeze becomes progressively more and more uncomfortable for a larger and larger number of people, and those people are precisely the individuals whose lifelong and distinctly profitable business it has been to control, covertly or openly, the political machinery of the country.

In the first moments of what to them was sheer disaster, they were dazed, scared and paralyzed. But the shock is wearing off. Their brains have not lost their cunning nor their hands their dexterity in slipping a bribe into precisely the right palm. They know the whole field, over which they have fought so many campaigns, with an intimacy which the politically inexperienced soldier at Madrid cannot hope to rival. So far his government has been a series of thundering hussar rides against disconnected agglomerations of a defeated army of politicians and placemen too startled to defend themselves. They cannot do other than acknowledge his temporary victory. But already—one can almost hear the whisperings—they are plotting the ambushes for his ultimate overthrow.



I Never Saw a Man Who Looked
With Such a Wistful Eye
Upon That Little Tent of Blue
Which Prisoners Call the Sky.
—Ballad of Reading Gaol

The Birthplace of Revolutions

THEY may not succeed. Gen. Primo de Rivera's dictatorship may maintain itself until it has achieved its set purpose of totally destroying the complicated and corrupt political system under which Spain was held like a netted milch cow, and eventually merge itself—as is happening today in Italy—into a strong and honest government which is the political expression of the entire nation. It would have more chance of doing so if it were not a dictatorship of soldiers. Though Spain is heartily sick of its politicians—in all this month, publicly or privately, not one good word has been said for them—it has but a slender confidence in the intellectual capacity of its army. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" is the cynical prototype of its attitude; though, like the old Jews, they have for years been crying for a political messiah. Now they have got him, they look at him a little dubiously. They do not distrust his good faith, but they do distrust the political acumen of a professional soldier, and they have small faith in his longevity. Three months, six months, a year hence Gen. Primo de Rivera may still be at the head of a Spanish Government still energetically engaged in refashioning Spain. But—there are so many ways in which he may fall.

Not, however, in Madrid can those potentialities be measured or even guessed at with any approximation to precision. Madrid is, as it always was, the city of the *fait accompli*. It is in Barcelona, that second and more vigorous capital of Spain, stretching far between the sea and the Catalonian hills, noisy with busy life through all its wide-streeted modernity and dominated still, like a symbol of the complex in its soul, by the seventeenth-century rock fortress of Montjuich, that the sibyl of the future sits.

Madrid is the city to which revolutions go when they are successful; Barcelona is the city which makes them. It has produced, successful and unsuccessful, all those of the last few generations that had any real kick. Primo de Rivera's revolution itself was made in Barcelona, and it may confidently be predicted that if another revolution overthrows him it will likewise emanate from the Catalonian capital; for Barcelona, with its commercial wealth, its feverish industry, its eternal clash of capital and labor, its deep-rooted, vehement sense of specialized race, its continual fermentation of advanced social theories, is the dynamic center of Spain. What Barcelona initiates and Madrid sanctions is accepted with docility by the rest of the country.

Apart from the subterranean ramifications of the long-planted caciquist or boss system of the now ostracized politicians—and *caciquismo* is a upas tree of much stronger growth in the primitive agricultural south than in the industrial north—there are three great forces, derided by the facile optimist, very seriously regarded by those who look beneath the surface, of unknown but formidable potentiality in Spain—separatism, Carlism and the syndicalist-communist movement which hungers fiercely for the social revolution. Two of these forces, separatism and red revolutionism, come to a focus in Barcelona. And two of these forces—and this is a secret known to few—separatism and Carlism, were dallied with by Gen. Primo de Rivera when he was planning his revolution in Barcelona and was not yet sure whether it would have the support of King Alfonso. Any or all of these forces may surge up in surprising strength should Primo de Rivera be overthrown by a split in the army, on which he has perforce for the present to rely.

The Catalonian agitation for separation from Spain—there is a similar agitation in Biscay, round Bilbao, but it is subsidiary and stands or falls with Catalan separatism—has been for generations, like the Irish separatist movement to British politicians, the bugbear of the Spanish Government. And, unlike the Irish problem, whereas England can manage to get along quite well without Ireland, Spain certainly cannot dispense with Catalonia and Barcelona. Per contra, it is difficult to see how Catalonia could exist without Spain. That a community of extremely acute and energetic business men should clamor unceasingly for an autonomy which can only mean a wall of customhouses between them and their only market seems fantastic lunacy, and the rest of Spain says so. But such prudential considerations, as is evidenced by the cases of Ireland and the mutually cutthroat little states of Central Europe, are liable to be burned up in the fierce flame of excessively self-conscious, propaganda-fanned racial hostility. The Catalan will no more have it that he is Spanish than the Irishman will have it that he is British. On the first day of my arrival at a hotel in Barcelona, where the service staff is a medley of all sorts of nationalities, I asked my particular waiter, in idle curiosity, "*Es usted Español?*" He replied instantly, with no air of making a fine distinction, "No, señor. *Soy Catalán!*" That sums them up. They are not Spaniards, but Catalans, and are determined the difference shall never be forgotten.

Bygones Not Forgotten

NOT only is the Catalan of a different race from the Spaniard; he speaks a distinct language; so that, for example, all the street names in Barcelona are written up in the two tongues, and not only a number of newspapers but a vast mass of high-class literature is produced in Catalan for his especial benefit. In this respect the national differentiation of Catalonia is far more marked than that of Ireland, where the knowledge of Erse, despite its official use, is yet the prerogative of an extremely limited minority.

But in another respect the Catalan is curiously like the Irishman. Both suffer from a hyperdevelopment of the historic sense. Talk to an Irishman about Ireland and within the first five minutes he will drag in Cromwell. Talk to a Catalan about Catalonia and he will instantly revert to the calamity of that union between the royal houses of Catalonia-Aragon and Castile in 1469 which eventually resulted in the subjection of Catalonia to Madrid, and it will be surprising if he does not declaim against the wickedness of Queen Isabella in favoring that discovery of America which for several centuries ruined Barcelona. It does not matter that now Barcelona is the chief port of Spain, handling more than a quarter of her entire commerce; the memory of that ancient wrong is burned indelibly in the soul of his race.

For Catalonia was once a great and independent kingdom. There was a time when Barcelona was the mistress of the western Mediterranean, and from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries, in rivalry with Venice, she dominated the commerce of the known world. Her warriors captured the Balearic Isles, passed on to Sardinia, forced the Dardanelles and ruled in the Black Sea. She gave the world the maritime code which is the basis of international sea law today. She united herself on equal terms by marriage with the royal house of Aragon. And she lost her proud position only when Ferdinand and Isabella made Castile synonymous with Spain as the Hohenzollerns made Prussia synonymous with Germany.

The discovery of America ruined her, particularly since by royal edict Barcelona was prohibited from sharing in the American trade. But she still retained much of her independent national rights—known as *fueros*—and these it was the settled policy of the succeeding Spanish kings, determined to centralize the administration of the country in Madrid, to extinguish. They extinguished them in blood in the eighteenth century, after two hundred years of intermittent conflict and one fierce massacre of the Spanish in 1640. And it became the traditional policy of the Catalans,

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FRINGES OF FINANCE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

I AM a bookkeeper. Nowadays many persons acquire this profession in schools, but I did not come by it so. I think God made me a bookkeeper, and though I have not always thanked Him for it I should have done so, for to me it has been an art and in it I have found happiness.

Realization of this fact was thrust upon me when the firm of Wellington & McDuff failed many years ago. In appreciation of my services the partners interested themselves to obtain employment for me with a Boston exporting house, and I should have accepted with thanks, but the newspapers that day reported that the trustee in bankruptcy named by the court had ordered an eminent firm of accountants to examine the books of Wellington & McDuff. At the same time another accountant was retained by the district attorney to perform the same service. It was rumored that something would be found amiss with my books, and one month was allowed for the examination. My pride was touched. I would not leave the jurisdiction of the court until my books had been examined; so I remained in New York.

Imagine my joy when both accountants were able to make their reports within two weeks! Moreover, they sent me notes congratulating me on the excellence of my accounts. Even then I remained until the court procedure was at a close and it was no longer possible to cast aspersions upon my work.

New Work in Old Quarters

IT WAS a dismal, cold, dark afternoon in January when I left the court room and strolled down lower Broadway. First a heavy snow fell, then rain, and the very walls of the buildings were dripping; but I was buoyantly happy, because the integrity of my books had withstood all assaults. Not until four o'clock in the afternoon did I remember that I had eaten no lunch, and then it occurred to me for the first time that I had no money. Still I was not unhappy, so powerful was the effect upon my spirit of the vindication of all records that had been in my keeping. At this fortunate moment I met my friend Hardy, who was a bond salesman. He loaned me five dollars and sent me hurrying to the offices formerly occupied by Wellington & McDuff, saying they had just been taken by a new firm which was in need of a bookkeeper.

It was now more than a month since I had been in the building and I noticed several changes. There was a new name on the rental agent's door, two new firms were on the first floor, and some changes were being made in the wainscoting along the hallways. I laugh now when I recall that at the time this did not seem to concern me in the least. How very little we know about what does concern us! The building had been sold and the policy of the management had changed. An entirely new class of tenants was being admitted. Even if I had been told all that at the time, it would still not have seemed to concern me; but as fate decreed, I was to spend a large part of my life keeping books in that very building!

I was kept waiting until after six o'clock before Mr. Service, the manager of this new firm, could spare time for an interview. Meanwhile many men came and went. They were prosperous-looking persons who snapped the cases of their watches frequently and bustled about during the few seconds they waited, but while they were inside with Mr. Service I heard frequent outbursts of noisy laughter.

"Wall Street Got Me. I Was Getting Too Big for Them"

When I was finally admitted the air was heavy with cigar smoke and the fumes of liquor were unmistakable. Mr. Service had heard of me through Hardy, but he explained to me several times that a firm of such high standing as his must exact of employes in responsible positions ample references, covering not only their abilities but their characters. He said he wished it understood that he laid heavy stress upon the personal habits of employes. I showed him the notes of the two accounting firms, gave him the names and addresses of my former employers, and the next day brought in letters from my neighbors in the little New Jersey village where I resided. He finally agreed that these were sufficient, and again admonished me that only pe s of the most unimpeachable character could b nnected with a business of such high standing.

Mr. Service was a tall, muscular man with rugged features. His shoulders would have served a longshoreman, and his arms hung down from them some four inches away from his body. When he walked he had a way of picking each foot up after the manner of a plow hand, and it made his trousers flop about his thin legs. One shoulder was slightly higher than the other, and as he walked—always rapidly—he gave the appearance of a man just about to throw his weight against some heavy obstacle. His voice was a raucous bass. Though his blue eyes were not unkindly, it was his pose to stare one out of countenance when talking to him. Each morning when he came to the office his hair was neatly combed and still wet, but as soon as it dried there were tufts pointing in various directions, giving him the appearance of having just come out of a gale.

He and the Senator Were Friends Bound Together by the Same Love of Food and Bizarre Business Enterprises

The Eccentricities of Mr. Service

I DESCRIBE Mr. Service at some length, because he is a type of the American executive that I have often met. All the clerks, both men and women, were afraid of him, but I doubt if any one of them knew why. That ridiculously aggressive manner was sheer pose assumed because it represented what he thought an executive ought to be. He was fond of assembling the force from time to time and making little two or three minute speeches. Excellent burlesques of Napoleon Bonaparte's orations they were, and I always looked forward to them with pleasure.

Having no illusions about the man or any cause for malice toward him, I appreciated the humor of his naive egotism, and especially his repeated assurance of utter impartiality in dealing with us, because no man had a larger collection of biases and prejudices, attaching not only to the national derivation of names but even to complexions and various states of the Union. Persons were hired, discharged, promoted, given bonuses, allowed sick leave on pay or fined for being late according to rules which none but him and the Deity were privy to, though he insisted that his was an organization governed by system. These peculiarities entered into all his human relations, so that everyone who had dealings with him went away astonished. He would never tip a taxicab driver, regardless of the service rendered, but he often gave waiters tips amounting to more than their bills. He was similarly generous with Tony the bootblack, usually tossing him fifty cents and dismissing him with a kingly wave of the hand.

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THE LANTERN ON THE PLOW

He Threw Himself Forward With Drake Under Him. Splinters of Rock Flew Over Their Heads and Heavier Pieces Rolled Almost to Their Feet

XVII

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THAT flight was one of the most boyish if not the most childish action of the judge's life. As the mare turned he had heard quite distinctly Tryer's loud cry of "Bill, I got to see you," but he had pretended not to hear. All the way to town his mind was occupied with what Eunice had thought. Had she believed that he had come out on purpose to spy on her? Had she—and was it true? What was Mattis to her anyway? By the time he got home he had reached a resolve. Never again would he stand in the way, since she wished to see Tryer enough to go to where he worked. In the meantime the contractor had regained all his aplomb upon discovering Eunice in the carriage.

"Like old times," he shouted as he strode toward her. "Here's the works, construction shack and all; cases of dynamite; me, too, and you driving up in a rig, pretty as April dog ——"

"Stop!" interrupted Eunice sharply. "Haven't you the sense ——" she began, then broke off abruptly, having changed her mind. "I brought the children around to play with Jimmy today. They have quit lessons for the present."

"Oh, all right, Vic," said Mattis with instant comprehension and a shrug of his broad shoulders as he helped her out of the carriage and turned in such a manner as to shut her off from Tom and the children. "Have it your own way," he continued in a lowered tone. "Ride your high horse anywhere you like; but just remember that in the end you got to come back to me—to Tryer Mattis—because you and me was made that way."

"What I started to say," replied Eunice coolly, "was this: Haven't you the sense to see that I have grown up? I am not the girl you knew, nor are you half the man you were. Not to me, I mean."

Mattis flushed a bright red, cast a quick glance back at the carriage, already some steps away, and saw that the children were running off in search of Jimmy.

"I don't know what you mean," he said in a low, pulsing voice, "and what you mean don't matter. What I got to say is this: It's all right for you to talk that way when you got folks around; but if ever you and me is alone for five minutes I'll show you if I'm half the man I was. I'll pick the dead coal of Vic Teller off the ash heap and blow her into life. I'll ——"

"Don't," said Eunice quietly, and to his own amazement he stopped in the full flight of what he had to say. She eyed him up and down deliberately. "Women have done you no good," she continued, standing very erect. "It's too bad, Tryer. You were meant to be a big man—a great man, I mean. As it is, you're only a sort of physical extravagance, an attractive waste of everything decent."

"That's enough highfalutin' language from you," rumbled Mattis ominously. "You're just crazy, that's all. Say another word like that and I'll kiss you like I done once before, only in front of Tom there, in front of the work gang and your children and my boy Jimmy. I'll kiss you till your arms go around ——"

Again he stopped in the midst of what he was going to say, halted not by a spoken protest but by a single glance of scorn which Eunice cast at him as she turned her back and started away. He followed her, talking rapidly:

"Don't be angry, Vic. Don't be angry at what I said. Can't you see it's different now? I'm free to marry, and if you want I should marry you I'll gladly do it. It ain't like it was, Vic. I tell you it's love—real love."

She stopped and faced him, her cheeks aflame, her eyes suddenly ablaze.

"Love!" she whispered. "How dare you say that —to me? Stay where you are! Keep away from me! Keep away from the house, and keep your boy away, unless you wish to drive us out of it."

"Vic!" stammered Mattis, staring at her with round eyes as she left him. "Vic!"

He was frightened like that time when she had clung to him and sobbed "Go away!" Only this was different, this was crazier. That other he could understand in a way, but not this. What had he done? What had he said to make any woman fly off the handle? Keep away from her! He liked that! Why had she come around bothering him? Why didn't she keep away from him?

All these questions, in slightly different form, Eunice was asking herself as she walked swiftly along a cow track which led upward toward the pasture. Drake and Io called to her, but she answered only with a wave of her hand. She was trying to face herself. Where was she and whither was she bound? What had led her to talk as she had to the judge on the night before, and what made her fly into a rage at Mattis? When he had said "It's love—real love," a terrible emptiness had seized her; and then fury, unreasoning fury. What had come over her? What had come over her? At Warner's death she had felt a great release. It was as though she had been unchained from a barren peak and hurled into the air on strong wings. That's how she had felt—soaring, free. But now—feet floating, just above the ground! Was it possible that one cannot be truly free alone?

She stopped at the split-rail fence which bounded the pasture and pounded on it with her clenched fist. She bit her underlip until tears came to her eyes. Why—oh, why hadn't she gone away at once and forever, immediately after the funeral, as she had planned while Warner lay dying? What had she wanted more in all her life than to be free? What was freedom? Had she deceived herself into thinking that it was merely the difference between twelve dollars and three thousand? She thought of the judge. Their hands had touched in the dark that night when she had lived over bit by bit all the course of what seemed to her a colorless life. Was that freedom—touching a passing hand in the dark of oneself? If it was would she ever find it again? Why had she felt a paroxysm of rage over those words, "It's love—real love"?

She was like the toy balloon, descended to earth, bumping along; but she did not know it. She gripped the fence and stared before her at a vision of Mattis. No longer could he sting her into life with a flick of unexpected imagery. To her sharpened senses he was merely a great oaf, rough, untutored, in a way repellent. When he

worked he was a man, a big man, admirable; but when he talked or attempted to make love he was like an awkward, well meaning, overgrown puppy. And yet he had once swept her off her feet. What if she shut her eyes tightly and gave him a chance? Could he perhaps do it again? Did she wish him to? No, she was not even curious as to whether he could. Why, then, had she gone near him? She thought of the judge again. How extraordinary that he should have driven away the moment he saw her, without speaking, without even greeting the children!

She climbed the fence and started across the pasture, but stopped halfway to look around. In all her years at Rattling Run Fields her feet had never trod that spot, and it was with a sort of jarring astonishment that she discovered the prospect to possess a gentle beauty all its own. The slope slanted up from where she stood to the edge of the ridge at whose base Mattis and his men were at work. All the pasture was clothed in short-cropped turf, as evenly laid as a carpet. In the angles of the snake fence and dotted over the field itself were black-green upland cedars of every size and age, formal as the cypresses of an Italian garden and apparently far more at home. They had a stately but friendly look.

Eunice walked on toward the house, threading them, sometimes touching their sandy roughness as she passed. She went beyond the barn, then stopped, turned, entered it impulsively and proceeded to hitch the plow horses to the old buggy, the same buggy so seldom had it been used since in which Warner had courted her and had driven her out on a memorable day to where Mattis was at work.

Fifteen years ago! "Pretty as April dogwood and sound as a winter apple!" Was it on purpose that he repeated himself so, she wondered yet again as she had wondered twice before of this identical trick, or was it merely that men use the same bait over and over again until it drops off the hook worn out, nibbled to pieces? The horses harnessed, she drove to the county seat, learned that the court term had ended on the preceding day, sought out the judge's house, descended, walked up the long paved path and drew the bell pull. He opened to her himself. Quickly recovering from the surprise he did not attempt to hide, he let her in and started to usher her into the parlor. But Eunice, drawing a long breath, stood spellbound for a time in the hallway itself, which was exceptionally wide and deep.

At its farther end a box staircase with slim fluted balusters rose airily in three right-angle turns to the floor above. Through a door opening to the left she glimpsed the set parlor, whose windows must be wide open, since the curtains, stately in their old-fashioned length, were stirring. From her right, through another open door, came a smell of books and musty leather, which brought quick tears to her eyes. With a pleading look to the judge, she passed into the library and stood quite still, her head up and turned slightly to one side as if she were listening.

It was a peculiar pose to take in the presence of books, but it seemed to the judge to dovetail into the mood she had been in when last he had talked with her. What more fanciful than to talk of one's voice not as it is heard but as it is! What more whimsical and yet plaintive than the cry, "I wish you could have understood me and told me what I mean"! What more fitting than that such a nature, lost for the time being amid the spaces of an unaccustomed liberty, should quirk a head, birdlike, to listen for the voices of books, the most familiar note of her childhood! Lest she feel that he was spying upon her again or delving into her motive for coming, he passed to the rear of the room, where two windows opened on an inner garden filled with such a wealth of trellised verdure that it seemed to drip with shade. Presently he was aware that she was standing close beside him.

"This," she said, "is the first fresh air I have breathed since I was a girl."

He turned to look at her, expecting to find a quizzical look on her face; but never had he seen it more grave. As her eyes met his he had a feeling that they were years younger than the rest of her body, quite detached from it, as if they had stepped back into that period when knowledge has not yet clouded the bright gleam of the questing lamp of youth. They made her seem not only sexless but virginal; and the judge, forgetting her age and the hard years she had caused him to live over with her, saw only the gold-brown freckles which swam deep in her eyes like sunfish seen within the shadowed curve of a billow.

"I take that back," she murmured, their eyes still interlocked. "If I'm not more careful of what I say you, too, will think I'm crazy."

"I could never think that, for a very simple reason," said the judge easily, as if the training of years constrained him to control an overemotional moment. He was looking exceptionally handsome on that summer morning. Custom had not yet sanctioned white trousers for country wear; but he wore a white alpaca coat cut with wide lapels like a smoking jacket and thrown open to show an expanse of snowy pleated linen. His smooth neck rose like a column from the very low collar, threaded with a black string tie, and the faint pink of his clean-shaven cheeks seemed to be allied in some manner with the ardor of his brilliant eyes. His hair, carefully parted and brushed, though already iron gray, was very thick. To Eunice he seemed virile, strong, young—younger than herself.

"What reason?" she asked.

"Because for weeks," he replied, "my heart has been going to Rattling Run Fields to school. It learned a lot from Warner, something from Drake and Io; and it is only beginning now to learn from you."

"Are—are you teasing me?"

"No."

"Why did I come here? Can you tell me that?"

"I can."

"Then tell me."

"Are you sure you want me to? Think a minute. Don't you know, yourself?"

"Tell me."

"You came here because this morning you went to see Tryer Mattis. If you hadn't gone there, and if I hadn't seen you, you would never have thought of coming here."

Eunice flushed and threw up her head.

"I didn't!" she exclaimed hotly. "Oh, I didn't! I didn't go on purpose to see Tryer, nor did my going there have anything to do with my coming here."

She knew as soon as the words were out of her mouth that they were untrue, and so did the judge. He looked at her steadily until her eyes dropped; but when she turned to rush from the room he started forward to bar her way. She attempted to force by him and for an instant he held her. No sooner was he aware of the violent quivering of her body, however, than he let her go and leaned against the doorpost for support. So impetuous had been the rush of blood to his head because of the fleeting contact that he felt stunned as from a blow. He covered his eyes with his hand, pressed his forehead against the jamb and tried to

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He Tried to Remember That Only a Few Weeks Before He Had Taken This Woman for a Dried-Out Bit of Human Harness

SKOOKUM CHUCK

The Adventure of the Sewing-Machine Potlatch

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

THE Kittiwake was proceeding at reduced speed through a fog so thick that a hundred feet marked the extreme limit of visibility. From her deck nothing whatever could be seen except a luminous curtain and a narrow circle of pearl-gray water of almost the same color as the sky. Nevertheless the chart would have shown them to be centered in a maze of little islands just off Queen Charlotte Sound. Betsy and Marshall were perched in the bow with instructions to watch vigilantly for the faintest indications of land, but to be especially on the lookout for patches of yellow water or kelp that would reveal underwater dangers. Every few moments the whistle would utter a sharp quick note, as though she were impatient. At such times X. Anaxagoras would lean from the pilot-house window, listening with all his ears for an echo, however faint. This is a favorite device on the British Columbia coast for determining the imminence of land. Even the smaller above-water rocks will reply to an accustomed ear.

Though, except at such moments, there existed no particular reason for silence, the two forward conversed in low tones. Everything was very still. Even the accustomed beat of the engines had been throttled down to comparative quiet, so that the small lapping of waters at the bow could be heard. X. Anaxagoras had confessed that he had no idea of where he was; had expressed a fervid opinion of the prevalent fogs of Queen Charlotte Sound and an equally fervid hope that the Kittiwake would find for herself an anchorage and not try to climb any trees; and had retired into anxious vigilance. Noah had taken advantage of the general absorption to produce a small dead trout with which he carried on a gay carouse of tossings and munchings, to the olfactory detriment of the after deck.

All Three Were Staring Into the Dimness, Their Eyes Starting From Their Heads.
"For the Love of Mike!" Muttered Anaxagoras

Suddenly Marshall seized the pipe rail with his left hand and his companion's arm with his right, in a grip so severe that Betsy cried out. The young man was staring straight ahead, his eyes fairly popping.

"What is it, Jerry?" she cried.

"I'm going crazy!" he muttered. "Stark, staring crazy!"

"What is it?" she repeated more insistently.

"I saw a fish!" he announced in hollow tones.

She laughed.

"What of it? There are fish, you know."

"This one," stated Marshall painstakingly, "was right there—in the air. He was forty or fifty feet long, and marked black and white like a zebra."

"Good heavens, Jerry!" she cried with a slight accent of alarm.

"Of course it was an illusion," said Marshall; "I realize that; but why should I have it? It was as if the fog had thinned ever so slightly and I saw it through gauze. It was as real as though ——"

The Kittiwake's whistle spoke. It was almost instantly answered by its echo dead ahead.

"Damn!" cried X. Anaxagoras; and applied the reverse.

But before the Kittiwake's headway could be quite checked she glided forward into bright sunlight. The fog lay directly astern like a perpendicular wall. It is often that way in the Queen Charlotte Sound country. The yacht came to a dead stop.

She was nose on to a small, rounded, treeless island of perhaps two or three acres. At various places on it had been erected slim poles from which, in the gentle breeze that held the fog wall in place, fluttered many pennants of white cloth. Some of these were new and whole and clean; others were weather stained and torn; a few, in the last stages of disintegration, had become little more than ragged gray wisps. Beneath each of these poles crouched tiny huts built of poles and bark; houses in miniature, a good deal like dog kennels in size and shape. And right down the backbone of the island, extending nearly its whole length, had been erected, exactly as an advertising billboard is constructed, a flat affair of split boards; only, in place of being rectangular, it had been cut in the shape of a huge fish with a flat head like a whale. This had been painted white with black markings that attested free and untrammeled fancy rather than any strict adherence to scientific accuracy.

Betsy laughed. Marshall stared with open mouth.

"There's your fish!" she cried delightedly.

Marshall passed his hand over his forehead.

"I'm afraid I'm a little jumpy about myself," he confessed apologetically. "For a moment I almost thought—— What is it, anyway?"

"An island of the dead; an Indian burial ground. All those little huts are the graves."

The Kittiwake backed cautiously away until her stern was swallowed up in the fog bank. But X. Anaxagoras had no intention of getting back into that trouble. He turned her nose to the right and skirted the end of the island. Once clear of its point, they could see into the bight of a wide wooded bay. It possessed a crescent of dazzling white beach. Behind the beach stood a row of what looked to be a dozen huge warehouses.

"The Indian village," Betsy rapidly explained. "Those are community houses; each one represents a whole family and all its ramifications. That's the way they live. What village is it, Sid?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. There's nothing on the chart hereabouts. But it's an anchorage. We'll drop the hook and wait till the fog lifts."

They proceeded slowly toward the white beach.

As they drew nearer, strange things came into view. A rounded rock standing ten feet out of water guarded the approach. On it crouched a small wooden figure painted black, gazing intently out to sea. Standing erect just back of the beach was another wooden figure, forty feet high, carved from a single log. This was a woman, nude, grotesque, with a great hewn head. It, too, was all black, except for thick carmine lips and white-circled eyes like a clown's; and she, too, stared intently at something beyond. Before each of the warehouse structures were more carved grotesques, totem poles painted brilliantly and freshly with blues and reds and greens and whites, a series of figures one atop the other; gigantic faces, strange crouched animals, fishes with toothed open mouths, winged creatures, creatures with circular sunbursts of outstanding rays, more huge faces; a jumble of incongruous, unbelievable nightmares, yet with a decorative Aztec feeling, an ultimate harmony of design. They stood there in a long irregular row, dozens of them, colossal, astonishing. And they, too, as though waiting with a weird and unearthly detachment, all stared out above mere human affairs toward the sea.

There was no sign of life; the place seemed to be deserted. Everywhere the strong rank nettles peculiar to the northern country had grown high. They were almost to the knees of the woman god in front. They flourished thickly along the buildings. One unacquainted with the rapidity of their development might have imagined the place long abandoned, for anywhere else such a completely obliterating growth could only have been the product of many years.

The Kittiwake's hook was dropped. All four got into the dinghy and rowed ashore.

The pure whiteness of the beach proved to be resultant from the fact that it was composed not of sand but of clam shells broken fine; mute attestation of many years of occupancy by a people who fancied that bivalve. They beached the dinghy on this dazzling strand, and stepped ashore. Noah, delighted as always by shore leave, disappeared in the nettles.

They followed, but gingerly, for the growth was head high and stung cruelly. By dint of kicking ahead they made a way, however, and soon stood on a level with the community houses. These extended in an irregular crescent following the curve of the beach. Their visible structure showed nothing remarkable. The low pitch of their broad roofs was covered with shakes; their sides had been boarded, and at some remote period had been painted white. Across the front of each, however, and occupying the whole space, had been traced in black huge faces or bird-beasts with wide and outspread wings. These, with

the totem poles and the feeling of absolute desertion, combined with complete ignorance as to the situation on the map, were sufficient to throw about the scene an air of weird unreality, as though the whole affair had been summoned by some magician of the fog, and might vanish with the mists.

Under the subdued spell of this they made their way slowly through the nettles from one house to the next There were no windows, and in each case the double doors were secured by very modern-looking padlocks. Finally at one end of the row they came to the framework, in place, of a house not yet completed. It was composed of the trunks of whole trees of great size, peeled and hewn round. The girders leaped in single unsupported spans for upwards of a hundred feet, and were each at least three or four feet in diameter. The uprights were solid columns of even greater size. It was almost Egyptian in the dignity of its mass. But looking more in detail Marshall had to add a thought of the Greek. Each of the timbers had been carefully hewn along the direction of its length; and the ax marks, following each other with beautiful accuracy, produced the effect of a fluted column. The idea flashed across Marshall's mind that this might indeed be the origin of the Doric and Corinthian columns; that they had evolved from the first wooden pillars hewn out by the ax.

But a more intriguing speculation was as to the means by which these tremendous timbers had been put in place. The men discussed it. Betsy, tiring of technicalities of skids and scissors, wandered away toward the other end of the "street." After a bit they heard her call.

"Here's one that's unlocked," she announced when they had joined her.

They pushed open the double doors and stepped inside.

There were no windows to admit light, but the shake roof turned out to be far from weatherproof, and through innumerable chinks and crevices, and even by way of wide gaps, the sunlight streamed in in long milky slanting bars and bands. At first its brilliance dazzled their eyes so that the dimness of the interior became a darkness. Then, slowly, at the other end of the long building, as though actually materializing from the empty void, detail by detail, two presences appeared. They were colossal in size, towering up to the high roof side by side; and across the whole breadth of the building they held wide outspread wings of black and white. In the murky dimness, behind the slanting bars of sunlight, they seemed to hover, poised and menacing, gods in waiting.

The little group drew together, awed in spite of themselves. The great fluted beams and columns, the size, the twilight, the slanting sun bars, the thick still silence and the waiting colossal wing-spread gods made of the place a temple.

The effect would pass, as details demanded attention; but for the moment it was complete.

Indeed, the effect was already passing. Their eyes, becoming accustomed to the reduced light, were beginning to make out a low divanlike bench running quite around the room; and firestones in the center, and the dark festoons of soot hanging from the roof above, and a litter of objects here and there. Marshall was on the point of suggesting further investigation, when all were frozen to breathless immobility. From the direction of the menacing winged gods came a low and piercing wail. It began on a low key, as though under the breath, rose in volume and pitch almost to a shriek, and died slowly away again. Absolute silence fell.

Betsy had clutched Marshall's arm. All three were staring into the dimness, their eyes starting from their heads.

"For the love of Mike!" muttered Anaxagoras.

The voice of the gods spoke again, this time in quick high warning notes, as though forbidding profanation. It died to a deeper rumble. Marshall, in spite of his common sense, felt the hair prickle on his head. Then a familiar note caught his ear. He burst into laughter.

"The place isn't quite deserted, after all!" he cried.

In two strides, Betsy still clinging to his arm, he passed the band of sunlight that had lain between the gods and themselves. Immediately what lay beyond it became clearly visible. At the feet of one of the gods crouched Noah; at the feet of the other crouched a wild long lean native cat, jet black in color. They faced each other evilly across the interval, and in the leisurely and declamatory Homeric manner they were preparing combat.

At the sudden appearance of what it took to be reënforcements the strange cat whisked away. Noah stretched himself with an air of conscious virtue.

"Anyway, it was impressive while it lasted," observed X. Anaxagoras.

They turned to look about them. But at this moment they became aware of the sound of distant voices.

II

AT FIRST the open sunlight dazzled their eyes. Then they saw at the point a concourse of canoes. They were lying motionless on the water, huddled uncertainly together, and their many occupants were evidently consulting over the presence of these strangers. Finally one canoe detached itself from the group and began slowly to approach the beach.

"Rightful owners returned," surmised X. Anaxagoras. "I imagine I'd better go down and explain ourselves."

The canoe met him at the shore. Marshall and Betsy, watching from above, saw that it was a large dugout painted black. Its stern had been gracefully prolonged above the water line into a sharp prong, and its bow rose and projected as a high beak ornamented with brightly painted carvings and terminated by wide-spreading deer's antlers. A fat woman wielded the stern paddle, which was painted scarlet, and a heavy-set man occupied the bow. Between the two were miscellaneous things heaped in promiscuously; among which could be distinguished blankets, woven baskets, coal-oil cans, mats, kettles, one or two children, two dogs, and a tame crow in a willow cage. The craft was halted about twenty feet out and a pourparler begun. It lasted for some time, but its purport was indistinguishable. Finally the canoe was beached and the man came ashore. He and the Healer of Souls squatted on their heels and resumed their talk. The woman and the children and the dogs remained stolidly where they were. Off the point the rest of the flotilla waited, still huddled together.

At length the two men arose. The Indian reëmbarked, turned the canoe prow and paddled back to his people. X. Anaxagoras after a brief interval joined the watchers. He was laughing to himself.

"It seems we've butted in," he explained, "and have created considerable distrust and alarm. It took me some time to convince old Stick-in-the-Mud that we are harmless. He thought we were undoubtedly government people, come to put a spoke in their wheels and perhaps arrest them."

"What's the idea?" asked Marshall.

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The Rival Thrust the Canoe on the Beach and Stepped Ashore. He and the Young Indian With Folded Arms Faced Each Other at Ten Paces

Canada Speaks on Immigration

Plowing With an Eight-Horse Gang Plow in a Virgin Canadian Prairie

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

THE Right Honorable W. L. Mackenzie King, leader of the Liberal Party and Premier of Canada, is the hardest man to meet I ever met. But, being met, he is one of the easiest to talk to—a simple, courteous, straightforward gentleman and statesman, as we define those two terms in this Western Hemisphere. I make that distinction because the Eastern Hemisphere connotation of those two terms is something quite different. Not necessarily better or worse, but different. And Mr. King, in those two respects, both as a gentleman and as leader of the Liberal Party, is characteristically, unmistakably Western World. But, beyond dispute, he is a hard man to see.

Ever since the days of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a great and distinguished Liberal leader, it has been the ironclad tradition that the Liberal Premier shall not give interviews What the Premier says he says in Parliament; those are his public announcements; and his cabinet ministers are responsible for their departments, including statements to the press. That is one big stone in the Chinese wall. Secondly, the job of a Premier, to put it euphemistically, keeps a man reasonably occupied.

At the Premier's Lodge

KINGSMERE, where the Premier finally agreed to receive me, is no magnificent country estate, no millionaire's summer folly, but a veritable lodge in the wilderness, primitive in the extreme—a half dozen rooms, wainscoted with unstained pine, a massive fireplace of native stone, rustic furniture, a narrow porch overlooking a terrace of thinned-out trees which slopes gently down to a shining strip of lake. A hundred yards off stands a guest house, an equally simple affair of three or four rooms, with garage and servants' quarters beyond—the most pretentious structure of the lot. No splendid baronial trappings; no panoply of power; not even a single servant in sight. Nevertheless, as I stepped down from the car I experienced a severe twinge of stage fright.

"The Premier's an easy man to talk to," said Mr. Stewart, the minister of immigration, who accompanied me. "He asked me for a memo on immigration and I told him he wouldn't need any memo to talk with you." With which kindly flattery he led me to the cottage.

Macgregor, the Premier's secretary, met us at the steps. He was a black Scot, as I knew he would be. He said, with a sly twinkle in his eye as he shook me cordially by the hand, "I'm so delighted that I was able to arrange this interview for you with the Premier after all."

Mr. Stewart chuckled. The secretary laughed out at the expression on my face.

"At this particular moment, Mr. Macgregor," I replied, "I feel very friendly with all the world, and that includes you—but please don't press me too far."

"A secretary's duties," he began earnestly, though still with the twinkle in his eye, "often force him ——"

He broke off, noting his chief's approach from the rear, and I never got the rest of that apologia.

It is not my intention to describe Mr King. I impose his picture. He looks just like it, only more so—especially when he laughs. Then his cool, alert blue eyes lighten and his lips curl upward, giving him a distinctly boyish air My outstanding impression of Canada's Liberal Premier was that, like Barrie's Tommy, he could be relied on to find a w'y out of any problem confronting him, political or otherwise. I doubt if he would find it by sheer electric flashlights of genius such as the Irish sometimes display, zigzags of intuitive lightning playing through the brain; but rather by soberly, solidly thinking his proposition through from center to circumference and straight around the rim to 360 degrees—more the scientific than the political mind; though I suppose, with that long shrewd Scotch upper lip, he must be something of a politician too.

We had scarcely more than settled ourselves in the rustic chairs upon the narrow porch, and the Premier had remarked laughingly that he believed Mr. Macgregor had been overzealous for once—a jest perfectly understood by all, and especially by the secretary diplomatically vanishing through the doorway—when Mr. Stewart arose, remarked casually that the Premier seemed to have made some recent improvements about the grounds which he'd like to explore, and slipped away, leaving us alone. As he vanished around the corner, Mr. King, sitting across from me, a compact, stocky figure, shifted slightly in his chair and glanced at me soberly as if to say: "All right. Here we are. I suppose we might as well begin to operate, eh?"

A Laboratory to Canada

THE Premier knew from my last note to Mr. Stewart, which, clipped together with one of the latter's, he held in his hand, that not details of immigration, nor machinery, nor methods, but rather broadly outlined policies, and, even more, the direction and goal of those policies, were what I wished him to discuss. Canadian policies, of course; I did not expect him to talk of the problems of the United States. That he had thought out in advance the limits of his subject was evident, for he straightway began by circumscribing a circle around the subjects he intended to discuss. He would not presume, he stated explicitly, to speak on the problems and policies existing in the United States.

It would not be becoming in him to do so. Our national problems and policies were our own; and it was not for him, nor for any outsider, however friendly, to lay a hand on them. That Canada entertained the most profound feelings of friendship and cordial good will toward the United States was a statement of fundamental fact, the importance of which could scarcely be exaggerated. And that, of course, held for immigration as well as along other lines.

"The United States has been of the greatest assistance to Canada," he continued. "In immigration, in the vastness of some of its problems, it has been to us a kind of laboratory—a laboratory which we observe with the keenest interest, note trends and reactions, watch certain lines of development, and take lessons from, I hope. And so," he finished, "I shall not presume to

The Type of British Settlers Now Coming Into Canada

speak about the United States, save to express our friendliness and appreciation."

He paused; he had delimited his subject; he waited alertly for me to speak.

"I suppose," I began, "that every nation is governed by its necessities, by its need for expansion development; and it formulates its policies along the line of those fundamental needs. So that if we could determine some of Canada's fundamental needs, we would have a line, at least, on the kind of general policy in immigration she would pursue. What do you regard as some of her outstanding necessities?"

He replied without hesitation:

"Canada's major problem at present in immigration is to get people to the land; we want settlers, farmers, agricultural workers. We need to get the country settled up. Canada has vast resources. Land, of course. Our population of 9,000,000 or thereabouts is in small proportion to an area of 3,600,000 square miles. In the prairie provinces alone there are some 120,000,000 acres of fertile land unbroken by the plow. But it is not only in land that we have stupendous resources. There are mines, forests, fisheries, not only practically untouched but also actually in good part unexplored. We don't even know the extent of our wealth. So we need immigration to develop our resources. And we need a lot, but chiefly and primarily people to settle upon the land. For with the influx of settlers, with the building up of farming communities and providing for their needs, will come naturally the increased development of our industrial and manufacturing life. But at present all that is bound up with and rests squarely back upon our big primary need of settling up the land.

"So that is Point One—we need settlers. And, I might add, here we undoubtedly have something to offer. Canada has fine fertile lands, millions of acres. For the right man it's an excellent proposition. That's one advantage in our favor. We still have plenty of good land, and available at a low figure. That is no longer true in the United States."

I agreed: "The settler period with us is past. We're now on the industrial spiral. Long ago our pioneers swarmed westward and took up about all of the available land. Good farms cost money in America today."

The Settlers Canada Wants

"WELL, there we have a slight pull over you, for we still have plenty of good fertile land, and cheap. You're past the settler epoch; we're still in the middle of it, and will be for some time to come. Our progress as a country, our industrial development, depend at bottom on our success in this one thing—getting people on the land. The expenses of government are heavy; we need revenues. Our vast and practically unexplored resources need development. You see how it all pivots around the big central necessity—getting the country settled. So in Canada there is no greater fundamental problem than that of immigration. And to show that I appreciate its importance, I may tell you in advance what will be announced tomorrow in the press, that I have decided to appoint a minister to take charge of immigration alone; to give it his entire attention; to make it a department by itself. Well"—he paused a moment and summed up—"that's Point One: Canada's need of immigrants, and immigrants of a particular type; namely, settlers, agricultural workers, people to develop the land."

"And have you any preferences as to the type of immigrants? What stock, what nationals, for example, do you prefer?"

"Well, here again our preferences are conditioned by our needs. We want the type of people, naturally, who will fit into the needs of a growing agricultural country; people who will assimilate readily with us, who think as we do, who are sympathetic with our form of government, education, institutions and ideals."

"Such as, for example?"

"Well," he replied solemnly, but with a twinkle deep in his eye, "we like the Scotch."

"The Scotch are a fine people," I agreed soberly. "Though a shade too stubborn at times. I suppose you like home stock—Anglo-Saxons—settlers from the British Isles."

He nodded.

"Undoubtedly. That's natural. But also, aside from sentiment, experience has shown us that with them we get the best settler type. What we really want are nation builders."

"And after the British Isles?"

"The United States."

"Would you call us Anglo-Saxon—now?" I demanded with a laugh.

"Undoubtedly. The farmers who are coming over to us, anyway, and we're getting quite a lot of them of late—quite a drift. We lost some Canadians to you last year. They went over for the high wages in your construction work.

"Yes, we lost quite a number that way. Well, we can't help that; we don't want to; you can't prevent a man going where his private self-interest leads; that's human. But now the drift is setting back our way. We're getting your farmers in return for the Canadians we lost to you. And that"—he laughed—"is the kind of reciprocity we Canadians like."

"Let them come!" I said. "If Canada has a better proposition to offer than we have I don't see why they shouldn't pull out. Mr. Stewart told me that not only your land was cheaper but also the present freight rates."

Right Honorable W. L. Mackenzie King, Premier of Canada

"On some commodities, I believe. But that long haul from the west is still a problem. If we could only get transportation cost down ——"

He broke off, shaking his head

"In the United States," I said, "we have an immigrant situation which has been growing up for years, until now it has assumed grave proportions. It's our foreign-colony situation."

He nodded.

"I came across it in Chicago in the year I spent at Hull House. That's right in the midst of the foreign section. In fact, I wrote my thesis somewhat along those lines."

"Then you know how it is. The immigrant peasants come over from Europe, settle down in close-knit colonies, isolated from American ways, and they cling blindly, obstinately to their Old World traditions, habits and ideals. For the most part they are either ignorant of, passively indifferent to or openly hostile toward our laws and our self-governing methods of settling disputes. And with the second generation, the children of these foreign-born isolationists, brought up in the city streets, we're beginning to get all sorts of dangerous repercussions in the way of vice, crime and indifference to our established forms of government. Do you have that problem here?"

"Practically not at all. As I said, we're still in the settler phase. Our problem is still chiefly agricultural. Consequently, we have not had to grapple with the congestion of big industrial centers. But in general, our experience—and in the past we've had some experience with colonies, groups of nationals who have come over, settled down on the land as units, intermarried among themselves and remained foreign—our experience, I repeat, is that such colonies are not desirable. Our particular need at this time is for the type of settlers who will not only develop the land, putting more and more ground under cultivation each year, but also develop the community; in a word, nation builders."

A Restrictive and Selective Process

"THAT amounts to restriction—exclusion of those you cannot use."

"Certainly. We believe in a restrictive and selective process, based on the type fitted to fill our needs. There's no use putting people to the distress of pulling up stakes in their own land, taking this long and expensive voyage, when we cannot absorb them either with benefit to themselves or to us. To give an example: After the war we had a heavy unemployment problem on our hands. It is self-evident that at such a crisis, with our returning soldiers wanting work, Canada could not throw her doors wide open to unrestricted immigration. Her first duty was to provide employment for her own people, and after that she had to be able to provide for those she took in. So there was a period after the war when we were forced to restrict immigration to the number we could absorb. That emergency no longer exists, and the Orders in Council which were passed to control it have been rescinded. But we believe in exercising discrimination, both with respect to attracting the right sort of settler to develop our lands and also in restricting the number of those whom we cannot absorb with profit."

Continued on Page 36

A Field of Manitoba Number One Wheat—it is Claimed to be the Best Wheat in the World

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 15, 1923

Sullen and Selfish Isolation

ONE need not be psychic to sense the waves of propaganda with which the air of America is charged and the effect that they are beginning to have on those who feel more deeply than they think and who have the courage of somebody else's convictions and desires.

All propaganda has certain common characteristics. It is keyed to the emotions, not the mind; to the mob, not the individual; to the general, not the particular. It is not concerned with an orderly presentation of facts or with logical conclusions based on an analysis of those facts. Its appeal is to passion or prejudice, to impractical idealism or false generosity. Its aim is to flatter or shame the object of it into helping the propagandist to attain his ends.

Consciously or unconsciously, the propagandist has a selfish purpose. He may be seeking power, place or money; he may be thoroughly self-deceived as to his motives; but it is worth noting that propaganda asks the individual or the nation to do or to give something that is usually contrary to the interests of the propagandized. Granting that there are many occasions when this is right and proper, it is important before we cheer for anybody to look him over calmly and critically and to make sure that our cheers are for a sound idea and not for a cheer leader; for a good cause and not for a gyrating megaphone.

During and since the war, the sources of national and international propaganda, the men who have told the crowd when to give the locomotive yell, the boola or the siss-boom-ah! were the politicians in power and the writers. They are not to be criticized too harshly for their mistakes in times like these, but a comparison of their past with their present utterances may help us to decide whether they are inspired leaders and safe guides.

Before we joined the Allies, President Wilson told Europe that we were "too proud to fight." Recently he announced that our postwar attitude has been "deeply ignoble, cowardly and dishonorable." The ex-President was equally sincere and equally wrong in both statements. And he was also wrong in assenting to a treaty that was a negation of the principles for which the war was fought and that bound the League of Nations to a body of death.

Again, it sounded strange to hear Lloyd George, during his American tour, suggesting softer terms for Germany. It seems only yesterday that he was clamoring for the head of the Kaiser and impossible billions of German marks. One time or the other, he was wrong. Perhaps both times he did not distinguish clearly between what was best for his political fortunes and what was best for Europe.

Less important, but none the less significant, were Mr. Zangwill's recent strictures on America before a New York audience. Unless we are mistaken, it was this same Mr. Zangwill who coined the fallacious phrase "the melting pot" and loudly celebrated its virtues. Yet many of the things he found least admirable in the American character are the scum of that melting pot. Much of the metal that goes into it does not fuse with the older American stock; some of it debases that stock.

These are random and obvious instances of the fallibility of our leaders; and the curious who will examine the utterances of the politicians and the inspired propaganda of the past ten years will find enough to make them at least doubt the inspiration and a good deal of what they are hearing and reading today about "our duty to Europe." If we have a duty to Europe, it has an obligation to us. We hear nothing about that.

The fact is that the affairs of the world have been largely in the hands of politicians who had no idea where they were going except up into place and power for themselves. By a curious paradox, the most provincial, the narrowest men among them have proved to be the internationalists. And their propaganda has back-fired and burned them.

For five years now the world has been run by panaceists, phrase makers, propagandists, socialists and holy rollers—by the laying on of hands often violent hands. As a consequence, Europe has a bad liver, hardening of the arteries and high blood pressure. It needs to face facts, take a dose of castor oil and plenty of exercise. Above all, it must throw out the quacks who have nothing but sugar pills in their pharmacopœia.

The medicine that Europe needs is confidence, capital and credit, and the two latter grow out of the first. But it is impossible for there to be confidence between nations or individuals who hate one another; who try to take an unfair advantage of one another; who go armed and lie in wait to get the drop on one another. There is not and there cannot be more confidence in Europe under these conditions than there is among Southern mountaineers with an old feud over a stray hog or a fence-line. And many of Europe's quarrels are just about as important.

America is not and never has been in sullen and selfish isolation. But she has shown amazing common sense, considering the highly emotional and misleading propaganda to which she has been exposed, in keeping out when she could not help Europe but would hurt herself. Even so, she has been in pretty often and pretty deep.

It is our duty to help Europe, once she has recognized an obligation to help herself by cutting down expenses, armies and armaments, and by cutting out childish racial hates and territorial ambitions, largely fostered by politicians. Europe has been enslaved for generations by these things and the militarism that grows out of them. She is like a drunkard who begs his friend to save him and then goes to bed with a bottle under his pillow. While she is in that frame of mind, the efforts of the League of Nations will be about as efficacious as those of a nice old maiden aunt who holds up admonitory hands and exclaims "Be nice!" Nor is there any reason whatever to suppose that America, working in or out of the League, could accomplish more. There has been no promise that Europe would change her habits; but America has been asked to change hers and to disorganize her life for an unwilling patient.

The conditions precedent to participation by America in a European conference should be:

A Germany that does not seek to evade her just obligations and is willing to make reparation to the last gold mark of her ability.

A France that is willing to concede something for the peace of Europe, even though that may entail giving up part of that to which she believes she is entitled, in the understanding that there must be cooperation by all the powers and not domination by one power on the Continent.

An England that understands the French point of view and is not too impatient with it; that recognizes that if trade is to follow the flag, justice must precede trade; that will assent to the proposition that if no Continental power is to dominate Europe, the island one is not to, either.

An Italy that will not endanger the peace of the world by going around with a chip on its shoulder.

Our pro-Leaguers, theorists and forward-lookers would probably assent to these propositions as being obvious, but they reject the even more obvious proposition that until the powers agree to them in principle and in sincerity American participation must be barren of any results except bad ones for America. They pour out noble phrases and protestations, but they put forth no practical plan. They call on America to join the World Court and the League, but Court and League are simply the Powers, wearing their spats, top hats and morning coats; and what they think and feel in their hearts, so will the League think and feel. The change in Europe must come from within; it cannot be imposed from without.

At Versailles we held an even stronger hand than we hold now. Our participation in the war had turned the tide to victory; the other peoples and the armies of the world desired peace as ardently as we did; we had money and we loaned huge sums to Europe. But we got nowhere, because in spite of all their protestations the politicians of Europe wanted and many still want to play the old game.

The essential difference between the rather calm, practical anti-Leaguer and the rather emotional, hysterical pro-Leaguer is that the former wants to see more than a Chinaman's chance of accomplishing something in Europe before we mix in its affairs. He wants some program, some plan, some concrete promise of cooperation, something more than a rush of sentiment to the head before undertaking the thankless task of peacemaker. The reception of Mr. Hughes' proposal for a conference of the powers indicates that some of our shamed godsakers will have to keep right on being ashamed of America for a while longer. It has probably never occurred to them that a rather large contingent of Americans have the effrontery to be ashamed of them.

Our pro-Leaguers, our theorists and our forward-lookers will find all this grossly materialistic—a cause for fresh shudders of shame. The fact is we have about all the forward-lookers that the real workers of the world can carry on their backs. Their stuff has not worked very well where it has been tried out. We need more people who make the world go around, and fewer who try to stand it on its head. Above all, we need among nations that common-sense practical spirit that we find every day in the business world—the spirit that even in striving to advance selfish interests leads to concession, compromise and tolerance.

If, however, the nations of Europe cannot get together in that spirit and so make possible the cooperation of America, there is a not too remote possibility that Great Britain and America, both jilted and forced into "sullen and selfish isolation," may get together on the rebound to stabilize and do business with such nations as are tired of a diet of prunes, politicians and propaganda. But both Great Britain and the United States would have to do a little housecleaning before they could begin to keep house together.

British lecturers as a class have done little to endear themselves and their country to us. We have our faults, but no nation could possibly survive in the weakest struggle for existence with so many and such damning faults as these well-paid critics discover in us. American tourists as a class no doubt make the British slightly ill at times, and our travelers abroad should realize that no nation of slow-wits and muddlers could possibly have built the British Empire.

Though they speak the same tongue and have much in common, the British and Americans are in many respects alien peoples. To achieve even that unofficial entente between the two nations for which so many on both sides of the Atlantic hope, there must be a recognition of these facts and greater toleration by each for the other's point of view. Manners, methods, customs that would be bad for England may conceivably be good for America. And we must grant as much to the old country. If we must have propaganda, let us limit that between the English-speaking nations to a propaganda of peace, good will and cooperation. Living these things is the best possible kind of propaganda for the League of Nations—in fact, it is a League of Nations.

Common Sense and the Constitution—By Albert J. Beveridge

OF COURSE the Constitution is not sacrosanct. Nothing human is; and our Constitution is a human document, written by human beings for human beings and adopted by human beings after a great deal of discussion.

Also our Constitution is a development of our history—and a continuous and continuing development. It grows with the nation's growth and responds to its needs; it is not a mechanical straitjacket cramping the brain and imprisoning the energies of a people.

The American Constitution is not the foe and jailer of ideas and experiment, but, instead, the friend and guide of thought and conduct.

In short, our fundamental law is altogether earthly. So let us put aside sentimental appeals to our emotions that there is something divine about it. There are plenty of practical reasons for maintaining our Constitution unimpaired; it needs no superhuman support.

I have not yet heard of any man-made thing that was perfect. But our fundamental law is better than any other yet conceived. I imagine that I could improve it; and there are a million others, each of whom is convinced that he, too, could improve it, and each of us is sure that his or her idea is the one thing needful. If all of us were to get to work on the Constitution with our notions, might we not carve, tear, patch and otherwise mangle it until there would be nothing left?

Still if anyone thinks the Constitution ought to be changed, by all means let him try to bring the public to his view. I bear him no ill will on that account. I assume that he is as sincere as I believe myself to be. Nobody has a monopoly of candor or a corner on patriotism—nor yet on wisdom. After all, we probably are after the same thing—the best possible government for the whole people. We differ only as to the means of accomplishing that common purpose.

As a defender of the Constitution, I do not want acrimony for an ally.

In this open-minded attitude and friendly feeling let us talk over together the movement now under way to amend our Constitution again—this time by destroying the power of our national Supreme Court to nullify unconstitutional legislation.

In the first place, it is nothing new; it has been tried many times in the past. Indeed, during our history, no less than eighteen bills, resolutions and proposed amendments to the Constitution have been offered and urged to destroy or limit the power of the Supreme Court to invalidate congressional or state legislation—and the justices were branded as "an oligarchy" who had "usurped" that tyrannical authority. Most of these grew out of state antagonism to national powers asserted by the Supreme Court; but everybody now agrees that what the court then did was wise, necessary and right.

All these agitations against the judiciary in bygone days died out, because the sober second thought of the people approved, in the end, the very decisions which the people in their first irritation had condemned.

But the present crusade is stronger than similar efforts heretofore. The depth and power of it are indicated by the extent to which it is being discussed, the calm and serious manner of these discussions, and the measured deliberation of the leaders of the movement.

When a favorite subject of debating teams in our high schools and colleges is that of judicial review of legislation; when that subject is constantly discussed, and with signal ability, in labor organizations; when our numberless economic leagues, civil forums and other similar bodies of inquiring citizens listen with increasing interest to lectures and papers on that topic; when many other like manifestations of public concern are taking place in every community, only deaf and dumb minds can be unaware of the situation.

I get a large number of letters from all parts of the country and from all kinds of people; and many of these letters speak of this very thing. The letterheads of one or two from high-school students bore these printed words: "Resolved: that the Supreme Court should not declare Acts of Congress unconstitutional."

It is idle to denounce this developing public opinion; denunciation seldom does any permanent good. The only thing to do is to reason the matter out in plain and simple terms so that everybody can understand the question—and, above everything else, to be fair about it.

Criticism of any mundane thing is all right—perfectly natural, in fact wholesome—and courts are not exempt from that normal functioning of the alert and healthy human intellect. That is the way Abraham Lincoln looked at it. One of the ablest and most learned—yes, and most

(Continued on Page 119)

REFORM TALK
BLAT, BUNK AND BALLYHOO SOCIETIES
A LITTLE LESS OF THIS —
INADEQUATE SCHOOLS
BAD POLITICS
MIGHT LEAVE MORE ENERGY FOR THE CONTROL OF THIS!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Get Mad

YOU feel that they haven't been using you right?
Don't get bitter; get mad and fight.
Don't sit glum in wounded virtue;
Nursing a grouch will only hurt you.
Don't get bitter,
Don't be a quitter,
Get mad!

Someone says that you don't belong?
Tilt your chin and prove him wrong!
He hints that you don't amount to much?
Show him up for thinking such!
He jeers that you'll never climb any higher?
Take off your coat and make him a liar!
Don't get bitter,
Be a hitter;
Get mad!

—Arthur Guiterman.

Helpful Holiday Hints

ALWAYS keep in mind the Christmas spirit. It means giving something you don't want, to someone you don't like, who won't want it. First, scratch your conscience off your list. Any useless article makes a suitable gift, provided it's expensive.

Be careful not to return last year's presents to the original senders. Always erase price mark, treble and slightly rub out. Send the most costly gift to the one who will do the same by you—unless it happens to be father. Delete the washwoman, postman, janitor, poor relations and shut-ins. One must draw the line somewhere. Remember it is more blessed to give than to receive, so make dad give up all you can, so you can give. Cut out all cats who forgot you last year.

MOTHER—A twin-six would hang well on her Christmas tree. You can't get by with a box of chocolates and a pair of purple slippers now, father.

Second choice: A pom.

GRANDMA—Give her something practical. She's suffering for a new permanent wave. A fifty-dollar check will cover it, plus a few auburn hair nets.

Second choice: A ukulele.

AUNTIE—Remember auntie had to borrow her mother's pair of silk stockings for special occasions when she was a young girl. How about a dozen pairs, silk, assorted colors?

She'll accept this gift, if you buy a holly box extra to make it look real Christmasy.

BOBBY—Recollect how mad you were when you were a little boy and got that Bible for Christmas, dad? You wouldn't treat your son that way. He's written Santa for ball-bearing roller skates, an air rifle, a bicycle and a radio. Modest. So get busy.

SISTER—There's no pleasing sister. Put a phonograph in her stocking. Never mind the thousand dollars you've squandered on her piano lessons; the poor girl likes music. Let her have some.

Second choice: Platinum shoulder pin, set with sapphires.

BABY—Hang up the baby's stocking. Tie a big bow of red ribbon on his nursing bottle and put that in it. None of the other useless dewdabs he'll get can touch it. Might start him a savings-bank account with whatever you have left, if any.

SWEETHEART—Young man, you'd better say it with flowers.

Now don't insult a nice girl with a simple box of violets. Cut pie out of your lunch for one hundred and eighty-three weeks and do the job up brown with a blob of orchids, tied with frazzy Nile-green chiffon. Then the poor girl won't be ashamed to add your flowers to her other gifts.

HER CHRISTMAS LIST

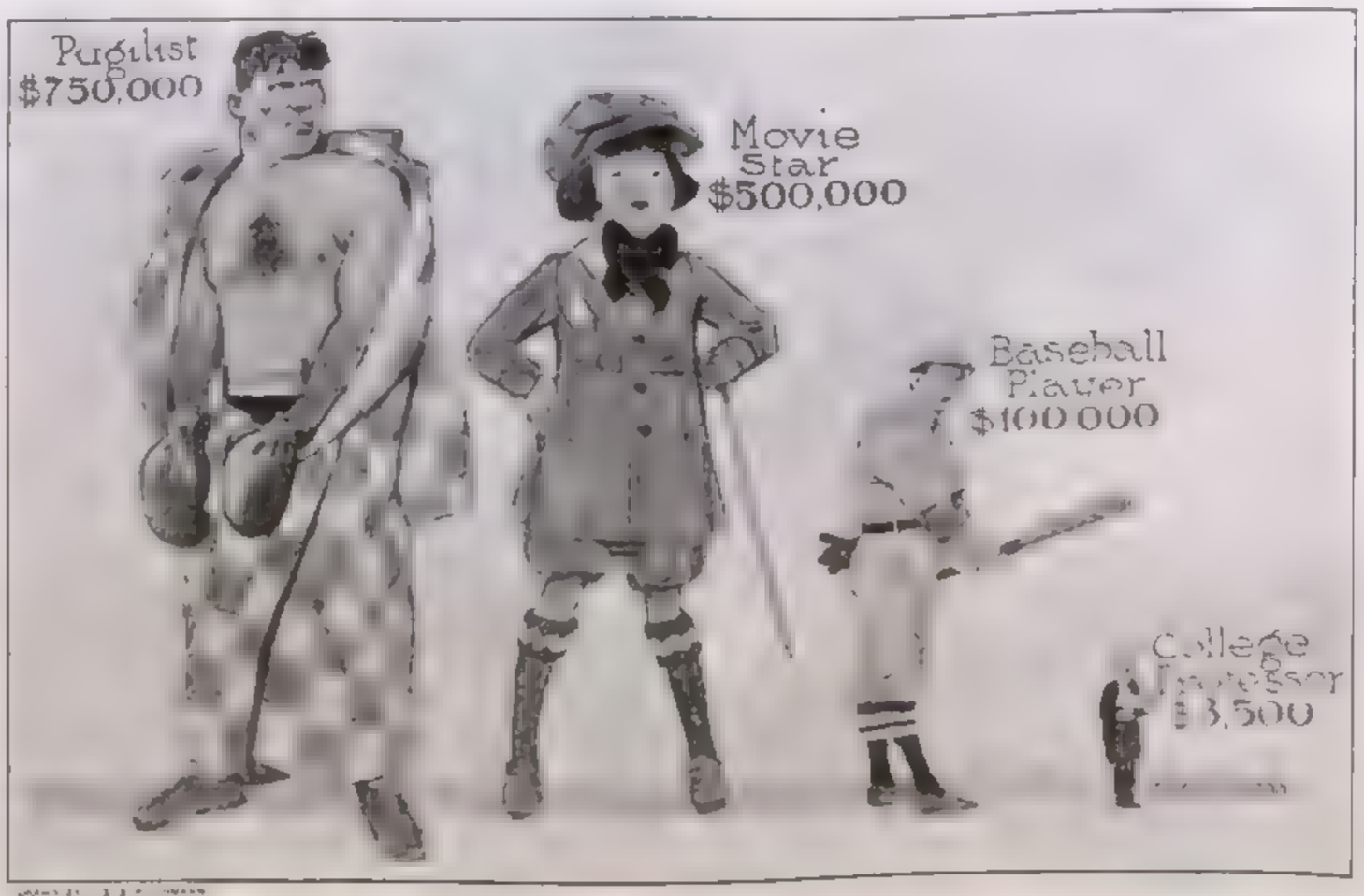
FATHER—Always leave father's present till last. He's a good sport and will pretend a thirty-nine-cent necktie is just what he wanted.

He would rejoice to get nothing, especially as it all comes out of his pocket anyway.

Caution: In sending out left-over Christmas presents be sure to clean them up so they can be exchanged at the department stores.

Remember, whatever you give, everyone will be dissatisfied.

It's the Christmas spirit! *—Isabel Woodman Waitt.*



RELATIVITY

The Test

THE place was black as midnight in a crypt;
I sat close-lipped
With dire foreboding and with fearful dread.
And on my head,
As I sat praying,
I felt my black hairs graying.
Then, in the dark, I saw a figure come—
And I was numb.
A fearsome figure, horrible as death.
I held my breath.
A stiff and awkward phantom, horror tainted.
And as I fainted,
Someone spoke out, as from the lowest hell:
"You're pretty, girlie, but you don't film well!"

—Gelett Burgess.

The Fashion Changes

When
Grandma
was a girl,
says she, she
never got a kiss.
T
h
e
men were
all respectful
then, and blushed at
each shy miss. She says,
"I nary got a hug or squeeze
my frill
t
w
muss."
The boys, she
says, were too po-
lite to treat a maiden
thus. Says granny, "All
the swains I knew kept at their
distance, quite. They only kissed
my finger tips when bidding me good
night." It seems so funny in this age,
to her, that youth is free. But I see through
the whole affair.
We don't
wear hoops,
you see.

—Mary Dorman Phelps.

Poetry Ltd.

THE manager of Poetry Ltd. met us in the spacious reception room. Portraits of Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning, Milton and Shakspere hung on the walls.

"Why, yes," he said, "I'll be very glad to show you through the plant. Just step this way."

We could hear the whirring and throbbing of machinery as we followed the manager. He was a plump, portly man with a rather red face and a shiny bald head. He was dressed in a neat businesslike tweed suit, and the pockets of his waistcoat bulged with several fountain pens and numerous fat cigars.

"This is our shipping room," he said as we entered a large room in which several boys were busily engaged tying up paper bundles. "We're quite rushed now; getting ready for the Easter numbers. This is our sonnet department," he added as he led us down a flight of steps into a room filled with machines.

There must have been about thirty machines in the sonnet department. At each one sat a young girl dressed in a neat white

(Continued on Page 46)

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

Good old-fashioned Vegetable Soup!

In this dainty masquerade
See the Campbell's youth and maid!
Partners both in health and mirth
Proving what good food is worth!

—but they never tasted it as good as Campbell's

For our grandmothers could not search the whole world over to get the very finest ingredients, as Campbell's do. They could not give a life-time to soup-making, as Campbell's chefs do. Fifteen delicious vegetables—substantial cereals—beef broth with its appetizing vigor! Thirty-two different ingredients in Campbell's Vegetable Soup—a real meal!

21 kinds
12 cents a can

Soup for health—
every day!

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

EASY

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

XIII

AS I APPROACHED my brother's house after the eventful night spent at David Cooper's, the front wore an unusually blind aspect.

Although the clock on the Congregational church now showed nearly ten, there was no smoke rising from the chimney, the doors of the hay barn where Bobby kept his car were still closed, and all about the place lay that indefinable air of desertion which the least sensitive building takes on when the inhabitants are absent or—dead!

At that last thought a chill possessed me. What had happened to Bobby last night? There had been two shots. One had struck Easy, but the other —— I was aware, dimly, that I had uttered a strangled cry of some sort on finding David lying by the gate, and surely Bobby, if he had been listening, would have run to my aid had he been able.

I paid off Eli and dismissed him. Then I went around to the side door and stood hesitant. Should I give warning before I entered? I stepped back and looked at the windows above. All were blank. I forgot about retrieving my bag and let myself in at once, fumbling the key with feverish fingers. Inside, the house was still as a tomb. I closed the door, shutting myself into the silence.

The kitchen was empty now of its illicit hoard, but signs of its recent presence lay about. Bits of straw and splinters of wood and three soiled glasses on the sink bore evidence that the stock had not gone away unsampled. I turned from them in disgust and opened the door leading to the back stairs. More silence!

Plucking up courage at last, I called, "Bobby! Where are you, Bobby?"

For a breathless moment there was no response, and then I heard him set both feet to the floor with a dull thud.

"Hey!" he growled. "Is that you, Nancy?"

"Yes!" I called. "Are you all right?"

"Sure, I'm all right!" he returned. "What time is it, anyhow?"

"It's going on for ten o'clock," I replied. "Hurry down, and I'll get you some coffee."

He replied inarticulately, but my relief was so great that for the moment nothing else mattered. Then I remembered my bag. While he was dressing was my opportunity for fetching it. I did so, and by the time he came down it was standing conspicuously on the dresser.

The boy had a tousled, unhealthy look, and he greeted me with reserve.

"Hello, sis!" said he. "How come you got back so soon?"

"Because there was no need for my having gone," I snapped at him. "Aunt Ellen is as well as you are—and a darned sight better, judging from your appearance this morning."

"You said it!" he agreed mournfully, sinking into his seat at the table. "I feel like the devil. Only coffee, thanks!"

"Bobby Steerforth, you have been drinking!" I went on. "And I'd like to know who wrecked my kitchen this way."

"Oh, some of the boys were in." He yawned with a casual glance at the evidence. "I'd have cleaned up, only I didn't expect you back so soon."

"You're telling!" I replied. "And as for that telephone call Bobby, you certainly let me in for a fool's errand and I don't thank you for it!"

He grinned and caught me by the skirt.

"Hey, sis!" said he. "Sit down and let me wait on myself. I'm sorry there was a mistake, but I only told you what the operator told me—that the old girl was sick. That's not my fault, is it?"

I could not endure to stay in the room with him another moment, and left him to his coffee, his aching head in one pallid hand, the other shakily occupied with the spoon. When I reached the vast cavern of my own room I threw my hat and satchel on the bed, and then fell on my knees beside it, burying my face against the quilted spread, and prayed. "O Lord!" I whispered. "Save him, help me to save him help him to save himself. And clear up this mess for us soon—soon!"

The Knocker Sounded Sharply. Bobby Stood Gaping at It Like a Loon. "Bobby!" I Cried. "What's the Matter?"

A sudden calm now came upon our house. Just as Easy predicted, there was no further sign of the bootleggers. Bobby was about more than usual, and he even took a turn at helping in my garden or puttered at some minor interior repairs. His car was now at my service. In a way, the three weeks following that exciting episode were happy enough, except for the fact that my brother was drinking—not enough to get drunk, but more and more openly, despite my expostulations.

The gang had apparently left him a case, but where he had it hidden was beyond me, although I searched the house from cellar to attic.

The explanation of that mystery, I finally decided, would also explain the greater one—the entrance to the cache. Gradually I came to make no complaint when he had been drinking, merely keeping a careful watch. But Bobby was too cunning for me, and never once did I succeed in catching him with his store.

So the weeks wore on, with nothing in particular to mark the time. Then one afternoon the storm signal came without warning.

I was on my way home from the twins' house when suddenly Easy materialized beside me, falling into step and saying the most astonishing things in the most perfect casual manner, walking in a leisurely way, and smiling as he spoke. Anyone watching him might have supposed he was discussing the Number One Hose Company dance of the night before or inviting me to go to the pictures.

"I had a bit of interesting news this afternoon, Nancy," said he. "It was from headquarters in Boston. Yes. Now don't look startled, but get it straight. Are you set?"

"Yes!" I gasped.

"A schooner called the Hawk is offshore somewhere around here," said he, "with a big cargo of liquor, and Adrian Bowditch is known to be on board."

"Oh, Dave, do you think they'll land it here?" said I.

"I think it fair to middling likely," he drawled. "At least likely enough to get a big bunch of deputies and scatter 'em about."

"When do you think they will try it?" I asked.

"From all signs, tonight," said he. "How is your nerve, old girl?"

I took a deep breath.

"It's fine!" I declared. "What do you wish me to do?"

"The dope is this," said he: "I'm taking a fat chance they will bring the stuff to the cave. So I'm planting a few of the boys on the top of the cliff where they won't be exactly noticeable, and a couple more around those bowlders—the same I hid behind the night I saw you and the Russian."

"And catch 'em when they go in?" I added eagerly.

"Nix!" said he "Catch 'em when they come out."

"Oh, Easy, why?" I objected. "We—why, they may never be seen again!"

"Nonsense!" said he. "They will come up through the house as soon as they find the mouth of the cave is guarded. And they will make that discovery the very minute the first man sticks his nose out on the return trip. My boys will have orders to shoot. So what will they do? Try the other exit, of course; and that, my dear, is where you come in."

"I'll do anything," I declared.

"You won't have to run any unnecessary risk," said he, "because I am going to be there. As soon as it is dark the shrubbery and outbuildings around your place will be quietly crowded by my men. When they are all placed I shall arrive noisily and conspicuously upon my fiery motorcycle, to call on you, and shall walk boldly up to the front door and knock, and you will let me in."

"But, Easy," said I, catching as I thought a flaw in his plan, "won't Bobby know, and warn them somehow?"

"Bobby already knows they are on their way, of course," he replied. "Hasn't he said anything to you—anything unusual?"

"Why, no!" said I. "As a matter of fact he had promised to drive the aunts and myself over to the annual festival at Roxbury. Everybody in town is going; so much so that Morris won't even show a picture this evening."

"I'd forgotten all about the pageant," said Easy. "Well, sorry to disappoint the old ladies, but I guess they will have to give up their party. As for you, Nancy, you must make the kid stay home, and don't let him get away from you or he will wreck the whole performance. At any cost keep him until I get there, and after that leave things to me."

"David, must you arrest him with the gang?" I pleaded, tears starting to my eyes. "Can't you let him go, somehow?"

"That's what I'm trying for," replied Easy. "If he's with you all the time tonight, and consequently does nothing evident in connection with the gang, we may be able to let him go or get him off light. Then I'm going to beat the whey out of him and set him to work! Meanwhile, don't worry more than you have to, and do just as I say."

I nodded dumbly.

"One more thing, Nancy," he continued. "Try to make sure there are no lights in the house except just in that big living hall of yours. I will come to the front door, and I won't be later than nine o'clock."

When I left Easy at the post office it was almost five o'clock. Four hours to go! How on earth was I to fill in this time? How keep my restless brother chained?

(Continued on Page 30)

The New Five Passenger Coupe

One ride in this New V-63 Five Passenger Coupe will reveal to you with what good reason Cadillac invites you to *expect great things.*

Cadillac's notable achievement, the harmonized and balanced V-Type 90° eight-cylinder engine, endows this Coupe with a smoothness and quietness of operation peculiar to the New V-63.

Power and speed are remarkable, as are docility and ease of control—while safety is greatly augmented by Cadillac Four Wheel Brakes.

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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
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C A D I L L A C

V-63

Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 28)

Of course there was that time-worn feminine ruse, a bad headache. I sprang it on the aunts as soon as I got into the house, arranging for Mary Henderson to take them in her motor, after which I went listlessly to the back door and stood staring out toward the ocean, racking my empty brain for a plausible scheme and watching my brother, who had been fishing all afternoon, approach slowly through the orchard.

Behind him the sky was filled with tumbling clouds in a purple bank which promised rain. The wind had died down and the air was sultry. There would be a thunderstorm before morning. Bobby, as he came within hailing distance, looked tired and hot, but he had a fine string of blackfish to show, and held them up for me to admire with all the naïveté of a boy. My heart melted at the sight. What an infant he was, after all! Surely it was not too late to make a man of him! And yet now I must lie to him, trick him, in order to accomplish that end!

"Pretty poor, eh, sis?" said he gleefully. "I was down on the Point with some fellers all afternoon 'n' I caught the biggest string."

"Dandy!" I agreed.

"Are you all set to leave for Roxbury?" he said next. "How would you like it if I run you and the old girls over in time for supper, leave you there, and then come back for you at about 10:30?"

"Why, Bobby, I thought you were planning to go along!" I reminded him.

"I can't!" said he. "I—I've got to see a feller here tonight. But I'll take you over just the same."

"Well, it doesn't matter a bit that you can't go, dear," said I, trying to be casual, "because I've a splitting sick headache, and Mary Henderson has promised to take the aunts with her, so we needn't either of us bother about the old pageant any more."

His jaw dropped and he flung the fish on the floor of the back porch with an angry gesture.

"Confound it all, Nancy!" he exclaimed. "You said you were going!"

"But I'm not fit," said I. "And unless you really mind, I wish you would stay home with me. There is going to be a bad storm, and I am so miserable I don't want to be left alone."

"Oh, all right!" he agreed ungraciously.

"It's mean of you to be so nasty about something I can't help!" said I pathetically.

He was contrite enough then and helped me get the supper, which I scarcely touched. Twice during the meal he attempted to telephone, and each time I followed him, making it impossible. Then he slapped his pockets in that characteristic way of his, pretending that his cigarettes were all out and that he would be obliged to go over to Tony's for more, and was frantic when I produced a carton of his own particular brand. I got him to help me wash the dishes, but he was so nervous that he broke two in the process. When the kitchen was tidied I followed him into the living hall and made him light the lamp there. Then I extinguished all the others.

"Why don't you go up to bed, sis?" Bobby asked as I settled in a big chair with a book. "You look all in."

The wind had risen and was whispering mournfully around the house. I glanced at my wrist watch. A quarter to eight! Easy's men must be out there by now—were perhaps taking their places at the very moment. I looked at the idol where it gleamed silently in its corner, and shivered. Then I turned to my brother. The boy's face was very white and haggard, and his eyes had great blue circles under them. He came and leaned on the arm of my chair.

"Nancy!" he exploded. "Why under God's heaven do you sit up when you feel so bad? Why don't you go to bed?"

"But I don't feel so badly now," said I evenly. "Not since supper. Sit down, Bobby. You make me nervous, pacing about like a wildcat!"

"You ought to go upstairs!" he insisted. "Why don't you go?"

"Because I don't want to!" I replied.

"Oh, have it your own way!" he fumed, flinging himself into a chair and grabbing up the sporting sheet of the newspaper. To all appearances he became absorbed in it at once, but to my wisdom it was apparent that he had deliberately chosen a seat that would enable him to observe the idol's face. I picked up my book, and I, too, made a pretense of reading, although my eyes stole continually to the dial of my watch. Eight o'clock! Quarter past! What were the Federal officers doing? Half past eight! By now men were lying flat along the edge of the cliff, armed men. There were armed men at the mouth of the cave in the dark. It was unbearably quiet and normal in the big hall.

At a quarter to nine Bobby could endure the strain no longer and threw down his paper with an oath.

"I can't stand the house!" he cried. "I'm going out—out, I tell you!"

Now I was in for it. I closed the book—heaven knows what it was—with a snap, and got to my feet.

"Robert Steerforth," said I indignantly, "you will do no such thing! What's the matter with you that you can't spend a quiet evening at home once in a while? You behave yourself and stay right where you are now!"

It was a frontal attack such as women, whether wives, mothers or sisters, have used on their menfolk since time immemorial. And since Adam it has worked. It has no earthly right to work, and almost any male has good reason for resenting and disregarding it on the simple ground, if no other, that a woman can't make a man want to stay home. But she can make him stay there. Bobby promptly collapsed into his chair.

"Oh, hell!" said he. "You make me sick, Nancy! I'm going out—a little later! I do as I choose, see?"

"Of course, dear!" said I soothingly. "I only thought it would be rather nice if we could have an evening together. It's been a long time since we have had a talk, you know—a real talk."

"Well, we'll have it a week from some Tuesday!" he exclaimed, getting up again and tightening his belt. "I guess I'll just run over to Morris' and have a soda. I'll be right back."

"The Bowditch place is closed," I told him. "They all went over to Roxbury."

"Then I'll make it Tony's," said he. "I won't be long."

This almost brought me to the end of my resources. It was a reasonable suggestion—so reasonable that I did not know how to oppose it, nor could I very well carry out

(Continued on Page 81)

I Had Gone to Bobby at Easy's First Word, and as He Expostulated, White-Faced, His Hands Held High, I Went Through His Pockets and Drew a Gun From His Hip

The finest cow's milk in the land made double rich, Libby's Milk has become the regular choice of good cooks everywhere. Try it in the recipe below or in some of your own favorites; see for yourself what greater richness, what finer flavor it gives

7½ teaspoons of butter fat in every 16 ounce can

For a holiday treat, serve this finer Orange Cake of Mrs. Kerr's

Christmas, *all* the holiday season, calls for your best in foods. Serve this orange cake. The recipe is from Mrs. Joseph Kerr who has charge of the Woman's Exchange in Bay City, Michigan.

Not only will you find it one of your greatest treats, it is so rich, so light, so fine of texture, but through it you will find a new delight in cooking.

The milk that good cooks use

Mrs. Kerr's recipe for both cake and frosting, you notice, calls specifically for Libby's Milk. Like thousands of other good cooks she has found that this milk *does* give greater richness, finer flavor to foods.

Perhaps you wonder how that can be. As you know, there are certain sections of this country that are famous for their dairy products, places where ideal pastures abound and the men are expert dairymen. And certain kinds of cows, you know, give richer milk than others.

Libby's Milk comes only from selected herds in these favored dairy sections. To start with, it is exceptionally rich. But, at our nearby condenseries, we evaporate more than half the water from it.

7½ teaspoons of butterfat in every can

Adding nothing to it, taking away none of its food values, we seal it in air-tight cans and sterilize it. As you buy it at your grocer's, Libby's Milk is just the finest, purest cow's milk in the land *made double rich*. So rich that there are 7½ teaspoons of pure butter fat in every 16 ounce can!

Milk so rich *must* give greater richness, finer flavor to foods. Thousands use Libby's Milk in coffee in place of cream—and it costs only a third as much as cream. Try Libby's Milk tonight. You, too, will want it regularly.

Write for recipe folders; sent free.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
512 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

ORANGE CAKE

Recipe from Mrs. Joseph Kerr, Bay City, Mich.

⅛ cup butter	1⅜ cups flour
½ cup sugar	2½ level teaspoons baking powder
Yolks of 2 eggs	Whites of two eggs
½ cup sugar	1 tsp. orange extract
¼ cup Libby's Milk	1 tsp. grated orange rind
¼ cup water	

Cream together butter and first quantity of sugar. Mix beaten egg yolks with second quantity of sugar. Beat these two mixtures together well. Add alternately milk diluted with water and flour sifted with baking powder. Then add egg whites beaten dry and flavoring. Bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven

Orange Filling

Scald 1 cup orange juice, juice of ½ lemon and ⅛ cup sugar. Into it stir 2½ teaspoons cornstarch mixed with ¼ cup sugar. Stir over hot water until it thickens. Add 1 tablespoon Libby's Milk, few grains salt, and whites of 2 eggs beaten till dry. Beat well and spread when nearly cool. Sift powdered sugar over top

Perhaps you, too, have some recipe calling for the use of Libby's Milk that you are particularly proud of. If so, won't you let us try it? Send it to Domestic Science Department, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Libby's MILK for Cooking Coffee Baking

The milk that good cooks use

SILVER

(Continued from Page 13)

been red if it hadn't been copper—copper but for the gold—stopped him with a light hand on his sleeve.

"I don't know you, do I?" she asked pleasantly.

Francis Jammes thought it was probable she didn't; and, sharply regretting the interruption of his proposed retreat, he repeated his name awkwardly.

"Mr. Jammes? No, don't tell me!" she raised an appealing palm. "Of course I know. I ought to."

"But you don't," he insisted.

"Jammes—Jammes," she said experimentally. "Oh, yes, I wrote you to come over and tell us that the sets for The Cherry-Colored Ribbon were rotten. I'm so glad you got here," she went on impetuously, obviously, with him, sincere. "And Mr. Vane will be delighted. He's upstairs and doesn't want to see anyone now; but I'll tell him you arrived. Perhaps he will come down to lunch."

"Where are th—the sets?" Jammes demanded, looking around. "Can I examine them now?"

"Good heavens, no!" She laughed. "We don't make pictures in our house. All that is at the studio in the city." She was, he concluded, Mrs. Vane. "You'll make yourself as happy as possible, won't you?" she entreated him. "There is Scotch, and if you'd rather have rye tell a servant; and cocktails are as easy to get as currants on a currant bush."

Again her light hand rested for a moment on his sleeve, and, smiling, she turned away.

Jammes saw a man with a sweep of hair and a very familiar profile attentive only to a small blond woman; he saw an English girl, with an almost clumsy loveliness; there was a boy with a pallid, handsome face and nervous, impatient hands; women no longer young or slim, but with the satisfied air of past triumph and beauty; men with haggard, sensitive features and studied, effective gestures, their deep voices deliberately musical; men with effeminate wrists and pointed, inquisitive faces; other boys, precocious, palpably talented and hard with self-assurance.

The voices, the confusion, grew louder; no one, it seemed, listened to anything that was being said. Francis Jammes heard four distinct humorous stories being related at the same time without attracting the least notice. He counted five servants, Japanese, busied with the bottles and glasses and ice. There was Scotch whisky on a stand beside him, and, mechanically, he poured out a drink. Jammes carried it down the terrace steps to the lawn. There he discovered a pier, with bathhouses, projecting into the Sound, and what seemed to be a large houseboat hauled up and anchored into the bank. It was painted white, with green blinds and a railed space over the cabins with awnings and tubs of geraniums. A wire-haired fox terrier, approaching silently from the rear, almost succeeded in biting his leg. Francis Jammes wished he could swim, across the Sound, away, to the other shore.

Instead, Mrs. Vane, who found him standing alone, drove him with the sheer force of her vitality up to the house and lunch. The dining room was large, but a throng completely surrounded the long narrow table. It was oak, with great carved bulbs for legs, and was entirely laden with elaborate and extravagant dishes. There were game pies like crisp brown high hats, with figures in crust at the tops, translucent moulds of jellied chicken, cold roasted turkeys lying in dignified solemnity on their backs, sliced meats, deep silver bowls of salads—rosy squares of lobster in the green of tender leaves stirred with smooth yellow sauce.

A filled plate was put in his hands; he set his glass on the oak stool—always oak—beside him, and was divided between lunch and the conversation, the people around him. Before he had hardly tried what his plate held, sweets were brought in—spun sugar and mocha creams and raspberry ices. A part of this he accepted and ate without sense of taste, conscious only of the frigidness of his tongue.

The conversation was all, practically, about the stage, and everyone, he gathered, was appearing in a play that was—or was certain to become—the theatrical sensation of the year. He had had no idea that so many dramatic productions made up the very highest crown of success. There was no one, no one at all, he told himself, whom he knew or had ever before, in person, seen; and, with this pronouncement, his gaze fell on a familiar back. The man, turned from him, was bending over a slender, restless girl—she was no more—with the bluest eyes Jammes had ever encountered and very short, rebellious yellow hair. Who was it, Jammes wondered. The man rose, putting down an ice, and Jammes realized that it was Fisher Morrow.

For an obscure reason Jammes didn't want to be seen there by him, and he abruptly left the room. What had become of the silver service? Probably Morrow, following his advice, had put it back in the safe where it belonged. A beautiful set, few were so complete—the lid to the sugar bowl and a hot-water pitcher. He was taking a cigar from the box tendered him when Mrs. Vane was again at his side.

"Come through the hall with me," she whispered. They left the chatter of the dining room for a comparatively quiet passage. "Mr. Vane wants to see you," she added. "But no one must know it. They"—she waved a careless hand toward the crowd at lunch—"have been trying to get into his room all morning. It isn't really that he's sick, but tired to death."

Millward Vane, Jammes found, was a pleasant individual; dark, harassed and flushed, in a dressing gown of stiff brocade. He, like Mrs. Vane, said they thought they were lucky to have Francis Jammes' help.

"Just go to the studio," he continued—"James Raile will know who you are—and tear the sets up if you must. Carol knows they're wrong—so do I, between us—and she thinks they spoil our effect. Now about paying you—"

Francis Jammes determined that, though Cardell's suggestion was nonsense, he would demand an ample sum.

"Simply tell Raile what you want. He has that from me too."

"But you mightn't be willing to pay it," Jammes insisted.

Vane's manner grew detached; he visibly lost his interest in Francis Jammes.

"I can't bother with that," he replied. "I never do. That's why I have assistants."

Mrs. Vane, with her arm in Jammes', and a succession of complimentary assurances, led him out of the room to the head of the stairs.

"He was very cross," she acknowledged of her husband; "but you can't begin to understand how much he has to keep together. This is Sunday, Mr. Jammes, and we'd like to have you at the studio early tomorrow morning. Will you stay out here with us, or would you rather I'd send you into New York this afternoon?"

"I believe," Jammes said—"I believe I'll go to the Ritz." He paused, rigid with the conviction that she would object, suggest a cheaper hotel; but, instead, she warmly urged him to do exactly that. She even added the numbers of the rooms which had the best arrangement of space.

"It is too dreadful," she concluded, "to have to sit in your bedroom."

He had, actually, a drawing-room; and there, lonely and disturbed physically exhausted, he stayed for a short while before, without food, going to bed. The softness of the mattress, the cool smoothness of the sheets surprised, charmed him into a deep slumber. he woke suddenly with a sense of utter strangeness, to find that he had a very limited time in which to dress, have breakfast and reach the Vane studio by nine.

He was forced, in consequence, to take a taxicab; his expenses were multiplying fearfully; and when the doorkeeper at the entrance to a building large as a factory shortly asked his business there, he replied, even more shortly, that it was to see Mr. Raile and not to stand there talking. He was led up a narrow cement stairway; an iron door on runners was slid back, and Francis Jammes stood in an immense room cut into a confusion of corners and walls by unsubstantial board divisions. Raile was farther on, he learned, shooting on The Cherry-Colored Ribbon; and finally Jammes found a young impressive personage with his face an evil, a clay-colored green, standing under a battery of mercury lights.

He told Raile who he was, and James Raile, for reply, informed him that this was it. "1790 New York City. look around." Then only did Jammes realize that he was in the pictorial shell, the similitude of a drawing-room. He gazed about generally, and then, in an increasing wordless attention, he moved from object to object. "Colonial," Raile asserted at last when Jammes had returned from his inspection.

"The word 'Colonial,'" Francis Jammes replied, "has to do with colonies, dependencies. That wasn't true of the United States after the Revolution. But don't let it bother you," he added hastily. "There's nothing Colonial here—no pine or walnut. The table, for example, with the pedestal—1840. The mantel's late Victorian. The ship model a clipper—when was it they came in?"

"I don't know about that," Raile replied. "There's the best ship model I could get." In the windows of the steamship companies, Jammes told him, there were some remarkable models of boats like the Leviathan. The other begged him to can the comedy. "This isn't just all it ought to be, then," he proceeded, indicating their surroundings.

"Nothing that I can find is right," Jammes answered. "It will all have to go."

At this a sudden demoniacal energy took possession of James Raile; his arms described windmill circles; his voice rose in a passionate clamor.

"Nothing will do!" he cried, in a sort of satirical shout. "It must all go. Now! When we shot all of Friday and most of Saturday. That'll have to go too; oh, yes! And the film developed on the best work Annis Prevost ever did. Who's going to get her to do it over, heh?" His mouth was very near Francis Jammes' ear. "Can you?"

"Probably not," Jammes replied.

"You bet your sweet colonial neck you can't! Not with that silk purse. It's all got to go." His voice was restrained; "and how long do we get to put the new—the old, I mean—in? Heh? Can we have a half hour this morning?"

"A week would do it easy," Jammes told him; "I could have the furniture for this room ready next Monday."

"You could!" Raile exclaimed. "A week! That'll be elegant! Let me see what that would cost us. Six days waiting for the sequence—Mr. Vane won't go on without it—six days—sixty thousand dollars at least! Say"—he changed his manner abruptly—"come in here." He led Francis Jammes into another room. "You may think this is a Turkish bath, but it's a dining room."

The furniture here, Jammes was surprised to discover, was very good indeed. There was a range of tables, gracefully inlaid, a pair of commodes, a set of chairs admirable in line—wheel backs—and an appropriate arrangement of the walls.

"This is good enough," he told Raile; "in fact, it is quite possible."

Then he saw a silver service arranged on a modern Sheffield tray. It was *repoussé* silver, every inch of the surface moulded in deep relief with naturalistic daisies; the pots had narrow, precarious bases:

"But that won't do," he added quickly. "Your silver will have to be changed. It ruins everything."

"Go to it," James Raile, now wholly affable, replied. "It can't take you long to do that, and we won't be in here till Wednesday. Bring us over the right year's model in silver."

But that, Jammes reflected on the train, wasn't entirely easy. The service the Vanes needed would have been made in America, by either a New York or Philadelphia silversmith, about 1780.

He knew five sets that would serve perfectly; three, however, were in museums and inaccessible; the fourth belonged to Lanard, who was even more difficult than was usual with collectors; and the fifth—the best of all—was complicated by a special danger:

It belonged to Mrs. Morrow; she would let him have it at once, without question, but he wasn't certain that the silver service was—well, in the bank where she kept it. Perhaps Fisher Morrow hadn't put it back; and if, without his mother's knowledge, it had been sold, he, Francis Jammes, decidedly didn't want to be the cause of such an unpleasant discovery. Even if, now, the elder Mrs. Morrow knew of this, if the loss had occurred, it would be no less embarrassing for her to make either a direct or an evasive answer to his request.

Fisher Morrow's manner at the Vanes', Jammes, in retrospect, didn't like; the truth was he distrusted the man completely. He recalled him bent over the hard brightness of the girl with blue eyes and restless hair. And then it was, at that precise moment in his thoughts, that Mrs. Morrow sent for him. Yes, the servant repeated, at once, if Mr. Jammes could come; the car was waiting for them.

The drawing-room at the Morrows', like the old houses of its period, was on the second floor and led through a wide doorway into the dining room. It was quiet, with a flat gray carpet, a cornice against the ceiling and a chandelier hung with prismatic crystals. Mrs. Morrow was seated with a younger woman in street dress whose expression was pinched and sullen.

"This is Mr. Jammes, my dear Lisa," she said; and, "I don't think you have met Mrs. Fisher Morrow. He hadn't, Francis Jammes acknowledged. He sat down and grew conscious of a very disturbed situation. "I might as well tell you," the woman who sent for him began, "since it will get into the papers, of course, that my son has gone away with a young person. I believe her name is Penny Boyne, but beyond that——"

She made a slight relinquishing gesture. "But I didn't ask you here to listen to the affairs of my family. Before Fisher went, to put it as thoroughly as possible, he stole all the things I had in bank—I don't mean the money, though, Mr. Jammes—and sold them—for less than nothing, I believe. It doesn't matter how much or how little he got for them. I couldn't, as you may know, afford to buy them back, now less than ever; but my silver service—you'll remember it—is different. I've been offered a large sum for it—two thousand dollars, really; and if Fisher let it go for a trifle, if I can get it back I ought to. Any money is important.

"What do you think? Do you imagine you could find it, perhaps at a pawnbroker's, where its value wouldn't be understood? For instance, if Fisher sold it for five hundred dollars, I might get it for seven, pay for your trouble and still have a thousand dollars. The other things I lost were valuable too; but I can't go after them all, can I? And then Fisher—you see, it's quite impossible."

"I can find the silver, Mrs. Morrow," he assured her. Then he remembered the Vanes' dining room for The Cherry-Colored Ribbon. "I can get it and more money than you suppose." He rose. "I won't bother to explain now, but you can be sure of what I say." The most beautiful silver service he knew of. "I'd like to add this," he was at the door: "I will give you the two thousand dollars for it."

Yet when he had gone it wasn't of the silver he thought, but of the elder Mrs. Morrow. How admirable, without hiding the shadow of a fact, she had been! There had been no visible quiver of emotion as she related the inescapable truth about her son. She, too, he perceived, bore the cool high dignity of silver.

But the silver, which Jammes had taken for granted he'd find immediately, eluded him. It had not been offered to Cardell, and the list they drew up of the possible places of its disposal proved to be useless. Francis Jammes then stopped at the offices of George Meadows, the politically powerful collector Jammes frequently sold to. Meadows, he discovered, was in Montana; but the individual apparently in charge of his affairs—he looked like a police captain out of uniform, and, it was clear, very favorably regarded Jammes—listened carefully and made the assertion that he'd have the pawnshops turned over within twenty-four hours. He did this, he reported to Jammes; but no silver service had fallen from the metaphorically reversed shelves.

Francis Jammes then proceeded to New York, supported by a brief note from the Meadows office to the head of the metropolitan detective bureau; and not only did that astute and thorough power fail to find a trace of the Morrow silver but Jammes, as well, in his own field, was totally without success.

Where, he wondered, in such a short time had the service got to. It might, of course, have been sent West—to Chicago or even the Pacific Coast; but this, he concluded,

(Continued on Page 34)

On the floor is Gold-Seal Rug No. 534

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

At the right is shown a facsimile of the Gold Seal that is pasted on the face of every guaranteed Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug and also on every few yards of genuine Gold-Seal Congoleum By-the-Yard. Look for it!

A gift that brightens the home!

For the woman who loves her home what could make a more perfect Christmas present than a *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug? Artistic in design and rich in coloring, its message of good cheer doesn't end with Christmas Day but brightens every day all through the year.

And how much dusty sweeping a Congoleum Rug saves! A few strokes of a damp mop and the smooth, sanitary surface is spotlessly clean.

These rugs come in such a wide range of attractive designs that they are perfectly suited to any room in the house. There are elaborate motifs in rich tones that make the living room and dining room more homelike and inviting; dainty effects for bedrooms and neat geometric patterns for the kitchen and bathroom.

Congoleum Rugs are made all in one piece on a firm, waterproof base. They lie perfectly flat on the floor without fastening of any kind. They never turn up at the edges or corners.

Appropriate and Inexpensive

For all these reasons a *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug is an ideal Christmas gift. Its beauty is sure to make an immediate appeal on Christmas Day, and its practical usefulness will please the homemaker every day, all the year round.

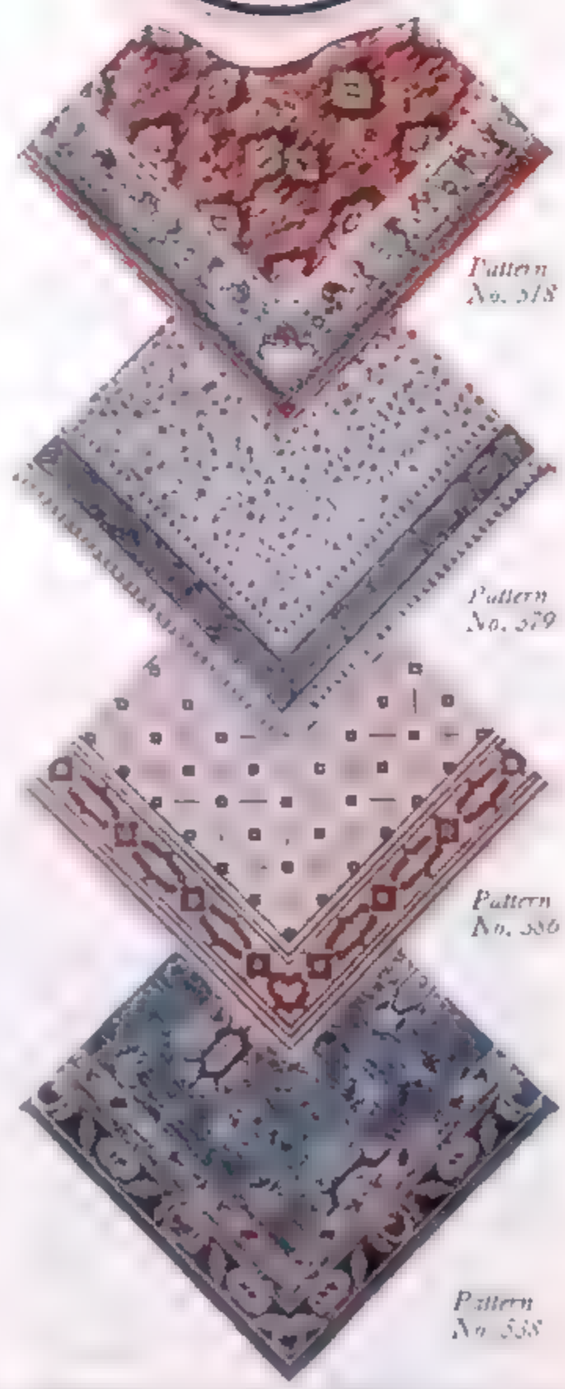
6	x 9	feet	$ 9.00	Pattern No 386 (shown at the right) is made in all sizes. The other patterns illustrated are made in the five large sizes only.	1½	x 3	feet $ .60
7½	x 9	feet	11.25		3	x 3	feet 1.40
9	x 9	feet	13.50		3	x 4½	feet 1.95
9	x 10½	feet	15.75		3	x 6	feet 2.50
9	x 12	feet	18.00				

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco
Kansas City Minneapolis Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh
Montreal London Paris Rio de Janeiro



Pattern No. 518

Pattern No. 579

Pattern No. 386

Pattern No. 538

893

(Continued from Page 32)

wasn't probable. Plate made by Richardson would lose value proportionate to its distance from the East. In reality, it would be worth less in Boston, where the silver of the two Reveres was so fancied, than in Philadelphia or New York. The South was not a market for early Americana; Virginia and the Carolinas, and New Orleans, had a great deal that was authentic for sale, but they bought comparatively little.

He was convinced, by the mere fact of its disappearance, that the service had passed from Fisher Morrow to someone who knew its rarity. And yet it couldn't be disguised, its marks obliterated; and reduced to bullion its price would be practically destroyed. Certainly that might have happened to it—mashed into a shapeless weight, it had perhaps been disposed of to a buyer of old silver and gold. Jammes accordingly made a search among the dealers in precious metals, but—greatly to his relief—neither did he there find anything that might have been the Morrow service.

This consumed five days of an activity for which he was badly prepared, and, as a result, he spent three days and nights in bed. Jammes got up weak, but persistent. He had told Mrs. Morrow he'd find her silver and he would! In addition to this he thought of it as already his, since he knew that it would be sold to him. He wanted it. The sugar bowl hadn't the pierced gallery of one he had formerly owned, but the coffee and tea pots were taller. The tallest he had ever seen.

"You might as well give it up," Cardell informed him. "That's all there is to it—it has gone."

"No, it hasn't. I won't!"

"Tell me about the Vanes."

"A big house, and they went swimming in black velvet."

"They?" Cardell was eager and impatient. "Who were they?"

"How the devil do I know? Actresses, I suppose."

"So you suppose they were actresses?" Cardell spoke deliberately, with an obviously sarcastic intent. "You went to lunch at the Vanes' with probably twenty or thirty of the most celebrated beauties in the country, and you are willing to take a chance that they were —— But what's the use!" Cardell was overwhelmed with disgust. "How's your business with the Vanes coming on? I see The Cherry-Colored Ribbon is announced."

"Well, they'll have to hold it up," Jammes replied. "I am getting this silver for them. It's absolutely necessary. Without it the picture will be nothing. Of course there are other services I might borrow, and I may have to, but they wouldn't be so good."

"It's a damn shame." Cardell's interest in Francis Jammes' search was notably revived. "Have you notified the Association?"

"What association?" Jammes demanded. "The Young Men's or the Women's?"

"Some things you can be, but funny isn't one of them. You know which I mean—the one you ought to belong to. But I forgot, Francis, you're not a dealer. I keep forgetting it."

"I've decided I am," Jammes told him curtly. "Where's that silver?"

"Some crooked dealer—not like you or me—has it. You can be sure of that. No one else would pay for it under the circumstances. Your friend Morrow probably sold it in the middle of the night. I saw a moving picture with that girl he ran away with in it. She was good too. Built like a sapling, but she had a wandering eye."

"Blue," said Jammes absently.

"They tell me blue eyes won't photograph."

"I really don't know," Jammes replied. "I don't, for a fact. Perhaps they won't. Indeed, it seems possible enough. But I can't tell you. Do blue eyes photograph? Can you make a picture, a moving picture, of them?"

"Go home," Cardell told him; "go home and stay a long while. Don't come back till you find the silver. Your brain has gone at last."

Francis Jammes turned at the street door.

"The Vanes' address is Nocatee, Long Island. They ought to know."

"Get out!"

In his room the faint sparkle of life, the vitality, that Cardell almost invariably called up in him died away. He remembered again that he was an old man. He was a little tremulous, unsteady. In bed, Francis Jammes was the victim of a series of illusions, too conscious for dreams, too vividly embodied for a mere process of thought:

He saw Mrs. Royer—how charmingly she had scattered her dishonest furniture. She was giving him some glass beads made in Virginia in the seventeenth century. She spoke to him, "Dear Mr. Jammes, you are so suspicious." He was in Scarn's Auction Gallery: they were selling a pair of girandoles that he must buy. "A thousand dollars," he bid. But Cardell bid more. He couldn't pay so much; he was poor. Beautiful things; surfaces to touch. Old silver, better than gold. Mrs. Morrow told him again that her son had gone away with a young person. "It surprised us more than a little," she went on in her flawless manner.

An extreme reluctance possessed him to go to the most questionable—but there was, actually, no question about them at all—dealers in antique furniture. He hadn't overlooked the possibility that the Morrow silver might be resting in or had passed through such hands; but he had put off, as being too distasteful, that investigation. Now, however, he was squarely confronted with the necessity to search even those shady markets. And, in addition to his thorough dislike for that course, he had almost no chance of coming on the silver service if it were in one or the other of the stores he must visit. He was too well known to be successful in any appearance of the casual, the uninstructed, and not enough liked by the workers of miracles in wood and brasses for any favors.

Yet, after a morning spent in perhaps ten antique stores, he was glad that he had gone; it had been very absorbing and instructive. Jammes saw an amazing number of matched dolphin candlesticks—a pair in pearl gray—or was it mauve?—he bought, and he was specially struck by the large number in Sandwich blue. Most of them had the earlier, the square, single base; and they were, without exception, forgeries. The dolphins in vaseline yellow, too, had a modern, a Semitic, history. Then there was a William-and-Mary lowboy, with the feet rotted apparently from age; and viewing that, he remembered the door of the court cabinet he had bought for the New York Museum. Its age had been brought about by the manure of the barnyard.

Windsor chairs, even braced back or with combs, were not so scarce as he had come to believe either. Their stretchers were persuasive and intact, but round, mathematically round, Jammes told himself. There were none of the small variations in size he required for his complete assurance. He saw, maybe, fifty bracket feet, on chests of drawers, desks and long chests. How admirable they were! How well—in distinction from all the rest—preserved!

He was offered a whole set of apostle spoons, including a master spoon with orb and cross. The hall-marks were correct, the edges of the bowls turned with what had the look of time and use.

"I can let you have these reasonable"—the dealer became confidential—"on account of the way I got them. Seven hundred for the lot."

"You are doing yourself an injustice," Francis Jammes informed him. "It's plain you don't know what they are worth. But I can tell you where to send them to Christie's, in London. A set there as much as ten years ago brought over four thousand pounds."

"I got to have the money," said the dealer, "take them for almost nothing."

"You can borrow seven hundred dollars at once on their English sale," Jammes continued.

The other studied him for a moment. Then: "Get the hell out of here!" he ordered Francis Jammes.

The next store he went into—it was on his way home—was vaguely familiar, he had an inexplicable sense of having been there before. Then he saw the base of what evidently was a Queen Anne desk. The curve of the leg where it swept into the web foot, was almost broken. He asked the man who came forward how his cabinet work was progressing.

"Anyhow, I sold that curly-maple piece you came in to see and didn't like," the dealer asserted. "It went to a good place too."

Francis Jammes glanced casually around. At the back of the store there was a small cupboard with three open, graduated and scrolled shelves. There was some worthless china in it, an imitation millefiori paperweight, a cool gleam from below.

"How much is that?" he demanded, indicating the cupboard.

"I guess so—how much is it! Look it over, turn it up. Maybe I made that in the cellar."

"What is its price?"

"A hundred dollars."

"Nonsense!" Jammes replied. "Sixty would be big." He moved to the cupboard, looking swiftly into its recesses. "There is some stuff in it," he proceeded—"the ends of things, but a good cup or two. I'll give you a hundred dollars for it all."

"Wait till I look." The dealer stooped over the cupboard, and then he suddenly straightened up with the silver lid of a coffee or tea pot. His expression was both surprised and gratified. "Except this." He held up, momentarily, the lid. "It was lost and I looked everywhere for it."

"Let me see ——" Jammes took it abruptly from an unwilling hand. How lovely the finial was! On the under side the hand beating was like faintly rippled water. "Why do you want to keep that?" he asked. "I ought to have it for a pot of mine."

"You can't get it." Almost forcibly the lid was, in turn, taken from Jammes. "The pot that's for you never heard of."

"Perhaps," Francis Jammes agreed; "perhaps. Is it for sale?"

"Sold. It isn't just a coffee pot, either; but a whole set. Six pieces!"

"You must be wrong—five?"

"I said six, didn't I? And six was what I meant. By a damn sight you don't know everything. What's more, it was early Philadelphia: the man who made it was Richards—something or other."

"Joseph Richardson."

"Yes"—his self-assertiveness wavered, gave place to caution—"but having the name won't get you anywheres." He put the silver lid in a drawer, which he sharply closed. "It's sold—gone."

"I want it," Francis Jammes admitted suddenly.

"I told you all there was to say."

"How much did you get? Five hundred dollars?"

"Five hundred!" He stopped, demanded, "Do you want anything that's for sale?"

"Six hundred?"

The dealer deliberately turned and walked toward the back of the store.

"Because"—Jammes didn't raise his voice—"if you only got six hundred, a hundred apiece for the six, I would have given you eight hundred."

This didn't stop the retreat.

"Eight," Jammes continued reflectively—"yes, a thousand."

"You ought to have come before." A tone of regret colored the dealer's voice.

"Who bought it?" Jammes asked. "Let me have the lid and see what I can do with them."

"There's been a lot too much said about this silver." He returned to the front of the store. "It don't matter to you who bought the set, and they've left the country, anyway—took the silver with them to Europe—yesterday. I got to send the lid."

That, Francis Jammes realized, might well be so, it had a ring of truth.

"You will have to tell me," he asserted. "No sale could be made; but we can do this—you'll get a thousand dollars from me, and then, when you return the purchase price, you will be in the difference."

The dealer asked satirically if that were so.

"If there was no sale, how is it you'll give up a thousand?"

"I don't," Jammes explained. "The family does that. The silver was stolen in a way they are willing to pay to hide." Francis Jammes then easily, persuasively, departed from the truth. "But if it's necessary," he said, "they will go to the bottom of this—with a little help from you."

"They can't touch me! I bought it honestly and paid honest money."

"What time in the day or night did you get it?"

"That's nothing to do with it."

"Well"—Francis Jammes moved toward the door—"either you can have the profit I spoke of or lose it all. Personally, I don't care which."

"But what if we can't get it? I sold the set like I said; the people were married early this week and went to Italy."

Jammes assured him that it would be returned.

"Where's your thousand?"

"If you have a pen ——"

"Carment's their name. The wedding was in all the papers."

Carment? Francis Jammes had heard that before. Not through Meadows though. It was—yes, a name associated with what was called society. Jasper Carment he easily found in a telephone book; the house was at St. Martin's; and immediately, that afternoon, he went out to a section of wide lawns and impressive stone or brick houses—Elizabethan English, feudal French and pseudo-classic Italian. Jasper Carment was in; he appeared after a long delay, clad in riding breeches, a barred red-and-white waistcoat and no coat.

"Your daughter was married this week, Mr. Carment," he began awkwardly.

"She was," Carment replied uncompromisingly.

"And she got the usual valuable wedding presents?"

"If she did, why?"

"An early silver service?"

"I can't find what the devil you're after," Carment declared, "or if it's any of your business; but her uncle, Walter Bigges, did give her some early Philadelphia silver. It's packed up, probably gone—her husband was appointed to the embassy at Rome."

"I'm sorry," Jammes told him; "but if it has you'll bring it back, of course. The set was—well, mislaid."

"If it was, where did Bigges find it? He isn't a thief, you know."

"Naturally not. Mr. Bigges will go into that with you. Tell him his money will be paid back; it's been left for him."

"Suppose all this is true," Carment demanded—"I say suppose—but how do I know it? Whose silver is it?"

Francis Jammes reflected.

"That you will have to hear," he agreed, "for yourself, please. Have you met Mrs. Ambre Morrow?"

"Yes," said Carment; "but only met her. I knew Fisher ——" He stopped abruptly. "So that's it! Fisher sold the family treasure!"

"It belonged to his mother."

"Walter will go to her. She's hard up, of course, and I'm sure this can all be arranged." That was a development Francis Jammes hadn't looked for.

"The silver," he announced with dignity, "isn't for sale. How could it be? I'm a dealer, and I've made Mrs. Morrow many offers for it—more than twice what Mr. Bigges paid. I ought to explain to you he bought it in a disreputable place."

"Wait," Carment told him, "I'll call Walter up, if I can find him, and we'll hear more about this."

He went into the house, unceremoniously leaving Jammes to sit or stand as he thought best. When he returned—a half hour had gone—he asked Francis Jammes shortly for his credentials.

"Mrs. Ambre Morrow," Jammes said.

It was his first duty to take the silver to New York for the production of The Cherry-Colored Ribbon, and he went at once, conscious that his unexplained delay would have disturbed the mercurial James Raile.

Francis Jammes, again in a taxicab, proceeded across the city to the Vane studio. As before, the attendant at the entrance tried to hold him in the anteroom; but he went on up the concrete steps and rolled back the heavy iron door. He saw Raile immediately: "Here it is," he said.

"What?" Raile asked blankly.

He was an idiot, Jammes decided.

"Why, the silver service!"

"Silver?" Raile repeated. "Silver?"

"For the dining room in The Cherry-Colored Ribbon."

"Oh!" Raile exclaimed, but very softly. "The silver for The Cherry-Colored Ribbon. When did we do that?" His attitude was one of deep thought. "Was it in 1920, or possibly earlier? Well, anyhow" he brought his acting to an end—"now we're making the Scents of Araby. Do you happen to know of any camels? We're short ten of the filthy monsters."

"I don't," Jammes replied. Anger rose in him. "I haven't been paid for what I was asked to do."

"So you weren't," Raile agreed. "I remember all about you—you didn't appreciate our Colonial furniture. How much?"

Jammes hesitated; then, "Three thousand dollars," he said firmly.

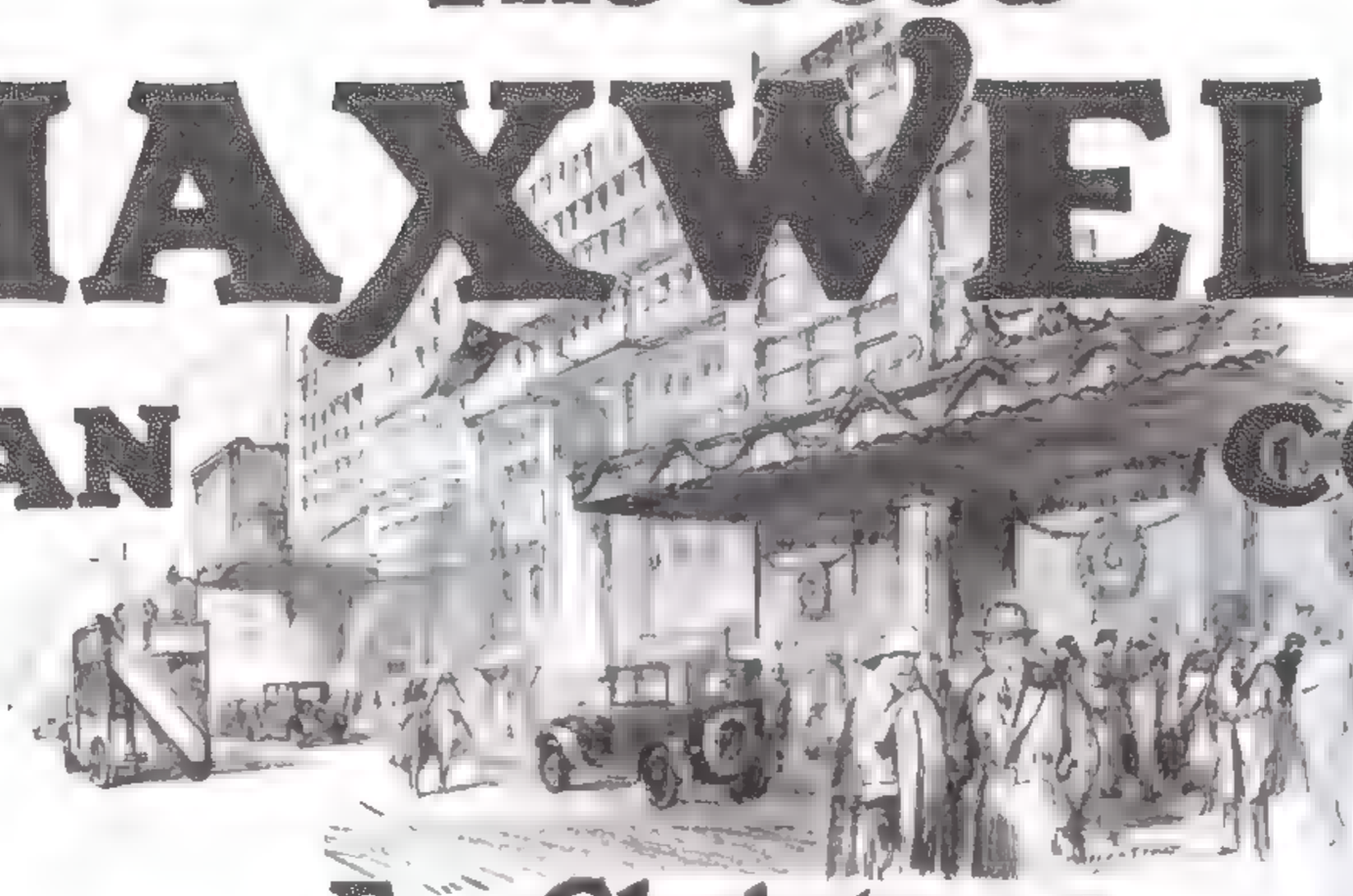
"What?" Raile shouted. "Three thousand for no damn thing in the world?"

A man turned sharply toward them, and Jammes recognized Millward Vane.

"I don't know what it is for, Raile," he said, "but if it will keep you quiet it's a bagatelle. Pay him."

The Good MAXWELL

SEDAN COUPE



For Christmas

Could there be a finer gift for the wife, the daughter, the family—the gift that many a man and wife have long promised themselves—than one of these beautiful good Maxwells?

Cars which brought to America a new interpretation of European beauty.

Obviously superior—not only in performance and reliability and economy, but presenting an ease and comfort far above the usual in their class.

It is not too late, if your order is placed now, to insure delivery for Christmas.

Features of Coupe and Sedan

Seating arrangements very ample, with cushions and back rests positioned for greatest comfort. Unusually long springs impart superior riding qualities.

Ease of driving emphasized by soft clutch and brake action; almost effortless steering.

Upholstery in granite weave. Woodwork in walnut. Hardware in satin finish, with pleasing and unobtrusive design.

Yale lever locks; Yale key locks on doors.

Sturdy construction eliminates the rumble often so noticeable in closed cars.

Standard equipment includes disc wheels and non-skid cord tires front and rear, cowl ventilator, heater, windshield visor and wiper, rear view mirror, parking lights and dome lights. Sedan, $1295; Coupe, $1195; Club Sedan, $1045; Club Coupe, $935, f. o. b. Detroit, tax extra.

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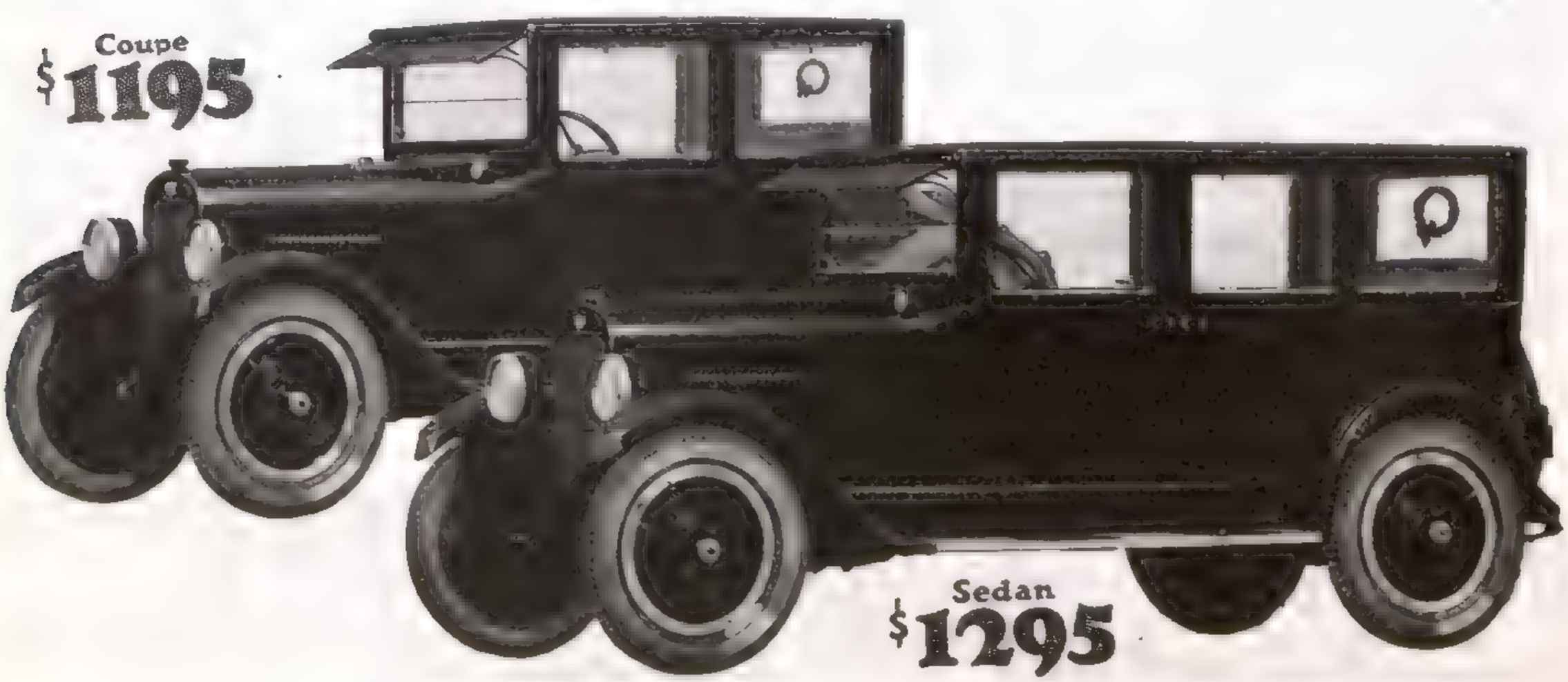
Coupe
$1195



Sedan
$1295

Watch This Column

Baby Peggy Wins New Fame

I have been asked many times how it is that a mere baby like Baby Peggy can act so well. Frankly, I don't know. It seems to have been born in her. Our directors tell me it is a pleasure to direct her, she is so quick to see what is required of her, and she is really artistic. She is probably the youngest star on the screen today.

BABY PEGGY

In her first big production, ***"The Darling of New York,"*** directed by King Baggot and which contains a big cast including GLADYS BROCKWELL, SHELDON LEWIS, CARL STOCKDALE, BETTY FRANCISCO, MAX DAVIDSON, there is more to wonder at than ever. When I think of the years and patient effort many stars have put in becoming stars, and then see what this baby does at the age of four, I'll confess it's all over my head.

* * *

Once more allow me to remind you of Universal's great spectacle, ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"*** which is astonishing immense audiences in New York City, Boston, Trenton, N. J., Springfield, O., Baltimore, Md., Chicago, Ill. It has already played to hundreds of thousands in many other cities. It should not be missed by any means. LON CHANEY, PATSY RUTH MILLER, ERNEST TORRENCE, RAYMOND HATTON and others add much lustre to their reputation in this fine production.

* * *

What did you think of Universal's ***"Merry Go Round"?*** If it hasn't reached your neighborhood, watch for it. You have a great treat in store. Do you enjoy HOOT GIBSON in his Western pictures? Are you following the adventures of PETE MORRISON in ***"The Ghost City"?*** How did you like ***"The Acquittal"?***

* * *

This is a Universal year and you simply can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see Universals.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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1600 Broadway, New York City

CANADA SPEAKS ON IMMIGRATION

(Continued from Page 23)

These points, starkly stated in outline and devoid of development, were given by the Premier as indicating Canada's general policy with regard to immigration. Summed up, the argument stands like this:

Canada's policy on immigration is conditioned by her own needs:

Her primary need at the present is development of her vast agricultural resources, her prosperity along other lines being contingent upon that;

Therefore she wants immigrants of the settler type, nation builders;

She actively seeks and goes after settlers of this sturdy nation-building type;

She reserves to herself the right of a sovereign government to restrict immigration and to exclude those whom she cannot absorb or who do not fit into her needs.

The summing up is my own, for at this juncture tea arrived and with it lighter subjects. Somebody at my back placed the tea service on the table and vanished.

Mention of an old article of mine in the POST on the tuberculosis work of the Rockefeller Foundation in France during the war elicited the fact that at one time in his diversified career the Premier had done some work for the foundation. He sketched the situation briefly, and as the episode reveals the inherent constructive-mindedness of this Liberal leader, I set it down in detail. It was during the period of 1911–17, when, the Liberals being out of power, he was out of a job. The Rockefeller Foundation offered him a position as director of their industrial bureau, which carried with it a certain sum to be expended in actual practice research work in strikes and labor disputes. The contract was signed in May. Work did not begin until October. The intervening months were his own. But there had been a bad mining strike in Colorado; in fact, civil war, with the militia called out, killings on both sides, and hatred, starvation and all the desperate, sordid misery that such a situation entails. At this time the strike was ending; the miners, after a year of strife, were straggling back to work. And so instead of playing around on his vacation, what did this unspectacular young man do but beat it out to Colorado to see what chance there was for constructive action.

"I found things," he said soberly, "in ugly shape. The strike, it is true, had been broken, but not the men's spirits. They were in a black, fierce, rebellious mood. In addition, the mines were thoroughly disorganized from a year of inaction; chaos prevailed, and to top all there was not enough work to go around. I decided the first step was to put the men to work, to get bread into the homes and clothes on the children's backs."

Streaks of Wildness

Accordingly he worked out a scheme whereby the jobless miners were to do state construction work, in return for which they were to receive not cash but slips redeemable in groceries and food—this simply in order that their labor might be transmuted into bread instead of booze. Thus far it was sheer emergency relief work, humanitarian, but not enduring. But that was only the first step. After that, when the men's feelings were somewhat tranquilized by steady employment, he worked out a scheme of permanent representation of the employes in direct conference with the employers, more liberal even than the union itself had demanded; it was accepted by both sides and put into operation. It worked. In short, he took hold of a little industrial war and transmuted it into industrial peace by the use of tact, judgment and sound uncommon sense. It was a very satisfactory little episode from every point of view.

"And I enjoyed myself immensely," he concluded simply.

I admired the simplicity of his existence out in the wilds, and Mr. King admitted that he was fond of the place, which he had owned since boyhood. I mentioned his fine rebel grandfather and spoke of my own buccaneer ancestry—not quite so honorable perhaps. The Premier declared himself in favor of a strain of wild or gypsy blood; it kept life from becoming too tame. At the same time, he added humorously, there was such a thing as possessing such a heavy streak of wildness that it took all one's time holding it down; a little streak went a long way.

The talk veered to sleeping out-of-doors; to the stars, big, luminous and at night almost too intrusively near in that clear northern air; thence to beauty in general, and to mystery, that element of strangeness which lies close at the heart of all beauty; and thus, by a natural transition, to poetry. The Premier cast his vote in favor of poetry of Nature. To a man who lived by preference in such simplicity, who was solitary of habit, whose only hobby was horseback riding, the choice seemed natural. He had had a friend, he said, now dead, who was a poet—Wilfred Campbell. Perhaps I knew his work? I did not. A man of noble parts, full of temperamental bursts of splendid enthusiasm, the Premier said, and then again of equally black despair.

Wilfred Campbell's Verse

"He composed a poem one day, right here on this porch. It was one afternoon. I was building a fence down by the lake. I called to Wilfred to come and help me. He was sitting up on the porch. He said he didn't want to.

"'Why?' I inquired.

"'Well,' he replied, 'I've got a conception for a poem and I feel like starting it now.'

"'What is it about?'

"'It's about a skeleton.'

"'The deuce it is!' I said. 'What put that into your head?'

"'I don't know. I've been thinking about it for two or three days. I'm going to call it Lines on a Skeleton.'

"So I went to work on my fence and Wilfred went to work on his skeleton, and when I had finished my fence he had finished his first verse. I don't know whether I can remember those opening lines. Let me see ——"

He narrowed his eyes thoughtfully. "They were very fine."

"Please try," I urged.

He stared off a space and then began in a fine, deep, sonorous voice, mindful of the cadence:

"LINES ON A SKELETON

"This was the mightiest house that God e'er made,
This roofless mansion of the incorruptible.
These joists and bastions once bore walls as fair
As Solomon's palace of white ivory.
Here majesty and love and beauty dwelt,
Shakspere's wit from these torn walls looked down.
Sadness like the autumn made it bare,
Passion like a tempest shook its base,
And joy filled all its walls with ecstasy."

He paused and looked around at us.

"Fine, isn't it? I think I have the whole poem inside."

He sprang up to fetch the volume, returned with it, showed me on the frontispage the poet's face—a fine, rugged, melancholy profile, mobile and deeply sensitive—settled himself and read the rest of the poem. He began searching the pages for other favorites.

Later, wishing to taste more of this Canadian genius, I bought a volume of his works in a shop, paying down therefor the round price of three and a half dollars and wishing the poet were alive to receive the royalties on such a goodly sum. And that night, fingering the leaves, I came upon a verse which seemed to me to epitomize the type of pioneer settler for which, according to the Premier, Canada is seeking in the present hour. The lines are to those early Anglo-Saxon discoverers who sought and found a New World:

They feared no unknown, saw no horizon dark,
Counted no danger; dreamed all seas their road
To possible futures; struck no craven sail
For sloth or indolent cowardice; steered their keels
O'er wastes of bearing ocean, leagues of brine;
While Hope firm kept the tiller, Faith, in dreams,
Saw coasts of gleaming continent looming large
Beyond the ultimate of the sea's far rim.
Thus was it ever.

In due course of time Mr. Stewart wandered back again and Mr. King showed us about his modest rooms and his guest house, equally primitive. Mr. Macgregor whispered at his ear; he sat down to sign a heap of letters; Mr. Stewart raised his eyebrows at me, mutely indicating the waiting car. Macgregor asked if he might accompany us. The Premier added a few last words. My final impression was of a sober, broad, constructive-minded man, without narrow or sectional prejudices, passionately absorbed in his work, sanely and wholeheartedly fighting the Liberal fight for Canada, friendly toward the United States, and profoundly aware that the destinies of the two countries were deeply intertwined. We shook hands, and the car sped on its way.

A conference with Mr. Stewart sustained the general points made by the Premier and added several details.

"Our department," he said, "has been granted by the Immigration Act and the Orders in Council absolute discretionary power to say who shall and who shall not enter Canada. Exactly how that machinery works Mr. Blair will explain to you. It is very mobile.

"As to land—well, that's one bright spot on the horizon. We have good land, from fifteen to thirty dollars an acre, the same quality of land that in the United States costs from $100 up—mostly up. Also, at present, transportation prices are cheaper than they are in the States.

"I've just been sitting in at a hearing on freight rates and so the figures are fresh in my mind.

"There are, however, one or two drawbacks in our proposition, and as I'm not endeavoring to sell you a farm, but to lay the true elements of the situation before you, I'm bound to say that the Canadian farmer is in the same mean hole that is afflicting his American neighbor in the matter of costs and getting a good price for his stuff. For one thing, the machinery costs are higher in Canada than they are in the States; that's natural, for it is made over there and we have to pay import duty and freight. In addition, up here the farmer has another serious handicap—the seasonal one, the slack-up in winter when stiff weather sets in. There are about five months when a man can't do very much, which means it must all be done in the remaining seven. That's a geographical setback, and one you can't conceal. We don't want to, as a fact. We don't want the type of settler who, used to a warm climate where he can work out in the fields right around the calendar, comes over here, finds our bracing weather too rigorous, throws up the game and pulls out after a year or two. We'd rather start in right at first."

Pioneer Strains

"And that brings us directly to the kind of immigrant we want. We're after quality rather than sheer quantity; stamina; the kind of people who will mingle and mix with our own blood and think as we do in social and government ways.

"There are those who say that Canada has not an active immigration policy. I challenge that statement. It's false. It is true we do not take on all comers without regard to whether they are fitted for our needs; but we have a right as a government and a people to discriminate; moreover, we intend to exercise that right. On the other hand, we believe in aggressively going after the type of person we can use. The bulk of our best settlers come from the British Isles and the United States. They're by no means confined to those two regions, understand. But it is true that there are in England at this present time thousands of men of the very class we want who are too hard pressed financially to pay the passage price. And as the Premier said—I caught that remark of his—the States are showing some reciprocity these days in returning American farmers for the Canadians we lost to them. There are, you see, some men with a big pioneer streak in them who hanker after primitive conditions; who love to carve a home out of the wilderness and put virgin soil under the plow. Most Anglo-Saxons have a strain of the pioneer in their blood, and in some it comes out strong.

"Well, that's the kind of men we're looking for under our present policy.

"I don't believe in the paternalistic attitude on the part of government. I don't

(Continued on Page 38)

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Mr. Name

Addres

(Continued from Page 36)

believe in communism, nor in having settlers aided by government every step of the way. I feel very intensely upon that subject. Government must not kill or injure the individual initiative and creative energy of the settlers by giving them everything and supporting them every step of the way. Real men don't want to be supported. For that reason I'm against big government loans to develop the agricultural interests. We want the settler to help himself. And our ambition is to help him to help himself, but to keep our hands off his individual initiative and not to cramp his spirit of enterprise."

For information concerning the machinery and methods of operating these general policies, I went to Mr. Blair, secretary of the immigration department, to whom I had a note from our own commissioner general of immigration, Mr. W. W. Husband. Mr. Blair has been with the department twenty years and he knows its ins and its outs, its strength and its weakness, as the pastor of a village parish knows the idiosyncrasies of his flock. He is Scotch, a Covenanter, brought up on porridge and the Shorter Catechism. If you poked his elbow in his sleep and asked him suddenly "What is the chief end of man?" his subconscious mind would answer like a shot. He is a quiet, spare, gray man, with a piercing eagle eye. If I were to describe him with a phrase, I should call him the Sword of Gideon. He knows how to smite, and he does it with gleaming smile. I cannot help believing it is a fine thing for Canada's future destinies that this Sword of Gideon is guarding her ports of entry where all the varied tides of Europe sweep. He told me with a laugh that his own little private and unrealizable dream was to be pope—pope of Canadian immigration for five years—with absolute powers to bind and to loose, to bless or to excommunicate all entrants for the space of five years. When I told Mr. Blair what was his part on the program—to explain how the wheels went round in his department—he waded right in with a series of questions of his own. He began with the Socratic method.

"Look here, what's the bottom principle or idea in immigration laws? What do they aim to do? What does America want? What's the idea behind her present restriction law? What idea is it based upon?"

"She bases her present act," I replied, "on numbers—on a quota, as we say. Three per cent of the nationals already in the country."

"Exactly! Numerical! 'Quota'—that's an American word."

"And then," I went on, "there are certain restrictions about health, defectives, insane, criminals ..."

"Yes, yes. I don't mean that. But outside of that particular set of restrictions, you base your law on numbers, do you not? Your law says in effect that up to a certain number all nationalities, provided they are physically and morally sound, are equally desirable. One nationality is just as good for your purposes as another. You have no preferences."

Emergency Legislation

"Personally, I have preferences. I think certain nations and peoples blend together better, produce better results in forms of government and social patterns than other blends which are hostile or foreign in thought; and to join arbitrarily these hostile, warring elements is about as sensible as inviting a catamount to tea."

"But we are not discussing what you or I think personally. We're trying to get at the intellectual principle which lies behind your present law. And that basic idea is numerical, isn't it? A certain per cent, or quota, of all nationals—Asiatics excepted—with certain limitations of physical and moral health?"

"That's right. But you should remember that when that law was framed our Government was confronted with a condition and not a theory. All Europe was proposing to surge in upon our shores. It was a kind of free-for-all Marathon race. We had to erect some barricades to prevent a general stampede. If we hadn't we'd have been swamped. And if we're swamped, in the long run Canada's swamped, too, for that border's a very invisible line. It's only law that holds it in place."

"I'm not criticising your law," he explained patiently. "I'm trying to get at it. I want you to examine the idea on which it is based. And I want you to do so in order to understand in what essential respect the Canadian law differs."

"All right; I agree. The present law in the United States is based on a numerical idea. All nationals, with certain physical, mental and moral provisos, are equally desirable and are on a 3 per cent equality. Now what's the idea for Canada?"

"We do not work on that numerical basis at all. Canada does not say that so many per cent of this nationality and so many per cent of that nationality may enter in. She begins at the other end of the proposition. She says, 'We need immigration.' Do you see the difference at the very start-off? It's what we as a nation need, what we as a nation want, not what the other fellow wants. All right. 'We need immigration,' says Canada; 'but'—and that's a very big but—'we need a certain kind.' What kind do we need? Do you begin to get the different angle, our different process of choice? Well, we work out the kind of immigrant we need, and what qualities and stocks, by actual concrete experience, have best filled those needs. And then Canada says, 'Let's get all—or as much as we can—of this particular kind of immigration that fits our need.'"

A Law With Teeth In It

"No matter what countries it comes from, you see. We don't set any figure, any numerical limit beyond which those desirables may not come. We'll take all we can get of the kind that fills the bill. Not only that; we don't sit down passively at home and let them fall into our lap. We go after them; we seek; we advertise. Right now we're advertising in over 4000 of your agricultural papers and we have a printing office down in Chicago. So that's one part.

"But on the other hand, of the kind we can't use, who don't fill our needs, who don't merge and assimilate, we want as few as may be. So our scheme is a two-idea one; it works both ways; it attracts and it excludes. And in both of these ideas we consult, first and last, Canada's own welfare, her needs. And those needs, mind you"—he held up a lean forefinger and his eyes were piercing bright—"are not exclusively agricultural or industrial, but also social, educational and citizenship needs. We have the power right inside this department to exclude anybody we don't consider desirable along any of those lines.

"We can shut off immigration completely if it seems best for the welfare of the country in an emergency, an unemployment crisis; or we may leave the doors ajar; or we may fling them wide open to all. In fact, we have in our hands a piece of machinery that is extremely supple and mobile, by means of which we can at will control the immigration stream, just as they control the water in that canal outside your hotel by a system of levers and locks."

"How do you manage it?"

He looked at me keenly.

"Have you read our Immigration Act?"

"Yes."

"All of it?"

"Yes."

"Read Sections Thirty-seven and Thirty-eight?"

"Yes."

"Did you note anything remarkable about Section Thirty-eight?"

"Yes; I thought it was a bear. That almost gives you the power of a pope. Especially the part marked A"—he smiled a deep, glinting smile—"and also the part marked C."

This Section Thirty-eight is worth quoting in its entirety. It reads:

> The Governor in Council may, by proclamation or order, whenever he deems it necessary or expedient,
>
> A. Prohibit the landing in Canada or at any specified port of entry in Canada of any immigrant who has come to Canada otherwise than by continuous journey from or has in that behalf [illegible] from the country of which he is a native or naturalized citizen, and upon a through ticket purchased in that country, or prepaid in Canada;
>
> B. Prohibit the landing in Canada of passengers brought to Canada by any transportation company which neglects to comply with the provisions of this Act;
>
> C. Prohibit or limit in number for a stated period or permanently the landing in Canada or the landing at any specified port or ports of entry in Canada, of immigrants of any specified class or occupation, by reason of any economic, industrial or other condition temporarily existing in Canada, *or because such immigrants are deemed undesirable, having regard to the climatic, industrial, social, educational, labour or other conditions or requirements of Canada, or because such immigrants are deemed undesirable owing to their peculiar customs, habits, modes of life and methods of holding property, and because of their probable inability to become readily assimilated or to assume the duties and responsibilities of Canadian citizenship within a reasonable time after their entry.*

The italics are my own.

"That just about covers everything right up to the angels," I remarked, laying down my copy of the act.

"Absolutely water-tight so far as the machinery goes. It puts ultimate power in our hands."

"And now tell me how it works. Let us imagine that you visualize an unemployment crisis looming like a black cloud on the horizon rim and you want to shut the gates. How do you do it?"

"We do it through an Order in Council. Those orders cover any particular situation which may arise. We may have an Order in Council in effect for a year or six weeks or six days."

"And how long does it take to get an Order of Council into effect? I'm trying to see how swift and supple you are."

"I can tell you how long it has taken," he replied with a smile. "It has been drafted on this table in the morning, sent over to the office of the minister—that takes about ten minutes, for Mr. Stewart is two blocks off—the minister reads it, approves it, takes it over to the Council; they sign, and it's back on my table the same afternoon, effective. It's an affair of hours. Of course," he added, with a grim tightening of his voice, "I don't want you to think we're all little plaster saints in Canada, any more than they are across the line. We've got our immigration problems just as you have—self-interested groups fighting for their own way, without regard to the welfare of the whole. That's true the world over. And that's why," he added with a laugh, "I should like to be immigration pope."

"You have immense power in your department as it is. We don't begin to have that leeway and discretion in the immigration department at Washington. I note your last report states that 'in the year 1920–21, 68,190 persons presented themselves for admission to Canada at border ports, of whom 20,131 were rejected; this number is 30 per cent. During the year 1921–22, 47,898 persons sought admission, of whom 18,553 were rejected; this is 39 per cent.' That is a very high percentage of rejections."

Examination at Antwerp

"We've rescinded some of those Orders in Council which restricted immigration during the postwar unemployment crisis."

"And do you have any scheme," I inquired, "for preventing the ones you cannot use profitably in Canada from taking that long, expensive trip?"

He nodded.

"I'll explain how we work that. In 1920 I went over to Europe, and when I saw the type of immigrants embarking at Antwerp, when I beheld the class of people going up over the side of that boat, bound Canadaward, I was deeply impressed with the necessity for checking undesirable immigration on the other side, for I knew those people would not be admitted at our ports. By undesirable, you understand, I mean simply that they are undesirable for our needs, not in themselves. The term is technical, not social, there is no stigma attached. I realized then the need for agents in Europe, with discretionary powers, in order to stop them over there. I returned, conferred with the minister of immigration, Mr. Stewart, and as a result we sent an agent to Antwerp with discretionary powers. For it was self-evident that if these poor people sold up everything, took the long trip to Canada, and were rejected at our doors, they would be in far worse plight, with less financial leeway, and therefore more likely to become a burden upon their own communities than if the rejection took place over there.

"So first we put an agent in Antwerp to dissuade those he thought wouldn't fill our needs. He had our explicit instructions to sign the passports of only such persons as we could absorb and use with profit to themselves and to us. That was the first check. Secondly, the Canadian companies were advised to transport only those who had their passports signed by our agents. Of course, that didn't prevent undesirable immigrants

(Continued on Page 40)

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(Continued from Page 38)

from shipping on other lines; but these were refused entry at our ports. Presently, in addition to the agent at Antwerp, we placed an agent at Paris, to check the immigration converging there. Then one in Riga. Then in Poland. And in like fashion we aim to push the line back farther and farther into Europe, our intention being to check the flow as nearly as possible at its source.

"Now the benefits of this system are fourfold. First, by placing agents close to the source of prospective immigration we prevent needless distress to the immigrant himself—the selling out of his effects and pulling up stakes. Second, we prevent useless trouble to his country, his government; it won't have to care for these people on their return after being rejected in Canada, discouraged, with their resources gone. Third, we prevent useless trouble to the carriers, the steamship lines, who otherwise are obliged to reship the undesirables. And fourth, we prevent useless trouble to Canada by checking at their source these people she cannot absorb or use.

"I should like to add that there exists, in immigration matters, the heartiest coöperation between the United States and Canada, each country holding strictly to its sovereign rights, yet maintaining the friendliest spirit through it all. Canada has a very heavy immigration correspondence with the United States, and some of the cases are complicated in the extreme; and yet the finest coöperation prevails. I could give you dozens of concrete instances of evaders who seek our assistance. Perhaps one episode will suffice."

The Suspicious Letter

"One day a man, an American citizen, came into my office. He wished to obtain Canada's aid in the matter of certain nationals, relatives of his, who had arrived at Ellis Island after the quota for that particular nationality had been filled. He wanted us to let his relatives come into Canada, to wait here until the next quota came around. He displayed credentials and letters, among them one from a very powerful and high-placed American official in the present Administration at Washington. He did not seem overanxious that I should take this letter into my hands and scrutinize it in detail; he just flashed it, so to speak, and showed me the signature. It was a bona-fide letter and a bona-fide signature; no doubt about that. And having flashed it, he made his plea. Not arguments. Not reasons. But a plea; he was strong on the plea. He declared that the detention was cruel; it was causing his mother, in particular, great distress. She had become ill with anxiety. In fact she was critically sick.

"'And that sickness has been directly caused by reason of her anxiety for her relatives who are thus detained?'

"'Yes.'

"'Are they near relatives?'

"'Yes; near and dear.'

"'How near?'

"Well, it turned out, when we put on the screws, that they were cousins and not first cousins either. His mother had not seen them for many years, nor had she maintained a correspondence with them in the old country. And yet she was critically ill. That strained my credulity. So we had to revise downwards that 'near and dear.' He made another impassioned plea. I listened. And while I listened I examined the letter from the Washington official. It was dated back in January. The episode I'm relating took place in June.

"'It's strange you waited all this time to present this letter,' I remarked.

"'Well, yes; I did wait; that's true.'

"'This letter seems to have been dated last January.'

"'Yes, sir; last January; that's right.'

"'And when did your relatives come over?'

"'In May.'

"'Last May?'

"'Yes, last May.'

"'Then this letter was written long before these people landed? Long before they even started for America? For it does not take a boat several months to cross the Atlantic these days.'

"Yes, that was true, he admitted. In fact that letter was written with reference to another affair.

"'I guess it was!' I said.

"But wouldn't I help his family, anyway, for they were in terrible distress?

"Well," laughed Mr. Blair, "as the Scotch say, we just sifted and sorted that man. We went through his arguments one by one and we showed just how wabbly they were. I called in a stenographer and I said to the American, 'Now, Mister Blank, you just dictate your reasons for asking the Canadian Government to set aside the American law in order to help your relatives; we'll have to have those reasons on file. We're likely to be called on the carpet for this, you understand. So go ahead, dictate. Reason Number One: All right, we've got that. Now Reason Number Two and Reason Number Three. No, no, that's Reason Number One! We've already got that down.' Well, of course he didn't have them. As a matter of fact, he didn't have a single sound reason to offer. He only had his plea. He wanted us to do it—to set aside the laws of America in behalf of his relatives—and he wanted it hard. And at the end, after I'd sifted and sorted him and shown him up, I said:

"'Mister Blank, do you realize just what you're asking the Canadian Government to do for you? Do you realize that what you're asking of our government could be construed as a distinctly unfriendly act to the Government of the United States, a great and friendly power? What you are asking us to do, in effect, is to set aside and make of no avail her quota law, which is the law of her land. And if we did this for you there is no reason in the world why we should not do it for all the other nationals upon demand, whenever their friends or relatives exceed the quota limit. Do you see that? And do you see the result of such a procedure on our part?

"'The direct result of such procedure would be that a row of incoming immigrants from Europe would soon be stretched along our southern border from Vancouver to Maine; the entry ports of America would be unused, for on the stroke of midnight, when the new quotas came into effect, those waiting multitudes camped down on our side would rush across the border, and the entire effect of the law would be negated. Do you realize how you are insulting our government in asking us to perform this unfriendly act for you?'

"Well, he apologized profusely. He said he hadn't thought of it in that light, hadn't realized how it would look. And he backed, stammering and apologizing, out of my office, thanking me for making everything so plain."

A Gallery Watcher

The secretary of immigration shook his head and smiled a smile of mingled irony and disgust.

This sketches in brief fashion the immigration policies of Canada and the method of enforcement of those policies, together with a side glance at the manner of men who have the enforcement in hand. For laws are useless unless we can enforce them; unless the spirit and the will to enforce them reside in the hearts of the people themselves. Canada, it will be seen, is proceeding under a two-idea policy, based not on numbers and quotas or fake notions about the equal desirability of all nationals, but solidly upon her own needs. She exercises her sovereign right both to admit and to exclude, according to her own needs.

Nor are those needs, as outlined in Section Thirty-eight, merely material; they run the entire gamut of social, mental, moral and spiritual. 'Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments,' says Shakspere. Canada, in the matter of immigration, is intent on the marriage of true minds, and she does not in her search intend to admit impediment. The Premier called America a kind of vast laboratory, with Canada an interested gallery watcher, looking on at our experiments, noting trends and reactions, and taking certain lessons to heart. But that is a game at which two can play; and it would appear that in the matter of immigration, both in respect to firmness of policies and also to maintaining officials in Europe to check at its source undesirable immigration, we might take several leaves out of Canada's book with profit to ourselves. It is a poor reciprocity that won't work both ways.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Miss Frazer. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE FOLLIES OF 1924

A Revue—Glorifying the American Candidate

SCENE I

[The scene is on the campus of the Electoral College. As the curtain rises the college boys and girls are seated on the steps of the gymnasium singing college songs.

SONG:

Oh, bring the wagon home, boys,
It will not hold us all.
We used to ride around in it,
But now it's much too small.
Oh, bring the wagon home, boys,
We fell off years gone by.
We used to ride around in it
Before this land went dry.

CHEER LEADER: Come on, now. A snappy yell for Alma Mater.

CHORUS:

Ray! Ray! Ray!
P-L-E-A-T-O-R-A-L!
Plurality! Plurality! Plurality!

SONG:

Oh, the candidates blooming in spring, tra la,
Have seldom a chance in the race,
Though they all throw their hats in the ring, tra la,
It won't ever get them a thing, tra la,
They don't even figure for place.
No!
They don't even figure for place
So listen and hark to the song that I sing,
And don't start your boomlet a-booming in spring.
Tra la la la la la, tra la la la la la,
The boomlet that booms in the spring,
Tra la la la la la, tra la la la la la,
The boomlet that booms in the spring.

SCENE II

The scene changes to the North Pole. CHARLES EVANS HUGHES is seated on an iceberg. He sings in a dolorous tone.

SONG:

They say that I'm as cold as ice,
My manner folks call staid
Though I endeavor to be nice
They still resent I'm frigid.
My heart, beneath this frock coat black,
Still beats with zest with a-plenty
Yes, once I made a funny crack,
And slapped a fellow on the back
('Twas back in nineteen twenty).
I scatter sunshine where I go,
At caucus or at parley,
But still my soul is filled with woe,
For no one calls me Charley.

REFRAIN:

I laugh and joke with common folk
At caucus and at parley,
But still I'm told I'm stern and cold,
And no one calls me Charley.

SCENE III

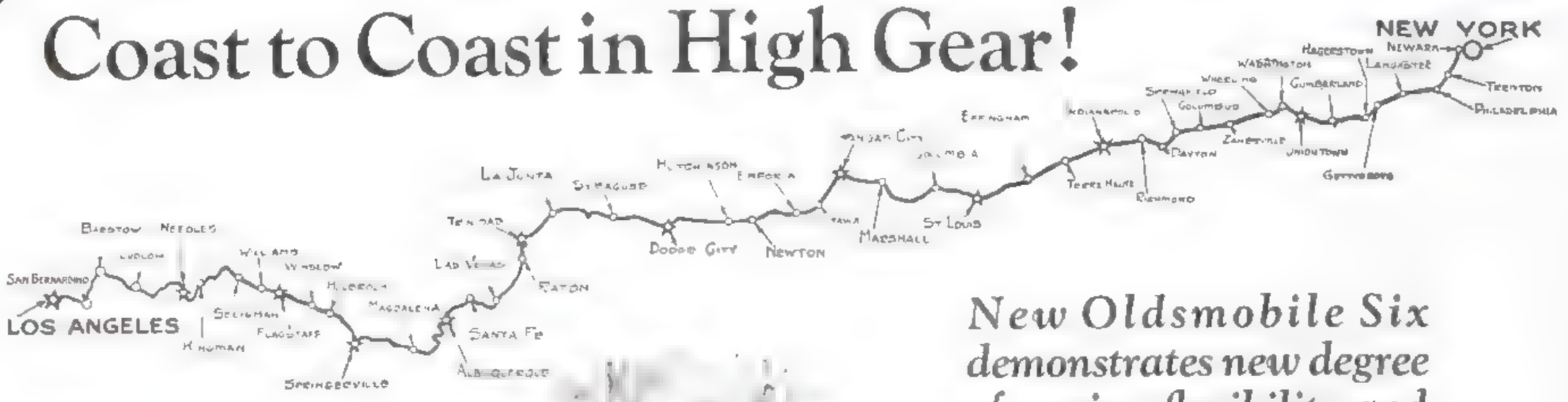
[The Desert of Sahara. Enter WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN *in a tourist costume. He wears a white helmet and carries a green umbrella in one hand and a copy of the Rubaiyat in the other.*

BRYAN: Ah, fill me with the old familiar juice. *(Looks about the desert approvingly.)* Well, this is what I call dry. *[He sings:*

I used to be known as the silver-tongued orator,
Many long years ago.

(Continued on Page 42)

Coast to Coast in High Gear!



New Oldsmobile Six demonstrates new degree of engine flexibility and motor car stamina

The first car to cross the American continent in high gear! Driven by "Cannonball" Baker, holder of numerous road records, a new Oldsmobile Six (stock car with standard gear ratio) traveled 3,674 miles under every conceivable road and weather condition. Rain, snow, mud, rock-strewn passes and washed-out roads were encountered. Grades ranging from 5 to 17 per cent were negotiated. Yet, during this test, the car averaged 28.7 miles per gallon of gasoline.

This run was planned to demonstrate the great flexibility and stamina of the new Oldsmobile Six by subjecting the car to the most unreasonable driving conditions. The 12½ days of the trip were equivalent to years of average driving. The fact that the car came through this gruelling test with only minor adjustments and no recourse to the emergency kit, is proof of the car's ability to give satisfaction in the hands of owners.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

New Oldsmobile Six leaving New York for Los Angeles. Cannonball Baker driving. All gears except high removed

Oldsmobile Six arriving at Los Angeles after 12½ days on road. Baker hands Mayor Cryer letter from A. L. Reeves, general manager of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce.

Mayor Cryer of Los Angeles unseals transmission to prove that only high gear was used throughout the trip

Oldsmobile "Six" Prices

Touring	$ 750	Cab	$ 955
Roadster	750	Coupe	1035
Sport Touring	885	Sedan	1095

Model 43-A 4-cylinder $975 to $1595
Model 47 6-cylinder $1375 to $2025
Oldsmobile Economy Truck (Chassis) $1095
Prices f. o. b. Lansing. Tax extra

OLDSMOBILE SIX

WINS BY COMPARISON

Tan Scorch Grain Lace Shoe with Crepe Rubber Sole

Style S233

THE Hanover Shoe

Substantial men, who instinctively seek good style in footwear, know they can rely also upon the ingrained quality, constant comfort and underlying ruggedness of Hanover Shoes.

FIVE DOLLARS

In Hanover Stores
In 62 Cities

This is possible because we are the only shoemakers in America who sell exclusively through our own stores.

We will fit you from Hanover —if there is no Hanover Store near you. Write for catalog.

THE HANOVER SHOE, Hanover, Pa.
Exclusively for Men and Boys

Give your boy a pair for Christmas

Boys' Brown Army Grain Blucher Storm Boot, 10" top, bellows tongue, price $3.50. Little Men's 8" top, Price $3

Style B223

(Continued from Page 40)

My resonant squawk was the pride of Chautauquas
Many long years ago.
From Lincoln, Nebraska, to Maine and Alaska
My name was on everyone's tongue.
I won their affections—except at elections,
When I was invariably stung.

REFRAIN:

For I'm the perpetual candidate
And I long for a place in the sun.
I'm glum and dejected, I feel quite neglected.
I run every year, but I'm never elected.
My manner paternal and bland I date
From the year I first started to run,
For I'm the perpetual candidate,
Candidate, candidate,
Yes, I'm the perpetual candidate,
And I long for a place in the sun.

[*At the conclusion of this song* HENRY FORD *enters in a vehicle commonly designated as a Tin Lizzie. He dismounts, and, seeing* BRYAN, *greets him reverently.*

FORD: Master!

BRYAN: I beg pardon?

FORD: I said master. Here I've been patting myself on the back that I've made this darn thing run twenty miles on a gallon of gas, and you've been running steadily for twenty-seven years on a glass of ice water. I'll hand it to you.

BRYAN: Well, you know Benedict Arnold

FORD: I don't bother much with those cheap cars. Give me flivverty or give me death!

[*The music strikes up.*

SONG (BRYAN *and* FORD):

FORD: *Oh, Mr. Bryan.*
BRYAN: *Yes, Mr. Ford.*
FORD:
At your slams at evolution I am bored.
You say Darwin's book is bunk,
And your granddad was no monk,
And you think you have the scientists all floored.
BRYAN:
Oh, Mr. Ford,
Oh, Mr. Ford,
Though the people fail to give me my reward,
If you'll just look at my shape
You'll admit I am no ape.
FORD: *Absolutely, Mr. Bryan.*
BRYAN: *Positively, Mr. Ford.*
FORD: *Oh, Mr. Bryan.*
BRYAN: *Yes, Mr. Ford.*
FORD:
Though my mind with facts of history's not stored,
You recite in manner glib
That a woman's but a rib.
On that proposition we are in accord.
BRYAN:
Oh, Mr. Ford,
Oh, Mr. Ford,
You have done a trick that knocks that overboard:
You have taken a tin can
And you made a car that ran.
FORD: *Absolutely, Mr. Bryan.*
BRYAN: *Positively, Mr. Ford.*

[*After a dance* BRYAN *exits. The* CHORUS *enters, each carrying a copy of The Dearborn Independent.*

SONG (HENRY FORD *and* CHORUS):

The highways and byways are filled with my flivvers
The mountains and rivers resound with my name,
Throughout this wide nation at work or vacation
Each gasoline station increases my fame.
Let scholars and sages con history's pages,
The tale of the ages I cheerfully pass.
For I'm cheerful and busy so long as my Lizzie
Gives twenty-two miles to a gallon of gas.

They scurry and hurry.
I oser should worry—
To borrow a phrase from the race I adore—
Or to make myself dizzy
With books while my Lizzie
Gives twenty-two miles to the gallon or more.

SCENE IV

[*Times Square and Forty-second Street. Enter* AL SMITH, *dressed as a newsboy. He is selling copies of Mr. Hearst's papers.*

SONG (AL SMITH):

When I was a kid on the Bowery,
When I knocked around with the bunch,
For only a nickel you'd get a dill pickle,
A seidel of beer and free lunch.
But those days have all gone forever,
And nothing is left but a thirst.
But I am your pal, boys,
And you all know Al, boys.
And who cares for William R. Hearst?

SCENE V

[*As the curtain rises the orchestra plays softly* Left All Alone Again Blues. SENATOR HIRAM JOHNSON *and* SENATOR BORAH *are revealed sitting on a rock projecting out of the water.*

BORAH: This certainly is an isolated spot, Hiram.

JOHNSON: It surely is, William. No danger of being mixed up in any European entanglements here.

BORAH: When I'm elected President

JOHNSON: If, William.

BORAH: When I'm elected President I'm going to have Congress pass a law forbidding anyone to visit Europe.

JOHNSON: Except members of the United States Senate, of course.

BORAH: Certainly.

JOHNSON: I like to run over once in a while to convince myself how important it is to keep out of Europe.

SONG (JOHNSON *and* BORAH):

BORAH:
When Franklin flew his famous kite
'Mid thunderstorms and showers,
His great experiment was made
Without reliance on the aid
Of any foreign powers.

JOHNSON:
When Abe Lincoln swung his ax
And sent the timber dropping,
Alone he worked with might and main,
And did not call on France and Spain
To help him with his chopping.

BOTH:
Then let us learn this lesson well
From history and science,
And great our country will remain
If we judiciously refrain
From forming an alliance.

And let us loudly praise ourselves
With anthems and orations.
And let our people thank their fate
That we are here to save The State
From foreign complications.
Yes, we are here to save The State
From scheming foreign nations!

[*At the conclusion of this song* SENATOR HIRAM JOHNSON *rises and, accompanying himself on the harp, sings the following song:*

SONG (SENATOR JOHNSON):

In the East in the stronghold of hidebound reaction
My views wear a rather conservative hue
Which my friends all regard with intense satisfaction,
And it's pleasant for me, and it pleases them, too.
But out West where the trees grow to sizes excessive
The whole situation I find is reversed,
So I'm known to my friends as an ardent progressive,
Which is pleasant for me, and it's pleasant for Hearst.

REFRAIN:

For East is East and West is West
And never the twain shall meet. Hooray!
In the effete East I fight The League,
Out West I'm the foe of the Jap intrigue.

[*During this song* BORAH *has been listening rather impatiently. As soon as* JOHNSON *finishes he leaps to his feet, twangs his harp and sings:*

SONG (SENATOR BORAH):

The thought of war I do abhor
With feelings strong and fervent.
And any plan to end it can
Attract your humble servant.
'Tis true I hate a superstate.
The League? Why, I detest it!
But I'll indorse a plan or course
Provided I suggest it.

I disapprove of any move
Resembling an alliance.
I'll not support a league or court;
I view them with defiance.
I care not for the cannon's roar;
In fact, I rather dread it.
So any scheme is good, I deem,
For which I get the credit.

SCENE VI

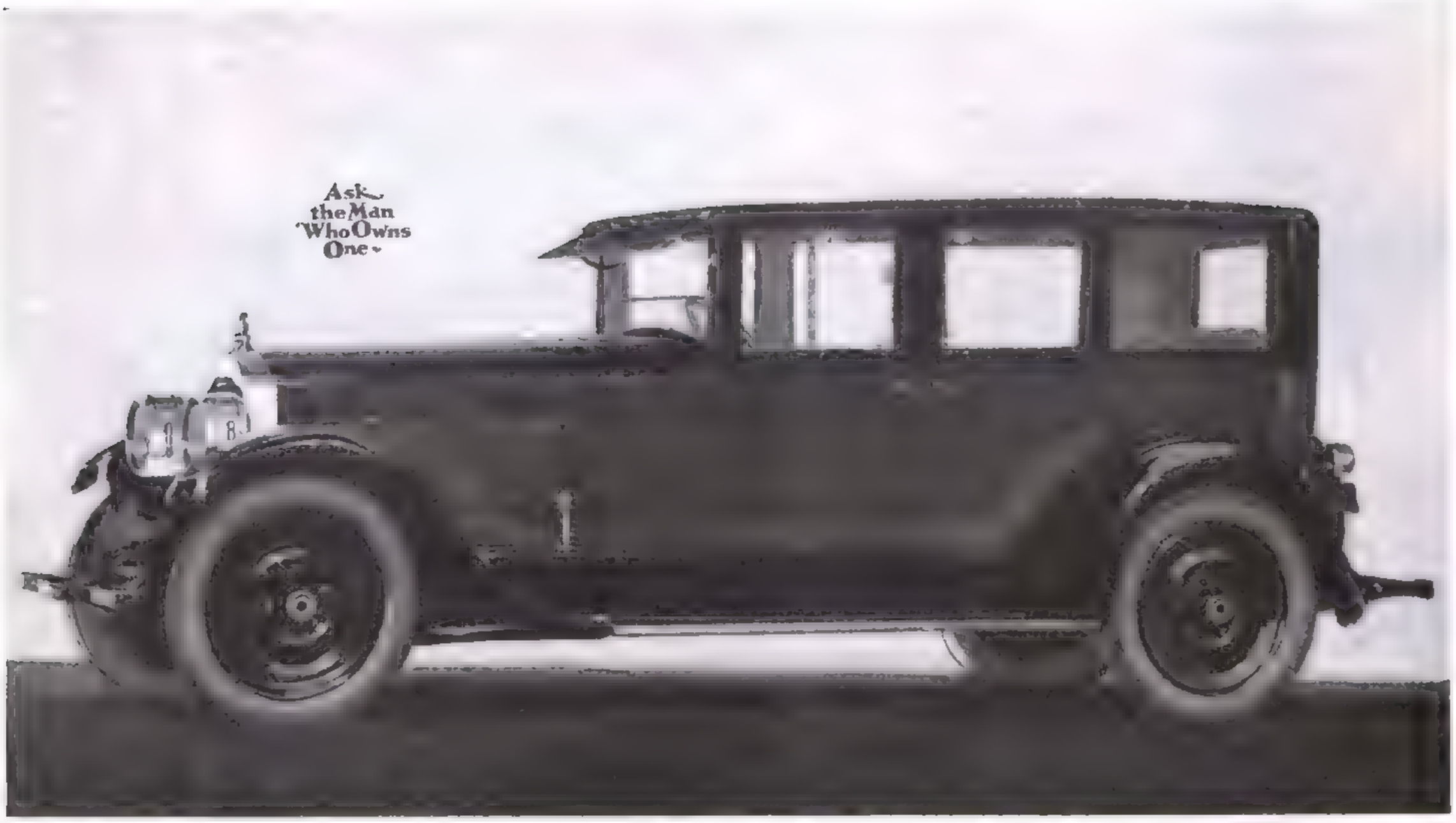
[*A street.* EUGENE V. DEBS *enters carrying a soap box. He mounts it, clears his voice, and recites:*

I'm Eugene V. Debs,
The friend of the plebs.
The capitalists
Are simply poor rebs.

The stage grows dark and a transparent back drop reveals the interior of the Hotel Carlton. A member of the Bricklayers' Union is seated at a table eating quail on toast. SAMUEL GOMPERS, *dressed as a cherub, hovers over his head bestowing a benediction upon him. The curtain slowly descends.*

—*Newman Levy.*

A Navajo Weaver and Her Family



Why Owners are Enthusiastic

The announcement of the Packard Straight-Eight was followed by a buyer demand greatly exceeding production.

It became necessary almost immediately for Packard dealers to set delivery dates three and four months after orders.

Only now has Packard been able to build the Straight-Eight in sufficient quantity to meet demand.

The great public success of the Straight-Eight was no surprise—

Because this type was Packard's selection for its high-powered car, after 24 years of fine car engineering, and after building and testing all known types of multi-cylinder motors;

Because Packard's reputation for building only the best assured its instant and enthusiastic reception.

Now, however, Straight-Eight drivers know from experience that this new Packard surpasses all other cars, both domestic and foreign.

This endorsement of the Straight-Eight exceeds any claim Packard has ever made.

Owners tell us the Packard Straight-Eight gives more in performance than any other car, and in addition—

"Unequalled smoothness of power flow;

"Ability in acceleration which no other type of multi-cylinder car can equal;

"Accessibility of parts which readily explains why Packard selected the Straight-Eight type;

"Simplicity which no comparable car can claim;

"The easiest control of any car on the road."

Exclusive Packard four-wheel brakes contain no more parts than ordinary two-wheel brakes. They operate with exceptional ease and efficiency.

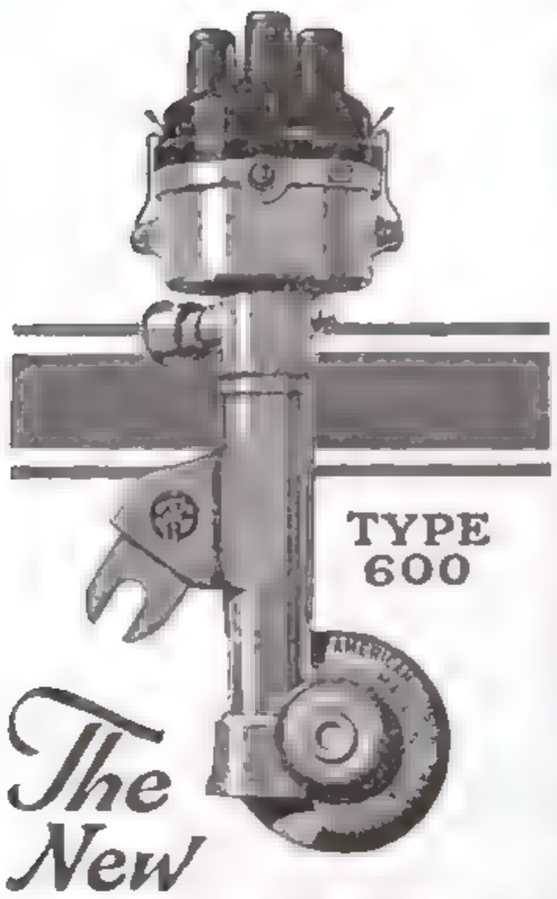
You will, of course, want to ride in and drive the Straight-Eight.

A demonstration will immediately show you why this new Packard is so successful.

Study These Reasons for Straight-Eight Success

Exclusive Packard Fuelizer which speeds up acceleration, shortens the warming-up period, reduces carbonization of spark plugs and valves, contributes to fuel economy and lessens crankcase dilution; heavy crankshaft with nine bearings, insuring maximum motor rigidity and durability; new design of steering gear which reduces friction to the minimum and automatically straightens the car out of a turn; three-fold lighting system, extreme depth of frame which gives unusual rigidity, tends to prevent squeaks and rattles and preserves alignment of doors and windows; beauty of finish and upholstery; completeness of equipment

PACKARD STRAIGHT-EIGHT



The New BOSCH Ignition System for FORDS

$12.75 AND TAX

Bosch makes a Ford behave like a $5000 car—

Makes it start easily in winter and summer, in rain or snow—makes it run smoothly at all speeds, and never have any ignition troubles.

Type 600 is a wonderful new ignition system, made by the manufacturers of the world famous Bosch Magneto. Has automatic spark advance and many splendid new features.

Adopted by 100,000 Ford owners in 6 months.

Money back in 30 days if you're not satisfied. Send coupon TODAY.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON

Special Trial Offer Coupon

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORP.
Box P1233 Springfield Mass. Date ____

Gentlemen

Tell me about your Type 600 Ignition System, and all about your Special Trial Offer

Name ____

Address ____ State ____

Year of Car ____ Type of Car ____

Has it a Storage Battery?

Accessory Dealer's Name

Dealer's Address ____

The Spread of the Coyote

By Hal G. Evarts

THERE is one American animal that seems fitted to survive the ravages of modern civilization. Most game animals and fur bearers, even in the face of various protective measures such as short open hunting and trapping seasons, game preserves, and so on, have steadily decreased in numbers, many varieties to the point of virtual extermination; not so the coyote.

The little prairie wolf faces every new condition that arises. Many animals, even with partial protection, have entirely disappeared from localities where they were formerly abundant. The coyotes, in spite of year-round precaution, not only continue to inhabit the whole of their original range but have increased it enormously, now appearing in numbers in regions where they were formerly unknown.

The coyote is everywhere an outlaw. Counties and states place bounties on his head and stock associations hire wolfers to hunt him down. The entire ranger forces of both the National Park Service and the Forest Service use every means to exterminate his kind. Every farmer and range rider shoots the coyote down on sight. Many hunters keep packs of wolf hounds and course the coyote for sport. His fur is of value and thousands of trappers take the field annually in search of his pelt. No fair play is accorded the coyote, and he is hunted, trapped and poisoned from one end of his range to the other, the dens rifled and the pups exterminated. Yet all the poison campaigns, professional trapping, den rifling, coursing, wolf drives and millions of dollars of bounty money have proved so inadequate to thin down the numbers of the coyote legions that the United States Government has taken a hand in the situation and now keeps hundreds of professional wolfers in the field at all seasons of the year.

But with a value on his fur and a price on his head the little yellow wolf holds his own, which record certainly entitles him to first place in intelligence among our native animals.

Thriving Under Persecution

Originally, as the name indicates, the prairie wolf was a plains animal, a creature of the open country. Old-timers in the Rocky Mountains testify to the fact that the coyote was seldom encountered in the higher hills forty or fifty years ago, ranging mainly in the foothills instead. Now, however, they range the heavily forested areas the length of the Rockies and are quite at home above timberline. These hill-dwelling coyotes have developed every quality necessary for survival under new conditions. Many of them, perhaps from crossing with wolves, are larger and darker furred than the average low-country coyotes. They have pushed northward through the hills, and within the past ten years have put in an appearance in the Yukon Territory, observers there reporting increasing numbers of them in the past three years. They are also spreading north through interior Canada, and that they are no longer to be classified strictly as prairie dwellers is attested by the fact that they have gained the name of brush wolves among the trappers of Northern Alberta and Saskatchewan.

In Northern Canada a trapper at Fort Simpson, several hundred miles north of the Great Slave Lake on the Mackenzie River, told me that coyotes occasionally turned up in his territory. They now inhabit every national forest in the West, seeming perfectly at home in the jungles of spruce and fir that clothe the higher slopes of the Rockies, and they have spread eastward into the hardwood belt. Coyotes are reported from Michigan in fair numbers and of late years several have been reported from Pennsylvania.

There are few things that the yellow wolf will not eat and in times of famine he readily shifts his range. If one food is not available he adopts any other article that may be at hand. During drought periods of intense heat in the desert countries he subsists on the juicy leaves of the prickly pear and other vegetable matter, raids the little patches of melons and green corn on the scattered ranches, pieces out with stray grasshoppers and beetles, and comes through in good shape while other animals perish. The severe winters of the north trouble him as little. The carcasses of other game that has winter-killed supply him with food. He has both the patience and the cunning to kill porcupines without coming to grief and he blithely raids the bands of domestic sheep on the ranches. The coyote does not ordinarily resort to pack-hunting, as does the wolf, but usually hunts singly or in pairs. However, I have seen two packs, one with eight members in Wyoming, and one of ten animals in Southern Utah.

Both of these little droves were sighted in the early fall and no doubt were family groups and not hunting packs. They do occasionally hunt in packs, however, and I have seen four deer that have been killed by coyotes in the snow. In any event I have never heard of a coyote starving to death.

Advancing civilization, instead of exterminating the yellow wolf, has aided him after a fashion. Poison campaigns and adequate trap lines are impractical in thickly populated farming districts where there are dogs on every quarter section, and as a consequence coyotes infest the farming districts of Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Colorado, California and all localities in between in perhaps even greater numbers than in the open-range country where poison, trap and gun are ever at work to thin down their numbers.

A reputation, once established, sticks forever, even if undeserved, and the coyote has been known as a timid beast for so long a time that one frequently hears him referred to as the cowardly coyote, whereas, in reality, he is merely very wise and resourceful and endowed with more courage than perhaps any other of our native animals with the exception of the grizzly. Even the grizzly has learned to give ground to the high-powered rifles and usually keeps himself well out of sight. It is judgment, not cowardice, that leads the coyote to refrain from making a target of himself, and his resourcefulness in this respect has caused disgruntled individuals whose premises have been raided to proclaim him a coward.

He has sufficient courage to go his way and make his raids in spite of the best efforts of all who would prevent him. I know of one California melon grower who traps coyotes and chains them out in his fields in the hope that others, witnessing their plight, will avoid the premises; yet his melons are ripped open in spite of this object lesson. Two of my Wyoming friends brought their sheep in off the range and kept them in a twenty-acre inclosure, tightly hog-fenced. The bunk house adjoined the lot and there were several sheep dogs on the premises, yet the coyotes made frequent raids. Even lanterns, suspended from poles in various parts of the inclosure, failed to check the forays.

Courageous and Resourceful

Later in the fall the sheep ranged a quarter-section pasture directly in front of the house during the day and were gathered into a corral at night. A coyote made frequent daylight kills in the pasture. Both partners were experienced wolfers, but their traps failed to bag this particular coyote. One of the men adopted the plan of watching the field with glasses from the porch of the ranch house; yet the coyote would slip along an irrigation lateral, pounce upon a sheep and drag it out of sight so quickly that he made four kills within a week before the rancher eventually discovered him at the work and killed him with an exceptionally long shot. No cowardly creature would persist in taking such chances.

While driving at night across the desert to the Hopi Reservations in Arizona we lost our bearings and elected to stop until daylight. An occasional hollow boom like a light stroke of a drum drifted to our ears, a contraption arranged to sway in the breeze and make sounds designed to keep coyotes out of a little patch of green corn belonging to the Hopis.

A past master at stealing turkeys, chickens and young livestock, a destroyer of game both large and small, raider of melon patches, cornfields and sheepfolds, the coyote is most cordially detested by every farmer and rancher throughout his range, but the wolfers whose business it is to kill the coyote have one and all come to admire his courage and resourcefulness. He is to be respected, not despised, in spite of his nefarious ways.

The campaign of extermination waged against the coyote tribe grows yearly more intense and new methods are perfected and brought into use. But it is a safe prediction that the coyote will survive them all and increase his range from coast to coast and from the Arctic to Central America. He is one native animal that will always be with us despite all the efforts of men to rid the earth of his presence.

CHRISTMAS

A Practical and Appropriate Gift for Every Motorist

Dependable Champion Spark Plugs are a most appropriate and practical Christmas gift that will be appreciated by every motorist.

So that Champions may be given in convenient form, dealers everywhere have Champions in an attractive holiday box which contains also a useful Champion Service Kit.

Champion Spark Plugs given at Christmas will be appreciated by the recipient for many days to come.

They will make his car start easier in cold weather. They will make certain better all around engine performance. They will actually save in oil and gas.

All motorists find new satisfaction in motoring when they install Champion Spark Plugs —by the full set.

This is because Champion has definitely proved that it is a better spark plug.

That is the verdict of literally millions of motorists who insist on Champions.

Six out of every ten cars you see on the roads are Champion equipped. More than 40,000,000 Champions are in daily use.

So give your motoring friends dependable Champions for Christmas. They are a most useful and acceptable gift. There is a type and size for every engine so you will have no difficulty in securing the proper type. More than 70,000 dealers sell Champions.

Champion X is the standard spark plug for Ford Cars and Trucks and Fordson Tractors. Recognized by dealers and owners for 10 years as the most economical and efficient spark plug. Sold by dealers everywhere.

You will know the genuine by the Double-Ribbed core. The Blue Box Line sells for 75 cents and Champion X for 60 cents (Canadian prices 85 and 75 cents). Always ask for Champions

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Go barefoot with shoes on

Unless stamped with the name Educator it is not genuine.

THE common-sense choice of thoughtful parents is Educator Shoes for the whole family.

EDUCATOR SHOE®

Nature-shaped, room for all toes, scientifically made to let feet grow as they should—Educator Shoes guarantee the comfort you enjoyed in your barefoot days.

If your dealer cannot give you Educators, write us.

MADE FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN BY

RICE & HUTCHINS

14 HIGH STREET BOSTON, U. S. A.

Write for free booklet, "Going Barefoot with Shoes On."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 26

costume. This was the machinery we had heard upstairs.

"You'll notice," said the manager, "that none of our sonnets are touched by hands. This is a sanitary process that guarantees absolute purity. In the old days when sonnets were made by hand it took a skilled workman nearly a week to turn one out. Today we turn them out at the rate of about five hundred a day. You've probably seen some of our Poetco Sonnets? That's our registered trade name."

One of the girls whose machine had stopped spoke to the manager.

"This machine is out of order," she said. "I'm getting only twelve lines to the sonnet."

The manager took a ruler and measured one of the poems on the table beside her.

"I'll notify the repair department," he said. "Of course," he smiled, turning to us, "we probably could sell these to the cheap popular story magazines. They use them as fillers. But we have a rule here not to let anything go out of the factory that is not absolutely perfect. We have to keep up the Poetco reputation. Here"—as we followed him into the adjoining room—"is our filing department." The filing department was lined with filing cabinets alphabetically arranged.

"We keep our rimes here," he explained. "A few years ago rimes went out of fashion for a while, and we were left with a large stock on hand that we couldn't dispose of. To make matters worse, we had to get a lot of new machinery to turn out the irregular lines that came into vogue at that time. Of course those are the hazards of business. Now rimes are coming back again." He led us rapidly through the open-road department, the love-poem department, the children's verse department into a room with a sign Humorous Verse on the door.

"This is our biggest department," said the manager. "We are working on an order now for a column conductor who wants to visit Siam this summer to see the Siamese tennis championship matches. He wants enough stuff to fill his column till he gets back."

Boys were carrying out baskets, filled with scraps of paper, fragments of sentences, words, parts of words, and even letters, that had fallen from the machines.

"The greatest achievement of modern production is the elimination of waste," explained the manager. "In fact, our by-products constitute a large part of our business. Every scrap of waste material is utilized. For instance, whole lines or couplets that are cut off from our poems are used for epitaphs and obituaries. Column conductors buy them for last lines. The odd words and fragments of words are used in the manufacture of modern poetry. We throw them into a machine something like a sausage machine, and we sell the product to the ultra-modern periodicals like The Vial and Prune. Nothing is wasted. Here is a booklet describing our work, concluded the manager as he escorted us to the elevator. "We'd be glad to quote our prices upon request. It's been a pleasure to show you around." —*Newman Levy.*

The eaon's Greeting$

Apologies to R. K.

"WHAT is the Boss a-glooming for?" said Files, the office aid.
"The holidays, the holidays," the old accountant said.
"What makes him look so blue, so blue?" said Files, the office aid.
"He's dreading what he's got to lose," the old accountant said
"They are hanging up the holly wreaths to make the office gay;
The touch that makes the world akin, he knows it's on the way;
He knows he'll have to do his stuff before the close of day,
For they're hanging up the holly in the morning."

"What's that that bulges out his coat?" said Files, the office aid.
"His roll a-fighting hard for life," the old accountant said.
"What's that he whimpers to himself?" said Files, the office aid!
"He's checking up, he's checking up," the old accountant said.
"There's you, and two stenographers, and Brown, and Jones, and me,
The janitor, the porter, and the operators three,
The messengers and office boys—it's quite a bunch, you see,
And they're hanging up the holly in the morning."

"He's bawling out the manager," said Files, the office aid.
"His nerves are in an awful state," the old accountant said.
"He's moaning like his shoes were tight," said Files, the office aid.
"His feet are cold, his feet are cold," the old accountant said
"But he'll spring the season's greetings soon, so cheery and so bright!
You gotta hand it to the Boss—his heart's all right, all right.
O the office folks are smiling, for they'll be in luck tonight,
After hanging up the holly in the morning!" —*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

Love in the Everglades

Four Characters in Search of a Job

FOUR doubtful characters sat in an anteroom; they faced the door to the Author's mind. Whoever and whatever—wife, friend or cannon ball assaulted that door while the Author was alone with his thoughts would get the worse of it, but the Author would not be disturbed.

The Author sat—in his mind—in a sumptuous study, playing with a train of thought. He had just refused to see the editor of the world's largest magazine. He had just torn in two a thousand-dollar check slipped under the door by this editor with a pitiful prayer for a very short story. He opened the door.

"I need a character for a success story," he said, surveying the applicant who had beaten the others to the barrier. "You should fill the bill. You are twenty-two, clean-cut, athletic, with a boyish smile, wounded in the war where you can show it, strictly honest. If I put you to work you shall be president of a large corporation within six months, shall be pulling forty thousand per year, and shall be engaged to the lovely but home-loving heroine. How much do you want to start?"

"A hundred a week would do me," said the Character modestly.

"Pass out quietly," said the Author. "I never pay a character of your ilk more than twenty-two dollars per week to start; most of my readers get twenty-two to twenty-six dollars and you could not win their sympathy if you drew down more than they do.

"I am considering you for a story of big business," he said to the next applicant. "You are the self-made head of a big corporation; you are stout and gray and shrewd, wear a white waistcoat, and are full of wise cracks and modern instances. You are a hard nut, but you have a heart of gold. What do you say, old man?"

"Old man!" snorted the dignified financier.

"On your way," waved the Author. "The employer in such a story is always spoken of as the old man. There are no exceptions.

"I have you in mind for a sex story," he said to the beautiful girl who entered next. "You have an outdoor figure and an indoor face; you have the come-hither eyes of an Angora looking at goldfish. You are a married woman, and yet a perfectly thrilling

(Continued on Page 48)

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

NEVER LET anyone call you a "film expert." Of course, it's flattering—but just so far. Rather be a fan; because experts sometimes overlook good things, while fans never do

Two weeks ago I told how First National's reviewing staff endorsed "Flaming Youth." But (and it must be whispered) they slipped up on "Ponjola." A good picture, they admitted, but not a "knock-out." The fans fooled them. "Ponjola" quietly went into the Chicago Theatre, Chicago; Loew's State, Los Angeles; the Capitol, Detroit; and the Warfield San Francisco. Many had read Cynthia Stockley's story and felt the glamour of the woman who became a "man" in the African veldt; others were curious about Anna Q. Nilsson's $9,500 hair-cut, and wanted to see if the story were really true; but the great majority instinctively knew something unusual had arrived. The public made "Ponjola" an astonishing success—and the one true proof of a picture's appeal comes when the fans supply the fanfare.

Scars for Stars

A STAR has an easy life—yes? Colleen Moore's bruises say "No!" A jinx has pursued her ever since she started work in "The Swamp Angel." Accidents at first were so prolific that the producers insured her heavily against further production delays. That didn't help, however. The very next week a baseball smashed her forehead; a basket-cart upset her when the pony bolted; then in a scene wherein she is supposed to separate Ben Lyon and Joseph Striker during a fight, she got in the way of Ben Lyon's swinging left—and didn't wake up for three minutes

Although "The Swamp Angel" parallels her own life—a small-town tomboy becoming a famous actress and returning home in a play written around herself—Colleen dates life's hardest knocks only from the time this picture started

Bull Montana is the latest addition to the cast, which now includes Ben Lyon, Mary Carr, Anna Q. Nilsson, Russell Simpson, June Elvidge, Mary Alden, Clara Bow, Sam de Grasse, Joseph Striker and Charles Murray.

Favorites in "Flowing Gold"

NEW CANDIDATES for best liked screen-team honors are Anna Q. Nilsson and Milton Sills, last seen together in "The Isle of Lost Ships," and now cast by Richard Walton Tully for leading rôles in "Flowing Gold." Oil-wells, gleefully gushing millions, form the background for a real Rex Beach story—lots of thrill and fight, and the unusual romance of Calvin Gray, soldier of fortune, and Allegheny Briskow, the gawk who becomes a grace. Mr. Sills and Miss Nilsson play those parts, of course

Tourneur Films Thrills

"THRILLS FIRST" for Maurice Tourneur. Instead of leaving the hardest part of his new production, "Torment," until last, he made his very first shot a speed-demon race between train and automobile. Moreover, instead of starting work at the wan hour of 9 a. m., he chose romantic midnight for the scene. Doing things differently accounts for much of Tourneur's success—witness "Jealous Husbands," "The Brass Bottle" and "The Isle of Lost Ships." William Dudley Pelley's novel "Torment" allows picturesque latitude with a plot laid in three countries and a ring of American crooks supplying excitement. The cast now consists of Owen Moore, Bessie Love, Joseph Kilgour and George Cooper

The Moving Row of Magic Shadow Shapes

BACCHANAL GLIMPSED IN "THE ETERNAL CITY"

Sir Hall Caine modernized "The Eternal City" for the screen. The unforgetable characters are people of today. Fascisti triumph where Caesars fell. And just for a moment, in Roma's extravagant revelries, is there a hint of other days. Bert Lytell, Lionel Barrymore, Barbara La Marr, Richard Bennett and Montague Love are stars in a superb picture, enacted in Rome and presented by Samuel Goldwyn (not now connected with Goldwyn Pictures) as a George Fitzmaurice production.

TO KISS—

Zestfully Sylvia Breamer and Owen Moore show how it should be done in "Her Temporary Husband," while

—AND NOT TO KISS

—Corinne Griffith (Countess Zattiany) refuses Conway Tearle (Clavering) in Frank Lloyd's production of "Black Oxen."

WHICH IS THE RECKLESS SEX? BOTH, SAYS "FLAMING YOUTH"

Myrtle Stedman, Elliott Dexter and Phillips Smalley in a dramatic moment from "Flaming Youth," which has won instantaneous success and excited comment everywhere.

IF YOU'RE GOOD you get there. John Francis Dillon, who made "Flaming Youth," is showing his friends a brand-new First National contract for five more pictures, starting with "Lilies of the Field

Tarkington Film Finished

NO FAMILY is happy unless there is a perfect understanding between parents and children—especially between father and son. Something for most men to think over. Human enough for Booth Tarkington to use thematically in his new scenario, tentatively titled "Misunderstood." J. K. McDonald has finished the production, with William Beaudine as director, and Henry B. Walthall, Irene Rich, Rockliffe Fellowes and Ben Alexander in the cast. Better watch Ben. "Penrod and Sam" was his picture Now he has been set the task of shining among grown-up players who all have parts of equal importance. A big test for the youngster.

Why Marry for Life?

"MARRIAGE should be as temporary or as permanent as the love of husband and wife," Peggy Hopkins Joyce told an interviewer. Which suggests the theme for an effective drama. "Her Temporary Husband" could be the title, had this not already been used for a feature-comedy which tells what happens when a girl (to qualify for an inheritance) thinks she is marrying a nice decrepit old gentleman, but finds herself securely wed to a husky young fellow who looks as though he will live forever. Sylvia Breamer, Owen Moore and Sidney Chaplin make "Her Temporary Husband" one of the season's humorous highlights

Carewe Reaches Algiers

JUST ABOUT now Biskra is getting the thrill that comes once in a neighborhood. Will someone bring the atlas? Biskra:—a sunburned desert town 400 miles from Algiers. Edwin Carewe, Bert Lytell, Clare Windsor, Walter McGrail, Rosemary Theby, their camel caravans and camera equipment, have arrived there to screen "The Son of Sahara" amid sheiks, sand and sun. And while they're sure to bring back a picture packed with color, romance and drama, it's a safe bet they will have lost all appreciation of the Bedouin Love Song. Ask a tourist why.

Have You Seen These?

"THE WANTERS"—John M. Stahl's latest, just as entertaining as "The Dangerous Age." Which is saying something! A play of the luxury-lovers with most of us mirrored by Marie Prevost, Robert Ellis, Norma Shearer, Gertrude Astor, Huntley Gordon and Lincoln Stedman.

"JEALOUS HUSBANDS"—Dramatic treatment of a dramatic theme by Maurice Tourneur, who shows jealousy driving a man to sell his own son rather than grant a woman happiness. Players: Jane Novak, Earle Williams and Ben Alexander.

"THUNDERGATE"—"A treat for those who like action, the red-blooded kind, and a plot in which there is something doing every minute. Quaint scenes of old as well as new China form the background for a story that throws into relief all the mysticism, thrill, color and romance of Poppyland"—Frank Elliott in *Motion Picture News*.

"THE BAD MAN," with Holbrook Blinn—"I hold up 'The Bad Man' as the bright and shining example. He lives up to the mark set for him in advance notices. If you miss 'The Bad Man' you do so in defiance of my warmest recommendation."—W. Ward Marsh in Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

Give Writing Paper

it says more than "Merry Christmas"

You are unusually pleased when some friend gives you a gift of good writing paper. Have you ever wondered why?

There is a very real compliment—unspoken, but entirely understood—in the gift of social stationery. Along with your "Merry Christmas," you are also saying, "Write to me." And your gift and message are sure of welcome.

You will want to choose good paper, attractively boxed, for your gift. There are gift boxes of Hammermill Bond Social Stationery that combine quality and charm. Boxes suitable for men, boxes suitable for women—and eight different styles and sizes of paper and envelopes. There are three finishes to choose from—linen, bond and ripple; each presents a smooth, easy writing surface. You can buy Hammermill Bond Social Stationery at druggists', stationers', and department stores.

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(Continued from Page 46

fellow was seen hugging you in the rosy boudoir of your ten-room duplex on Riverside Drive. The hour was late; the door was shut; he pressed his avid lips to the quivering rosebud of your mouth and then gazed ecstatically into your shadow-dark eyes. Who was that young man, if you know?"

"If I know? Do you suppose—why, sir, that was my husband!"

"Pshaw," yawned the Author. "And yet—wait. Sex in marriage? A stunningly original idea! But, no; too far-fetched. Good day.

"I have picked you for a prize-fight story," he said, calling in an effeminate youth. "You were a bottle baby, have been raised since on carefully mashed sweet potatoes, are worth ten million, and are named Lloyd Van Something. In college you were nicknamed Susie. But—mark—your great grandfather was a rugged bricklayer named Rawhead Shannon; from him you have secretly inherited immense strength and an iron jaw. I shall fight you against the middleweight champion, who is only a bricklayer in his own right. You take six lessons from a third-rate pug and go into battle. To the champ's vexation you smack him all over the ring, while your girl—Miss Lydia Van Something Else—beholds with eyes bugged out. You work the champ into a corner, fiddle, set for the haymaker ——"

"Oh, my!" breathed the Character, clasping his hands. "Not really?"

"Beat it, Susie," sighed the Author. "You couldn't lick a bricklayer if you were standing up on the scaffold and had all the bricks."

He was about to consider another application when his wife threw open the door to the bedroom, marched in and threw up the window.

"Here's four more manuscripts come back," she said. "No wonder your stories are no good when you lie around in such an air and smoke your brains away. Take that dirty typewriter off the bed and get up and take a walk around the block!"

—*Thomas McMorrow.*

Nature à la Carte

WHEN Nature calls I'm never seen
In brogans on the putting green;
No winding highway's dusty lure
Can tempt me to a walking tour;
I drive no fast, high-powered machine.

I hunger rather for the keen
Delights of an autumnal scene
Painted by Mauve or Delacroix,
When Nature calls.

For hours I sit with tranquil mien
Before their canvases. Between
A hillside and a sunny moor
I dawdle like an epicure,
Sans dust, sans dirt, sans gasoline,
When Nature calls.

—*Otto Freund.*

The Writer and the Asterisk

A WRITER owned an Asterisk,
And kept it in his Den,
Where he wrote tales (which had large sales)
Of frail and erring men;
And always, when he reached the point
Where carping Censors lurk,
He called upon the Asterisk
To do his dirty work.

At first the gentle Asterisk
Would blush a rosy red,
But, soaked with sin, it soon rushed in
Where Angels fear to tread;
And reveled in the sort of scenes
That run along like this:
"'Nothing can matter . . . but our love. . . .'
*Her soul was in that kiss. * * * * * * * * * * * *"*

So well the Writer plied his craft,
His work became the rage,
And, by demand, he turned his hand
To writing for the Stage;
But there the Censor was so kind,
The plane of Art so high,
He needed now no Asterisk
To get his rough stuff by.

An outcast and a wanderer
That Asterisk became;
It knew no trade that really paid,
Excepting that of Shame.
Within the playwright's busy Den
The fire was warm and bright,
As, with a sigh, the Asterisk
*Went out into the night. * * * *"*

—*Stoddard King.*

The Quest of Beauty
or
A Motor Ride in 1930

A Tragedy in One Scene

CHARACTERS: An American family.

TIME AND PLACE: Sunday morning in the garage.

ALL

It looks like the start of a beautiful day.
What trip shall we take in our spacious coupé?
The world's full of pictures wherever we stray.

MOTHER

I cannot imagine a lovelier scene
Than that of the billboards along the ravine
"The Fur Coats for Her, the American Queen."

SON

The fur coats can wait. I'm most anxious to see
What new cigarettes on the market may be;
The Wholly Smoke highway appeals most to me.

DAUGHTER

I'm fed up on smoke signs. Supposing we go
To something worth seeing—Complexion Cream Row;
I want to learn all that such pictures can show.

FATHER

Referring to beauty, may daddy suggest
The ten miles of billboards of Foods That Are Best?
'Twill help us our mouthful from home to digest.

ALL

The billboards are calling—let's forth and away!
It looks like a grand and most glorious day;
We can't go far wrong any way, anyway.

Exeunt countryward.
Curtain of gasoline smoke.

—*Edmund J. Kiefer.*

THE TOWN THAT HAD AN ALIAS

(Continued from Page 7)

then she sat up on the edge of the bed to give it back.

"Never!" she told him.

"Sure, you're out of your head with the fever."

"I have that," she said, shivering, "and no money for a doctor—but—I can't ——" And she came to a dead stop and the two stared at each other with astonishment, the one face thin and flushed in its cloud of loosened hair, and Barney's as blank as a wall.

"Sure, you're the first one I ever knew to turn down money," he said.

"But a good woman—from a stranger——" The girl's eyes fell; then he understood in a way.

"Forget it," he said; "I'm going away—a thousand miles tonight—and will never see you again."

What strength she had was used up, so Barney braced her with pillows and himself coiled up her hair and stuck it full of hairpins and put on her hat.

Then he carried her to the street and took her to the address of a girl friend and fellow worker, in a cab.

"Here is a lady I found fainting on the street," he explained. "She gave me your name as best friend. And here is her satchel full of money." So he carried her upstairs to the girl friend's room and said he would send a doctor. By that time his charge was dead to the world, the last word she had said to him in the cab being, "I must pay you back the money. And I'll never forget you."

On the streets going home Barney told himself, "A man of great brain y'are to be

(Continued on Page 50)

The New ESSEX
A SIX
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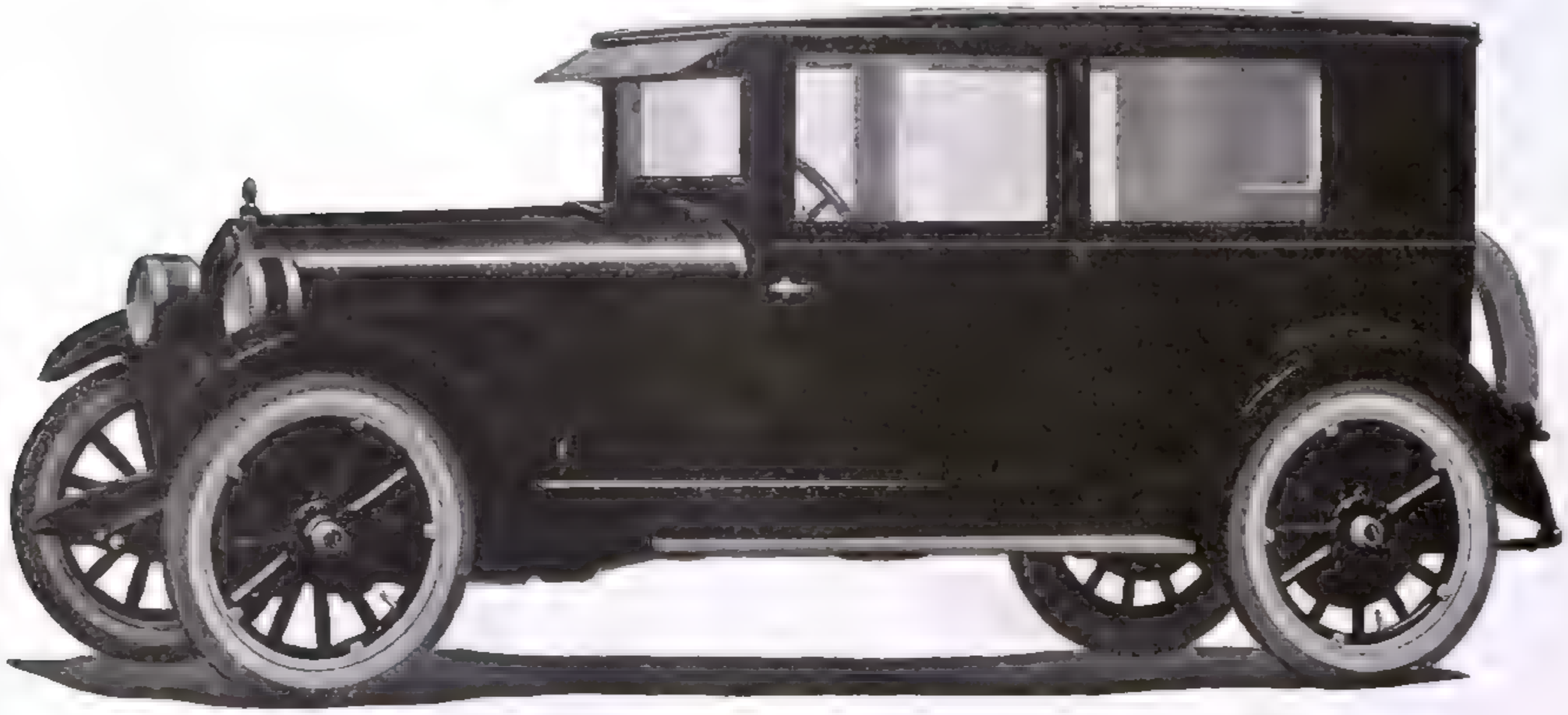

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You will like the new Essex in the nimble ease of its operation. Gears shift quietly. Steering is like guiding a bicycle, and care of the car calls for little more than keeping it lubricated. That, for the most part, is done with an oil can.

The chassis design lowers the center of gravity, giving greater comfort and safety, at all speeds, on all roads. You will be interested in seeing how this is accomplished.

Greater fuel economy is obtained. The car is lighter, longer and roomier. You will agree that from the standpoint of appearance, delightful performance, cost and reliability, the new Essex provides ideal transportation.

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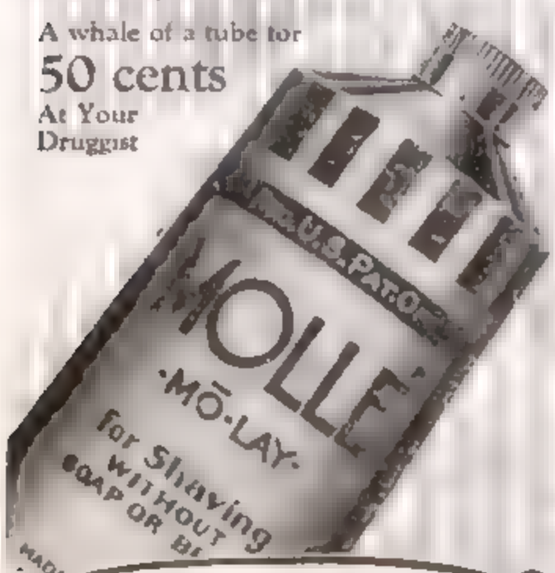

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(Continued from Page 48)

carrying a woman in and out of houses, and hiding from the cops." And so indignant he was at himself for neglecting the part of good sense that he did not wait for morning, but left the city that night.

"Where to?" the ticket clerk asked him.

"A thousand miles," he answered in disgust, "so it is west."

"Are ye kidding me or do ye mean Barlow, on the P. D.?" asked the ticket clerk, showing a pride in his knowledge of distances.

"I am not kidding," he answered, and so was sold to Barlow.

When he was gone the clerk at the next window asked, "What commission does the P. D. pay on tickets?"

"Five dollars," said the first clerk. "Barlow is not a thousand miles, but distances seem so much greater to a traveler on the P. D. that he will be satisfied."

'Tis not even for me to say, who had a cousin who was bishop, that the saints would use one of the passenger department—but whatever power it was that directed the ticket clerk, Barney would never have found his destiny if he had not been sold to Barlow. So there y'are!

In all his life Barney had not been farther than the suburbs from Chicago, and never on a night train. So 'twas with more hesitation than he usually showed in any circumstance that he took a berth in the sleeper, and from the smoking compartment kept an eye on the other passengers, so that he could turn in properly and no one suspect him of being a greenhorn.

When this was learned he settled for a last smoke alone in the compartment, and began to realize that with every tick of the wheels over the rail joints he was being carried away from the only place he had ever known into a dark and stormy world. In the city he had looked on strangers with the contempt they deserve, but now he was himself a stranger in surroundings where everybody else was at home.

"I must keep an eye on the divils or they will crook me," he thought with suspicion, and in awe studied the long coupon ticket. "A thousand miles! I did not think there were so many in the world," he said.

After a time he raised the closely drawn shade to peer out into the strange world he was exploring, and 'twas black and blank except for a rush of snow across the pane. Then far off twinkled a misty spark of light which he watched out of sight; then another, then half a dozen as they swept through a village. "Sure they all live in different houses!" he thought with surprise, and being now lonesome for the company, even the policemen of the city, watched eagerly for the lights of the farmhouses and cottages. When the train slowed into a big town he saw a man and a woman sitting by their evening lamp, and in his mind built the picture of families gathered about each lonely little spark in the fields. The snowstorm raved, piling the drifts outside, but there they gathered, talking and laughing, the children playing, these strangers to the city whose country he had come to, himself a stranger. He thought they must be good fellows, those families, with each one born to play the game of every other member and back him up against outsiders. "'Tis better than belonging to a gang," admitted Barney.

He could hardly go to bed for watching them that night, and the next day and next night across the prairies was the same, so that the distance was measured in houses instead of miles. A thousand homes he had swept by as lonesome as a lost boy, and Barney was little more, big and bad as he was.

But once landed in Barlow, the P. D. headquarters town, 'twas not long till he found company in the saloons and pool rooms.

As usual, he made no intimates and listened instead of talking, drinking little and gambling with caution in his hotel, which had rooms for sports of that nature.

There seemed little favorable opportunity for robbery in Barlow, but the talk of a train holdup interested him, the gang having got away with some bullion from the smelters over in the mountains. 'Twas not long till, with the eye of experience, he picked out the likeliest partner for his business—a man named Cole, tall and black-browed and close-mouthed, who was supposed to have a mine.

Cole lived at the hotel and came into Barlow to pass time during the winter months, but Barney, knowing a stick-up man when he saw one, soon came to an understanding with him.

"Ye have every reason to believe," said Cole, after some conversation, "that I pulled off the bullion holdup, but a man can't be convicted on belief, and I can't be expected to testify against myself. But I will go so far as to say that the lookout at the smelter gave the gang a bum steer; the bullion shipment was small, and if I was to turn robber at all I would wait for a straighter tip next time and grab off enough to live in Frisco the rest of my life."

"If you were to turn robber, how would you plan the job?" asked Barney.

"I would want two partners," replied Cole, pleased with his politeness, "and three fast horses. The horses I have at a little valley farm not far from the P. D. track would answer. The lookout, a curse on him, is still at the smelter. The rest of my gang has scattered except the one caring for the horses."

"I'll take his place and learn to ride," said Barney, and his eyes burned with the thrill of the adventure.

"'Twill be two months before the mountains are fit for a fast-riding get-away," said Cole.

The next day they started for the farm, leaving the train at a town some sixty miles west of Barlow, which left them ten miles on foot, most of which they covered on the ties.

"It is a long way between stations here," said Cole, "which will give us plenty of room to cut off the express car for a run of several miles." He pointed out where they would set their torpedoes and lantern and lay the obstruction, like a surveyor pointing out his markers. He went about robbery as coolly as any other business. What pleased Barney most was that he never threatened what he would do in case of betrayal, like the cheap city crooks. The two of them, tall and straight in laced boots and Mackinaws, hard-faced and soft of word, were of a kind, dangerous.

'Twas almost dusk when they left the track and turned down a little valley through the light snow. "The old woman who has the farm knows me for a mining man who will ride off prospecting in the spring," Cole had said. Barney gave not a thought to her or her house, but, passing out of a clump of trees into a clearing, he stopped in his tracks. There in the dusk, as he had seen them from the train window, was a little cottage with long icicles hanging from the eaves, and in a window, sugared over with frost, a sparkling lamp. The smoke from the chimney crossed the pink sky in a straight ribbon. The door had already been opened to Cole by a neat little old woman, and Barney went in to be introduced to Aunt Becky and get a warm handshake.

He made the acquaintance of Cole's partner, and the three men talked among themselves while Aunt Becky got dinner. Later they played cards, and for the night Barney and Cole bedded down on comfortable pallets in the front room. But during all the evening Barney felt a queer uneasiness as if the cozy, orderly little house was an unfriendly place; he slept little and was glad when morning came.

After breakfast they went out to the horses in the comfortable barn and Cole gave Barney his first riding lesson. "Ride them by turns for the exercise they will be needing," said Cole, "and Aunt Becky, who knows as much about stock as I do, will keep an eye to their condition. And remember to keep away from the railroad, where the trainmen will be taking notice of a man loafing in the middle of the mountain."

Barney thought that when the hue and cry started the old woman would be sure to suspect them and tell a posse riding by, but Cole answered, "We will not ride direct from here to the holdup. We will leave two weeks before that and go into camp in the mountains. She will believe that we are out of the country."

Barney watched his partners start on their walk to town and went back to the cottage, where the old lady showed him his room upstairs. "Make yourself at home," she said, "for I am right glad to have company." She explained that her husband had died a year before. "We'd been storekeeping all our lives nearly," she said, "beginning with one down near the Cimmaron, in Santa Fé Trail days. But we always wanted a farm, and he came down this line and saw this valley. We didn't think it would be so far from everywhere, because the railroad was expected to put a station about where you and Mr. Cole left the track yesterday."

"Sure 'twill be like home," said Barney, scratching his head and peering around with suspicion. The cottage was cozy and the old lady cheerful and interesting; 'twas all as he supposed such a house would be inside when he was watching from the train window. But the feeling that it was an unfriendly place for him grew stronger in the man; like all things who prey and are hunted he had an instinct for ambush.

Every morning he rode about the farm and then would take long walks, exploring the country around the spot where the holdup was planned, so he would know every foot of it. Often from cover he would watch the trains go by, and while doing this one evening on his way home from exploring he made a queer discovery.

'Twas a light, far, clear and high, in the dome of the sky; there was no mistaking it. "Chee!" said Barney. "'Tis the same star I saw in Chicago, and shining here in the mountains." He had of course supposed it was left a thousand miles behind, and was startled on reflecting that it was shining right now on the city—on the dingy window in the rooming house—on the people he knew.

"How did the little dame who was going to croak get by?" he asked with a grin. "The one I was carrying around the streets when the cops were after me? She was sure a flyweight," he remembered as he started on home. Somehow the thought of the sad little face with its big eyes, and the hair he had pinned up himself, made him pause and squint at the star over Chicago. "Her name was Annie Gray," he said, "and I carried her to a house on Harter Street. Her hair was soft as silk." Suddenly he paused with a little chill running through him. Suppose the hair which he had smoothed and the poor little body he had held against his breast were not there for the star to shine on! "I wonder if she croaked," he said, and went home frowning with the thought that he was being robbed if the girl should die after the trouble and expense he had gone to.

The evenings were short at the cottage, for Aunt Becky had always thought nine o'clock bedtime, and Barney, the city night hawk, would be so tired with his riding and long hikes that he could go to sleep standing up. During the two hours or so of conversation in the parlor after supper, Barney did most of the listening, his eyes watchful, for he always suspected this peace boded no good to him. In a vague way he came to understand the difference between the home life of the underworld and this. "In Chicago the gang has to stand together against the bulls," he said, "but the old lady and me belong to different gangs. And if she took a notion to throw me down she'd think no more of drilling me with that old gat or rifle than a wolf or a bloody Injun on the Santa Fé Trail." Sometimes, y'understand, the quiet old lady would drift in her conversation to the wild days of the buffalo and traders and Injuns on the Cimmaron. But her voice was not so gentle as to deceive the city gunman, who knew the poise and eye of a gunwoman when he saw one. And this Aunt Becky of the Santa Fé Trail, living alone in the wilderness, never was startled or excited, and had all her life feared robbers no more than jack rabbits.

"She is a bad old bird," said Barney.

On the night after the discovery of the Chicago star in the mountains Barney, instead of conversing, borrowed a pencil and some paper and wrote a letter. For now that the matter had come up, it seemed that he had purchased an interest in Annie Gray, and should know how his investment prospered. He sat biting the pencil, for he had written only two or three personal letters in his time—the last one being signed with a black hand—but by concentrating a half hour, wrote:

Dear Annie: I traveled the thousand. I hope it eased your mind. If you got well you might slip me the news, so I won't be keeping out of Chicago for nothing.

BARNEY McMANUS

He dated it from the town up the line and addressed it to the rooming house he had carried the girl into. The next day he walked all the way in to mail it, a long hike even for a man as hardened to it as he was after all his explorations. On the way home that afternoon, near the spot where he would leave the track for the valley trail, happened the first of those incidents which proved his presentiment that the cottage and its neighborhood were dangerous to him.

Approaching a curve he heard the rumble of a train and stepped aside; as the train

(Continued on Page 52)

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(Continued from Page 50)

did not come up he went forward through the woods, wondering. He found it—a locomotive and passenger coach lying in the ditch with not a sign of life about them. Then the conductor crawled from the coach, shouting for help, and a puff of smoke rose from the broken windows.

"The manager is in there," called the conductor to Barney. "Chop him out. My arms are broken."

He told Barney where the wrecking tools were, and Barney crawled into the old special car, ablaze from the stove which made a wreck a fire trap in those days. The roof had slipped and the corner of the coach came with it, prisoning General Manager Merril like a cell, without smashing him. Barney met his eye through a cranny.

"Has the conductor gone to flag the train behind?" he said.

"He has," said Barney.

"Chop from above," said Mr. Merril, "and the saints give you muscle or I am a dead general manager."

In those five minutes of frenzy, chopping and ripping with the coach turning into a furnace, Barney thought: "He is a good sport; I will give him all I've got." So he did, and when they stood outside he was the worse off of the two. Mr. Merril, blinking the smoke from his eyes and gasping, must still stare in wonder on the tall figure with singed hair, and shirt dropping in fiery rags as he shook his ax at the flames.

"Roar, dom ye," he said; "ye have lost your dinner"; and laughed, which was a rare performance with the hard-bitten young robber.

He followed as Mr. Merril ran to look after the engine men, but no help could reach them now.

"The driving rod broke," said Merril. "They hardly knew what killed them." After looking at them a moment he began to feel the effects of his shaking up, and, sitting on a tie, thanked Barney. "'Twas a brave rescue," he said. "How did ye happen along?"

"I am visiting my Aunt Becky in the farm up the valley," he explained, "and was walking home from the town."

"I have good news for you and her," said Merril. "We are going to make a station here. What is your name?"

"McManus."

"That will be the name of the station—McManus. 'Tis a small compliment, but 'twill serve to keep the memory of a brave deed alive. And you will be welcome at my headquarters if ever you will let me do something more substantial for you. Here is the train, which my conductor is bringing up under control."

The pilot moved around the curve to the slow bell which has tolled the mass over the dead at ten thousand wrecks, and Barney turned on his way with a word of good-by.

"There is no need for more of them to see me," he thought, and cursed the luck of him in his heart. "'Tis getting so that I cannot pull a job without advertising myself as present, by carrying people about the streets or chopping them out of wrecks," he thought bitterly, and would have thrown away the ax but was too thrifty. "'Twill answer to cut the old woman's kindling with, bad cess to her," he said.

He had to explain his scorched and tattered condition to Aunt Becky, who got out some ointment and bandaged burns on both his arms; her hard little hands were steady and after hearing of the wreck she was silent, though even Barney expected some word of praise or sympathy. "Even the Weasel would have said one," he thought. "Sure a family is not like a gang."

After dinner Aunt Becky came into the parlor with the wrecker's ax, and Barney reflected. "I was a fool for bringing it home and putting temptation in her way to give me a clout." Of the new station he had said nothing, lest she be gadding to town and gossiping of Cole and himself.

"One time at the trading post on the Cimmaron," said Aunt Becky, leaning on the ax, like a walking stick, "a trader came to with five thousand silver he had brought from Santa Fe under escort of Mexican soldiers. But they turned back and an American escort was not there to meet him, and he was anxious to go on through that country of robbers before the winter storm came. So he played as safe as he could, by burying twenty-five hundred of it under the hearth of our big room back of the store. And one night a bad man, who suspected this, came after the money. But the old navy here," she said, taking down the heavy long-barreled revolver from the deer-horn rack on the wall, "winged him!" And she patted it proudly. "He swore—he was a wicked man"—sighed the old lady, "and I told him to hush or I'd shoot him again. If Johnny, my husband, had been home he wouldn't have got off so light. That is Johnny's old Kaintucky up there. He stood off a band of Kiowas with that a whole day; they'd cut out an immigrant's wagon on the prairie, and Johnny heard of it from a friendly and lambasted 'em."

Her voice trailed off and Barney sat watching under a spell, as she put the navy back in its place and reached up and patted Kaintucky. And then his heart leaped and flung the blood through his body with a thrill it never had known.

Without word of praise or believing it necessary, she had laid the wrecker's ax on the antlers between those honorable weapons, which had stood off the enemies of the helpless on their stricken little field, even as Barney had fought the flame for the prisoned man. He never could have any fellowship with Becky, a gunwoman not being a home influence, particularly one who would never agree to shoot in the same direction that he did; but he had a strong respect for her after that.

Now Barney could sit his horse well and was braced in muscle and spirit for the robbery, which if well timed would yield enough gold to put him on Easy Street; the Chicago holdup had become an outlaw of the hardy old Western breed. Cole, who left the gambling and intelligence post of Barlow long enough to visit him for a day, was satisfied that he had a good bad partner. There was not much talk between them; Cole inspected the horses and gave Barney the lay of the camp, where they would spend about two weeks between the time of leaving the farmhouse and the train robbery. "'Twill be another month before enough snow goes off to let us through the passes," he said. That same afternoon they rode to the outskirts of the next town and Barney brought back his horse.

Another month of this seemed a long time, and Barney would have been straining hard at the leash but for an unexpected diversion—two days after Cole's visit he discovered that McManus Station had been established. He looked with curious interest at the square of platform and tiny box of a depot. "The agent has not come yet," he said, after keeping a lookout, and, in spite of the danger of being observed by trainmen, came out of the woods on to the platform. To his surprise the door was unlocked; the waiting room had a bench for passengers, though no ticket office, and in one corner a red flag and a lantern and can of oil. Walking around the depot to survey it, he read the sign nailed across the end. "McManus" it said in big letters; he found the sign at the other end also.

"It will be seen coming either way; d'ye[?] a soul in the world can miss it," he thought. He went inside and outside with importance. "Now I will stand by and watch the trains stop," he said, and settled himself on the slope beyant with his pipe, which he let go out with a new excitement, as he saw the flare stack and black boiler toss around the curve. But the speed increased on the tangent.

"Stop, ye divil!" shouted the holdup man, but by she whizzed, and he dropped back, stupefied.

"They are not used to it yet," said Barney; "they must form the habit of stopping." He watched all that afternoon and next day and the next, but each train seemed to increase its speed to get by as quickly as possible. "The train hands are double-crossing the manager and me," thought Barney; but after meditation admitted, "They know their business better than Mr. Merril." But when he noticed the evening string of crows flying over, it was too much. "Not even a dom crow to stop at my station," he said with indignation.

Within a week the engineers said to the firemen, and the conductors to the brakemen, on that run, "McManus beats hell for crows," they said. "Never a train is flagged there and never a crow goes by. And the station stands on the spot, d'ye mind, where the general manager was wrecked. And we are not saying it is a bad omen for him, but a crow is not a bird to haunt a place without results. 'Tis little we know." And General Manager Merril, hearing the rumor in the midst of a run of grief, put a curse on the crows himself.

Barney sat within his depot, feeding corn to the crows, which, after an all-day meeting among some dead trees, had decided to give up thieving as a profession and settle down as honest citizens of McManus. The best part of every day he sat observing the ways of them, which are an improvement on those of humanity, illiteracy being unknown among crows. When no trains were near he would walk out among them and read the signs at each end of the station and smoke his pipe in the sun.

"Chee, the cottages I saw from the train windows with the happy families had nothing on this," he said with pride, and remembrance of the places he had lived in in Chicago filled him with disgust. But he would look at the Chicago star at evening, and being reminded of Annie Gray, in whom he had invested money and rescue work, he thought there might be a letter at the town up the line. "It seems a shame to ride a horse there when I have a station to start from," he thought, and at last told Aunt Becky of the depot and platform. "Though they have forgotten to send an agent," he told her.

"'Tis a flag station." And she explained that railroad men always stopped when they saw red.

He was doubtful, but next morning he swelled with pride to have a train stop to his signal. In town there was a friendly and grateful letter for him; the girl had come through a long spell of sickness on one hundred and fifty dollars and inclosed the remaining fifty. Now she was back at work and could pay by installments if she could keep her strength. "I don't seem to catch up very fast in the shop," she said, "and am trying to get a job as cashier, nursemaid, anything in a small town where I can have some outdoors."

"She's a funny dame to send back money," said Barney; "and she'll be killing her fool self to pay me the rest." With him, to think was to act, so for five days he thought matters over among the crows at the station, and on the evening of the fifth day, sitting in the front room along of Aunt Becky, told of living in a rooming house in Chicago before coming out to join Cole, and of the girl next door.

"Y'understand I don't want to lose the one hundred and fifty investment," he said then, "which I will unless Annie gets outdoors for her health. Now I'll be moving along pretty soon and Annie could find room here."

With this said, he had to begin thinking again, and gave Becky the letter to read.

"Annie's awful queer about money," went on Barney. "You remember telling me of the money you took care of for the Santa Fé trader? I thought if I left some of mine here—say, two or three hundred—and I didn't come back for it, you'd want to do something for it and might ask Annie to visit you for a while."

He stopped to think; so did old Becky.

"We've got to ambush that girl," she said, and presently wrote a letter saying that Barney, her nephew, was going away and she would be lonesome. "Come out to the mountains, dear Annie," she wrote in her scribbling old hand, "and walk and climb around under the open sky while you're keeping me company. You'll soon be strong enough to drive a six-mule team."

"You'll have to tell Annie something about making more money out here so she can pay me back," said Barney. "Annie's simple about that."

So the old lady put that in, too, and Barney counted out five hundred dollars. Becky shook her head. "You said two hundred."

"A man never knows whether he's going to get back from prospecting; it's dangerous business," replied Barney. "If I don't come, all that isn't due you for her board and room is Annie's."

Then he inclosed a note with Becky's, telling her to buy a ticket to McManus Station on the P. D., beyant Barlow, and Aunt Becky would meet her, as himself would be gone prospecting.

Next day he went in to Barlow and found Cole alone in his room at the hotel, dealing poker hands and playing them. "They trimmed me; I was trying to figure how it was done," he said. "Glad to see you; we'll start for the camp in ten days or I'll be broke."

"The holdup is what I wanted to speak to you about," said Barney. "It can't be pulled off on that run as we planned."

"That is the only place it can be pulled off with a chance of a get-away," answered Cole.

"You don't get me yet," said Barney; and told of the wreck and the new station.

(Continued on Page 55)

A GREAT TIRE'S GREATEST FEATURE

Several important features combine to make the *new* Goodyear Cord Tire the finest tire Goodyear has ever produced.

Highest grade long-staple cotton, an improved rubber compound, heavier sidewalls, stronger ply unions—these are some of its very real advantages.

But the greatest feature of this great tire is the celebrated Goodyear All-Weather Tread.

To a powerful and resilient carcass this famed tread adds in extreme measure the essential factors of long wear and security.

The rugged blocks of the All-Weather Tread are keen-edged, tough and thick; on slippery surfaces they dig in, clutch and cling.

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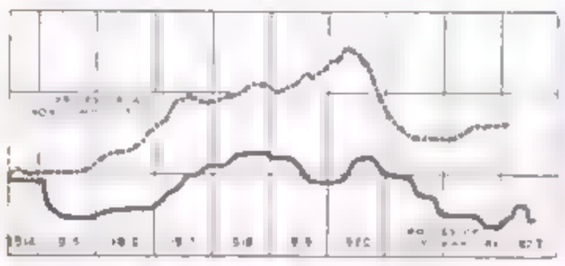
Under all conditions of driving, they put beneath you and your family the greatest surety of safety any tire can give.

Be certain the tires you buy for use this winter are Goodyear Tires with the All-Weather Tread.

They cost no more than other good tires, and are the safest and most economical equipment you can have.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

A GOOD TIME TO BUY GOODYEARS



Over the past ten years Goodyear Tires have been steadily improved. Despite this, prices on Goodyear Tires have consistently been kept below the average price level for all commodities, as the above chart shows. Although Goodyear Tires today are better than ever before, Goodyear prices are 37% below those of 1920, and 30% below those even of 1914. This is a good time to buy Goodyears.

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1925, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

Why you should use GARGOYLE MOBILOIL ARCTIC in your { STUDEBAKER ENGINE / BUICK ENGINE / MAXWELL ENGINE / or OVERLAND ENGINE } during winter

WINTER makes fresh demands upon the lubricating system of your automobile engine.

It is essential that your lubricating system provide immediate and thorough distribution of the oil to all engine parts.

Some lubricating systems distribute the heavier-bodied oils under summer operating conditions, but due to certain features of design will require an oil of *special fluidity* now that winter is here. This is not true of all cars, as some are designed to use the same oil both summer and winter.

Among others, the Studebaker, Buick, Maxwell and Overland lubricating systems employ certain features which make it imperative to use a winter oil which will not unduly thicken or congeal in cold weather. If you drive any of these cars the following information should not only be interesting, but helpful, if the recommendations are followed, in improving winter performance and reducing the troubles which cold weather operation produces.

STUDEBAKER

All Studebaker engines are lubricated by a Splash Circulating lubricating system. A gear type oil pump, located on the rear of the engine and on the cam shaft level, about 10 inches above the oil level, forces oil directly to splash troughs under each cylinder bore.

The connecting rods dip into the oil in these troughs, creating an oil mist which lubricates all engine parts.

Oils of good fluidity atomize more easily and more thoroughly than heavier-bodied lubricants.

Under the lower operating temperatures of winter it is important that the oil be of good fluidity in order to assure thorough distribution to the piston pin bearings, cylinder walls and pistons, as well as all other engine parts.

Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic meets these requirements.

BUICK

The Buick engine employs a splash circulating system of lubrication. In this system, lubrication of the cylinders, pistons, piston rings and piston pin bearings depends *solely* upon an oil mist created by the connecting rods dipping into the oil in troughs located in the crankcase.

In the 1923 engine, slotted covers are placed over these splash troughs. These covers materially cut down the amount of oil mist created and limit the quantity supplied to the working parts.

Where the cylinders, pistons, piston rings and piston pin bearings are so lubricated, the lubricant used during winter must possess special characteristics.

It must be of the proper fluidity at the low temperatures encountered to be atomized immediately and thoroughly by the dipping action of the connecting rods. At the same time, its character should be such that adequate lubrication is provided under all operating conditions.

Unless a lubricating oil is used which meets these requirements, insufficient lubrication and poor distribution with resultant premature wear of the working parts may occur.

Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic perfectly meets these requirements. This oil is of such fluidity as to readily and thoroughly atomize at low temperatures and is of such character as to provide highly efficient engine lubrication.

At the same time, due to its clean burning character, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic will result in a minimum of carbon deposits and carbon troubles.

MAXWELL

The positive operation of the Maxwell Force Feed lubricating system depends upon the impeller type oil pump receiving an unfailing supply of lubricating oil.

As the pump is located at a considerable height above the oil level with both the oil suction and discharge lines outside the crankcase, it is important in cold weather to use an oil of exceptional fluidity. Otherwise circulation of the oil may be interrupted.

Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic possesses the proper fluidity to assure the thorough priming and distribution necessary under these conditions and has the proper character to provide adequate engine lubrication.

OVERLAND

The Splash Circulating lubricating system of the Overland differs radically from the conventional type. The flywheel is used as an oil pump. Running with its lower edge continually immersed in the engine oil, it throws the lubricating oil by centrifugal force into a small pocket where it passes through a strainer. From this the oil flows by gravity through a distributing pipe to the three main bearings to troughs located under each cylinder bore and to the timing gears.

The splashing action of the flywheel also circulates the oil in the transmission and clutch assemblies and thus provides for their lubrication.

Due to the immersion of the flywheel in the oil, sufficient quantities may not be supplied to the engine for its lubrication if the oil is congealed or of heavy body. Excessive fluid friction drag will also result. Then too, heavy-bodied oils cause clutch slippage. Oils when congealed or too heavy-bodied do not squeeze out from between the clutch plates as readily as the lighter bodied, free-flowing lubricants.

The lighter bodied lubricants, from a distribution standpoint, are most efficient in this engine. Due, however, to the fact that the engine oil also lubricates the transmission unit, the lubricant must have the character necessary for a proper cushioning of the gear teeth.

In winter Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic is of the proper fluidity to provide immediate and thorough distribution in an Overland engine. It protects against an undue amount of fluid friction drag. It provides adequate transmission lubrication.

IMPORTANT

If your car is not among those discussed here, see our Chart of Recommendations for the correct winter oil. Leading dealers have the Chart, or our nearest Branch will gladly send you a copy.

Domestic Branches:

New York
(Main Office)
Philadelphia
Boston
Detroit
Minneapolis
Des Moines
Rochester
Chicago
St. Louis
Pittsburgh
Kansas City, Mo.
Omaha
Oklahoma City

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 52)

"McManus Station," repeated Cole bitterly. "Sure every robber should publish his name and residence, and be a good mixer."

Barney eyed him down his cigar. "The P. D. has given me a home; divil a one have I ever had, or ever will again. You do not expect a man to shoot up his own home, do ye?"

They were grim and desperate men, who are not the ones given to quarreling.

Cole resumed his poker dealing. "You are not with us?"

"Not on that run."

"The job cannot be done anywhere else. Are you going to talk?"

"Do I look like a man who will squeal?" asked Barney. "I only say it must not be done."

"There the matter stands. I have no answer to make."

"And I have no threat," said Barney.

While waiting for his train Barney ran across General Manager Merril near the Barlow headquarters building. "Can ye not take action against the crows at McManus Station?" asked Merril. "There has been a hoodoo on me since the station was put in." He had come through there several days before and a thousand had signaled his train.

"Shall it be said that even the crows do not stop at McManus?" asked Barney.

"No doubt it would offend the traditions of McManus hospitality as established on the McManus estate in the old country," answered Merril, and went on feeling better for the sarcasm.

"The McManus estate," repeated Barney, and a queer sinking feeling took possession of him, which he could not shake off thereafter. Returning to his station he sat thinking till all his tenants had drifted to the new roost they had made hard by, and he had no company but the Chicago star. "'Tis a shame to pass up the golden opportunity we have nursed on this run," he sighed; "but I will not have the place given a bad name. Cole will come to understand, and we will pull off a holdup somewhere else."

A train whistling, he stepped back within, but, instead of passing on, it paused with a scream of brake shoes, just for an instant, and was gone. And Barney stared out the window at a slight trim figure on the platform with a satchel in her hand and gazing lonesomely at the mountain. The first passenger had arrived at McManus Station.

"'Tis Annie," he whispered.

She stood a moment lost and forlorn in that wilderness where she had expected a town, and was venturing to the dark station when Barney tapped on the window and hurried out.

"'Tis only me. I had expected to be gone," he explained, "but the prospecting season is late this year."

Again these two gazed at each other under the light of the star so much brighter than in Chicago, to see what manner of person had traveled so far to such a meeting.

Then Annie shook hands and told him: "You are a good friend and I am glad to see you."

She knew she wasn't expected so soon, but couldn't get her strength back in the city, and was afraid if she put off coming she wouldn't have the energy to come at all.

Barney pointed out that she had done the brainy thing, and Aunt Becky would say so too.

"'Twas the kindest act I ever heard of to invite me; do you think she'll like me?" asked Annie. Her soft voice was not quite steady and her brown eyes were wide with anxiety.

"Why, sure," said Barney; "you're still talking fever talk. Come along."

"Wait," she said and pointed up at the sign glaring in the last of the sunset. "It's named after you, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes," said Barney; "'tis not in the nature of railroading to name a station Aunt Becky, and there was nobody else but me around here."

She laughed and went with him, her face uplifted and breathing deep of the air of pines and sky.

When she was in the house and Aunt Becky had welcomed her, Barney went outside and from the shade of the trees looked at the dim cottage with the shining windows. Under the parlor lamp the gray head of Becky and bright crown of the girl were already nodding to each other with confidences.

"Cole will have to understand," he said. "Dommed if he can give this place a bad name; Annie wouldn't stand for it."

Within was the scene, as he had pictured it when watching from the train window in the stormy night; but Barney had no place in it and never would have. In fact, he had only added one more enemy to the household; all the people who gather under the million evening lamps were enemies, and a cottage was an ambush to such as he. He went back inside, guarded, silent, but could not help smiling at Annie.

There is nothing to prove that Barney ever thought of reforming for the sake of the girl; 'twas too late for reform, and though the two of them talked and walked and even rode together the next few days his manner toward her never softened. And Annie, though never inviting more than ordinary friendship, y'understand, would sometimes follow him with her eyes, disappointed and drooping a little that the hard blue eyes and stern mouth should not smile at times with a little friendship.

For several evenings Barney left the women together and sought the depot as a refuge. "I am kidding myself about this depot," he said once, and laughed bitterly at the McManus sign. New and startling changes of experience deepened his thought and he went once again over the decisions he had made, looking for a chance to revoke them.

"Nothing doing," he said then, "nothing at all. I might cut out the crooked stuff for Annie, but what show has a guy with a police record to come back?"

Y'see, he was known for the pay-roll robbery in Chicago and 'twas only a matter of time till the police caught up with him. "Let a crook hide, let him bury himself, and it's only a matter of time till one of the old gang, or a bull, turns you up," he said. "A crooked guy's wife? Not for Annie." He was wishing hard for Cole to come, so he could ride away on some job and forget all this.

Cole came; he came late in the night. "Train was late out of Barlow," he told Barney, who, sleeping on the couch in the parlor, had roused at the tread of feet to answer the door; "but we came on anyhow." There was a keen job in sight, he whispered, that had to be handled in a day or two, and a long ride was ahead of them. "Are you ready?"

"Ready and glad to go," said Barney. He called up to Aunt Becky that a party was waiting for them to start for a gold strike, and hurried dressing and making his pack. Cole went to the barn to help his partner saddle up.

"I must tell Annie—good-by," Barney was thinking as he rolled his pack; "I must tell her good-by."

There was a touch, a clasp on his sleeve. "Don't go."

This was the girl of the Chicago rooming house with her hair uncoiling on her shoulders and the fright in her wide eyes, but now the fright was for him. She had wrapped and corded her bath robe around her in mad haste; her feet were bare.

He whispered her name and then drew back, speaking as a matter of course of a gold strike.

"Barney, Barney! I know," she whispered. "Don't go with that night rider."

"You know!" he repeated, his eyes starting.

The girl had once gone to their old rooming house in Chicago to thank him and learned that the police had been there too. "That's the reason I hurried out here; Aunt Becky wrote you were going away, and I wanted to warn you and persuade you. Barney, don't go!" Now she clung to him, and a terrible struggle began in the man's breast.

"Annie knew I was a crook," he said aloud, "and came to warn ——" He held her close, whispering to her, all his pretense of indifference broken down. "Now I've told you," he said, "and made you tell me; and we're out o' luck."

"Time, time," said Cole at the door, but seeing them, turned back; they could hear the stamping of the horses.

"Annie, the police never let a man like me rest; I'm on the run all my life, till I'm bumped off."

The soft arms with the sleeves dropping away from them held him against Cole.

"We love each other, Barney."

"Annie—you don't want to marry a crook—maybe a convict."

She clung on, almost fainting. "I couldn't help myself, Barney."

The struggle within him came to its height, the will of the man crushing nerves, sinews, his very heart, on its way to victory. "Then I'll help you," he said, his voice dry and hollow and cold, as a dead man would speak. And he lifted her and kissed her, smoothing back the rumpled soft hair that he had once pinned under her hat. "Good-by, Annie," he said at last, and pushed her into the arms of old Becky. Stalking into the night he remembered the words of the sick girl in the rooming house, which had come through the walls of his room: "This is the end."

"Ready, Cole. Ride on," he said, tying his pack to the cantle.

They started, but in a few minutes Cole rode back and pushed open the door without dismounting. "Pay attention here," he commanded the woman. "Barney and I have enemies; they may not be far behind. Tell them you overheard us talking of our camp in the mountains; say we rode away yesterday morning."

However, he did not head into the mountains, but on leaving the farm loped his horse after his partners down the valley toward the rolling open country where no man could hide if pursued. "But who will pursue a robber into a country where there is no hiding place?" reasoned Cole.

The night was still and misty with a shaving of moon as Cole loped easily, expecting to pick up his partners any minute. The valley narrowed and deepened, and the mist thickened along the ground so that to anyone on the mountainside who could have seen so far in that twilight he looked like the half figure of a man floating along in a sea of vapor, with only the head of a horse bobbing along in front of him. Directly ahead he heard three shots coming as fast as a man can count, and with a curse drove his heels into his horse and raised his pistol.

"The dom fool has sprung the news on Barney without waiting for me to come up," he thought.

Maybe a hundred feet ahead rose a shout. "Whoa! I've got you covered!"

He saw the head of a horse toss above the solid bank of mist, but no sign of a rider, and in an instant pulled up his mount, rearing, and dropped behind him. "Well, go ahead," he said.

"Your partner gave the game away," said the invisible Barney, "and when I said nothing doing tried to stick me for my gun."

"Well, if he got his, that leaves you and me. The job's done—the train held up two hours ago. I didn't know how you'd act when you heard of it and took you along. I didn't want to bump you, and you'll get a grubstake out of it till we pull off something else. What's your kick?"

"I don't want in on it."

"You're in bad now," said Cole, "if you only knew it. You've kept my horses down here—been seen with me. If I'm caught, where'd you be? Even the general manager knows you."

"You're not a bad guy at all, Cole," said Barney, "but I told you I wouldn't have any rough stuff right here at home. I won't do it; I can't let you get away with it."

"I can't catch you now and take you along if you don't want to go," said Cole, peering into the mist with his pistol across the saddle; "I'll have to go on alone and trust you."

"You can go on alone," Barney told him, "but not with the gold. It's here in the leather pouch where you cached it on the way to the farm."

That's what had started the trouble, y'understand—Cole's unlucky partner dragging the pouch from under a bowlder. He had no idea that Barney would turn down even a small share in it, now that the job was done, and so disobeyed instructions to wait till Cole came up and disarmed him.

No sooner had Barney spoken of the gold pouch than Cole fired at his voice—three shots. A horse screamed and ran, then there was silence. Cole did not reload; he figured that one shot would settle the argument now and, dropping to hands and knees, crawled directly toward Barney; then the one shot was fired and he fell on his face, the bullet tearing its way from collar bone to breast. He spoke only once when Barney turned him over and held up his head. "You outlucked me," he said.

"No; 'twas the horse following you gave me the range." Barney had raised up a second and glimpsing the horse's bobbing head fired in line along the ground.

"He wasn't a bad guy at all," he said of Cole; and then there was something else to think about, and think quickly. He mounted Cole's horse with the heavy pouch slung behind and began making his way to the town above McManus. "If they get to me before I get to them," he said, "there'll be a new Irishman in purgatory this morning."

The Comfort Gift

A TIMELY gift for the man who appreciates comfort is a pair of Brighton Wide-Webs.

Every Brighton Wide-Web Garter is made of the famous Brighton "comfort" elastic—each rubber strand of which is wrapped and re-wrapped with soft yarn to guard against the deadening action of perspiration and thus insure longest service. (See picture below.)

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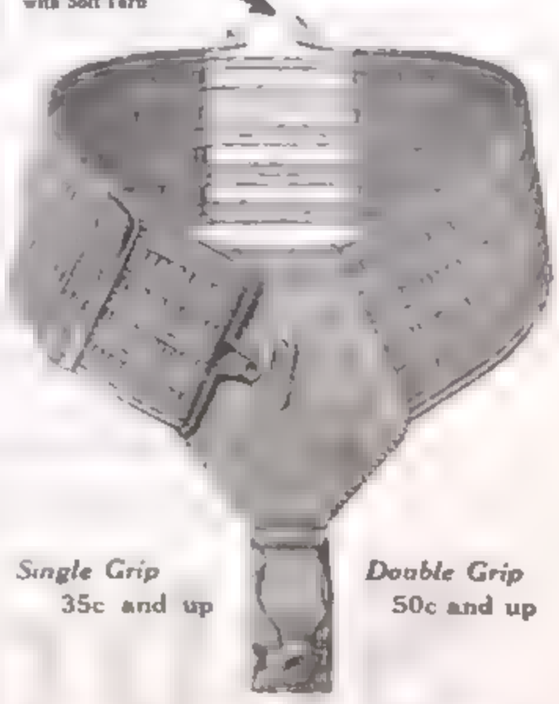

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But the roads were deserted, and he even passed through the streets of the town without notice. The operator at the station looked up with dread at the grim customer with blood-smeared face, who called for blanks and wrote a message at the window.

"Merril, General Manager," he wrote: "Meet me on arrival next train at Barlow. Something that is not a crow was stopped last night at McManus. Barney."

He watched it sent, bought a ticket for the train an hour later and settled himself with the pouch in a corner.

At Barlow, Mr. Merril, long since informed of the holdup, and scenting a clew to it in Barney's message, was waiting at the office.

"Here is the loot," said Barney, dropping the pouch, "and I will tell ye how I came by it." A miner, named Cole, and his partner, he explained, who had kept their horses at Aunt Becky's, acted suspiciously by coming after them in the dead of night, and then stopping down the valley to divide a ton of gold.

"Ye were invited along as a spectator," said Merril politely.

"How much do you have to know?" asked Barney, and the other explained, enough to make a report.

"I crept after them," resumed Barney thoughtfully, "and told them there would be no rough stuff at McManus. There was," he said, "but those two don't know it. Is that enough?"

"Surely," agreed Merril. He leaned back, studying the young man, and waited.

"That is all," said Barney.

"That is all for the report," agreed Merril; "but is there nothing more you want to tell your friend?"

"Only a complaint I have to make," answered Barney after a while, and the general manager nodded. "It is this, Mr. Merril—when you asked who I might be at the wreck that day, and then named the station after me, there was a misunderstanding."

"No doubt," agreed Merril. "Y'see, Barney, I was dazed and shaken with a ringing in the ears."

"Yes—it was so," nodded Barney; "for when I introduced myself ye did not quite catch the name. It is Donohue—and not McManus. 'Tis little matter," he said, "except that the station is going by the wrong name."

"Saints above," said Merril, "a station under an alias! On other and less reliable railroads," he said, "that might be permitted to pass, but when the public sees the name of a town on the P. D. they may address it with confidence." That very day, he promised, the old signs should come down, and Donohue in gold letters take their places.

"My special will be the first train to stop at Donohue," he said, "for we will go back with my chief detective and the sheriff and pick up the dead robbers and close the case. I will take you to the car now and you can sleep till we get there."

As for Merril himself, he did not sleep, but after a full night on his job returned to take the wire and then to make out his report, which went east on the nine-o'clock mail.

'Twas Aunt Becky who first saw the party coming down the valley from Donohue station. "It's Barney; they've got him," she said; and with a sob Annie Gray ran to meet him, only to be brought up short by a cool nod, and introduced to his companions.

"After I followed Cole last night," he said, and continued with the account decided on between himself and the general manager, to deceive the public officials.

A horse with a bullet scratch on his flank had returned to the barn, and was used to carry the two dead robbers to the station, where they were loaded into the baggage car of the first train. The officials attended to this and Mr. Merril remained talking to Aunt Becky in the cottage dooryard; Barney had recovered his pack at the scene of the fight and was repacking his suitcase with Annie looking on.

"Donohue is the name," he was saying. "Y'see, I didn't want the depot under a false name, so I explained to Mr Merril. 'Tis home, the depot is, though I'll never come back to it."

The girl, with a painful effort to steady herself, asked if Mr Merril couldn't protect him.

"Nobody can," explained Barney. "What can he do with the Chicago police and court? Nothing. And the bulls always get a wanted man in the long run. We're out o' luck." He hadn't been looking at her, but when he did, and saw her hands before her face, he broke out, "A curse on me for a crooked bum! I was picked up in the street and sent to reform school, but—I knew what I was doing—I would go crooked. Now see what it's brought me to—and you."

Barney Donohue, robber and gunman, struck himself in the face with a groan dreadful to hear, a groan from the pit itself. And Annie took him in her arms to comfort him.

"They'll get me," he whispered. "I'll never see you any more; forget me. But, Annie, they'll never have anything more on me than they've got now."

"Train time," said Merril in the dooryard. The factory girl and her crook lover clung together a moment.

"Coming," said Barney, and stumbled away blindly.

And blindly he walked to the station platform and stood in the glow of sunset, listening to the sleepy cawing of the crows. But suddenly he caught the girl by the arm and pointed. "That's a Chicago star yonder," he said, and told her its history. He remembered his wonder when first watching it through the rooming-house window, that a world so peaceful should be so near, and yet impossible to get into. He was telling of that, too, when the special rolled in from Smeltertown with a baggage car attached.

"There is no hurry," said Mr. Merril; "it has a stop order of thirty minutes." Two carpenters came out of the baggage car with the new station signs, which they hastened to put up. The conductor had a wire for Mr. Merril.

"This morning, Barney," the general manager said, "I got off a report on the east mail and wired that it was on the way."

"Quick stuff," said Barney, who had yet to learn that Mr. Merril had nobody but himself to report to officially.

"It was not a report of the robbery so much as a report on yourself," explained Merril. "Here is the answer":

Merril, G. M., Smeltertown: Don't let that Donohue alias McManus escape back to Chicago. We need all we can get of him in this state. And warn him that he need never expect to be extradited while I am governor.

MARVIN.

"And he will be governor nearly four years," said Merril; "and if in that time we can't straighten you out in Chicago, the governor and I and our attorneys had better quit. Now what do you want the P. D. to do for you?"

Barney looked from one to the other, and then at the sign just hung in place. "Donohue," it said in letters of gold, such a sign as even the Donohues of old had never had on their castle.

"If I could live like the crows I would stay here," he said.

"There is the farm. Take it and run it," Aunt Becky told him. "I'll show you."

"And the P. D. will stock it in place of reward," said Merril, "and put in a spur here for your loading."

"Y'understand, Annie is not very strong," said Barney, "and must live outdoors."

And the old gunwoman and the gunman and the general manager struck hands with the factory girl and danced around in a ring. In another minute three of them stood looking after the last far-flung spark on the brass of the special car.

There was little to say going home, but when Becky hurried inside to light the parlor lamp Barney held back a moment. "Chee, it's a funny thing," he said; "that lamp looks like the Chicago star in the window."

So it did, and the happy sky world that had seemed so far away spread alight before him, as he crossed the cottage threshold with Annie.

So Barney Donohue got his personal matters straightened out by traveling; but all the rest of the traveling public must suffer for it to this day. For the brakemen, never being able to understand which was the proper name of the station and which was the alias, were obliged in calling it to make a sound somewhat between Donohue and McManus.

Gradually the suspicion entered their minds that, if one station had been going under an alias, why not all of them, and so developed one word to announce all stations—the word which I believe is now used by brotherhood agreement wherever railroads are run.

Paderewski at his Steinway

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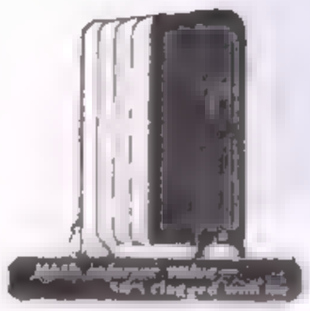

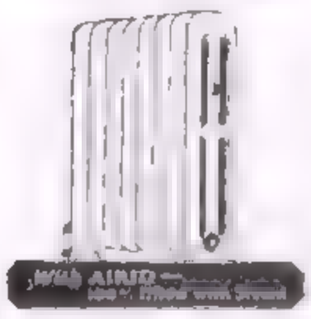

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A LAWYER'S CASE

(Continued from Page 15

respectable newspapers body and soul—to have my modest little sheet ruin you. But that kind of a dirty mess is something that even this blockhead public can understand. It'll show 'em, for once, what your crowd is really like inside. I wouldn't think of selling those papers for a thousand dollars."

It was hard to bear that impudence. As a help to bearing it, Henshaw looked away from the editor—down at the desk—and muttered, "It was left with me in trust. It's a private matter. The papers were stolen from me. It's a dirty thing to do." He felt that he was only mumbling pointlessly. A minute later he got a fresh grip on himself; but the effort at self-control made his voice a little trembly when he looked up and said, "I'll give you two thousand dollars for those papers, Hahn cash."

Hahn grinned at him and replied cheerfully, "No use; I wouldn't sell 'em for a million."

Henshaw so boiled inside that he had to look away again, for one could hardly keep one's eyes on the dog and keep one's hands at home. His wandering glance fell upon the dirty green-baize screen at his side. Through a small rent he saw something flesh-colored—eavesdropping! That, with the inner boiling, threw him off his balance and he called out loudly, "Somebody's going to get kicked in a minute!" Through a larger hole in the bottom of the screen he saw a soiled white-canvas shoe move.

Naturally he charged this eavesdropping to Hahn, and his upper lip lifted in a contemptuous snarl as he glowered over at the editor. But Hahn was glowering at him and spoke truculently.

"That kind of baby talk don't go here. I've got a gun in my desk for thugs."

There was no use arguing about it, so Henshaw rubbed his brow and muttered, "Well, forget it." In fact, the next instant he forgot it himself, struggling for self-control. When he spoke again his voice was low and almost conciliatory. "Think it over, Hahn. I'll give you two thousand dollars cash for those papers."

Scowling and irritated, the editor replied, "I don't need to think it over. I'll not sell. You can go to the devil."

After a moment Henshaw arose and glanced around the space ineffectually inclosed by the screens, his glance taking in the old safe. Quite courteously he said, "Good-by." Hahn only frowned at him, and the caller walked out to dilapidated Water Street.

Surely this could not be borne. It stung him all over like a bed of nettles. The sting was in his very blood as it pumped through his veins. Those papers were his. Meagher, whom he had taken out of the ditch—a gutter sheet run by a dirty dog in a dirty shirt—an outlaw, anyhow, beyond the pale ——

He had, so to speak, grown up in this good old Federal Street, as one of its proprietors, born to an overlordship in it. How impatiently he had waited for them to finish the marble monumental savings-bank building on the best corner so that he might take possession of the bully little law office on the top floor. That was a very distinguished location for a young lawyer; one required friends of the right sort in order to land it when there was only one other law office in the three-story structure. His conservative friends considered it reckless of him to leave the old law firm and strike out for himself so early. Always that silly talk about his youth! He had wanted that bully little office, in the best location, all his own. He could wait for clients.

But it was a mockery now. Not only was there a dead cat in the feast but it was all dead cat, just a finely set scene in which he was to be exhibited as a heedless ass, a betrayer of trusts, a man who ruined his friends, through drunken Meagher and this outlaw guttersnipe who had his stolen papers. Certainly, that was not to be borne!

Somewhat pale, and in a stupid torment, he walked through the anteroom to his private office. The papers were his, anyway—stolen from him. He sat down at a handsome desk, on a handsome rug, and got a telephone directory out of a drawer. A minute later he was saying over the wire: "Is Conley there—Peter Conley? Ask him to step to the phone, please."

When he hung up the receiver a disagreeable question presented itself—to wit, should he dismiss his stenographer so that she would not see the man who was coming to his office?

This question was disagreeable because it implied that what he was going to do needed to be hidden. Of course, in a way, it did need to be hidden; yet as against the dog Hahn it was right and necessary. The papers were his. What they involved came to his mind in the form of a picture of seven men in his uncle's office. One of the men was Tom Moorehouse—a good fellow too—quite pale and shaken, thinking of his wife and children and the scandal that impended. Five others were men of might in Tombury, captains of the host—with himself, so to speak, a young knight winning his spurs. They sat in a close group, speaking low and pointedly. Finally, although old Elias Dickson dubiously pawed his beard and mumbled something about older hands, it was left to him. Against that picture was the other one of the grimy Freeman establishment and Hahn, an impudent tramp who ought to be in jail. In a vague sort of way the first group embodied law and order and morality, with Hahn a mere outlaw.

What he proposed to do was necessary and right. All the same, he stepped to the anteroom with dignity and sent his stenographer on a long errand. So he was quite alone—sitting at the desk in his private office, with the door to the anteroom open—when Peter Conley stepped in from the hall.

He called out "Come in here, Pete," and when the visitor crossed the threshold to the private room he added, "You may as well shut that door after you. Take this chair."

The caller was lean and wiry, with spindle legs and the heavy shoulders of a prize fighter. He looked, physically and mentally, as tough as a piece of long-weathered oak. There was a scar at the corner of his eye and another on his chin—old scars; an old, scarred fighting dog. His beardless and bony face was sallow and his eyes were an unusually light gray.

He had been drawn to Tombury during the strike, being one of a score of mercenaries provided by a private detective agency in New York that specialized in strikes. When the strike leaders procured his arrest on a charge of assault with a deadly weapon his defense was intrusted to Henshaw. Because of its significance in the strike, the case was hard fought, so lawyer and client had a good many conversations. One phase of the case was not yet settled, and Conley remained in Tombury at the expense of the paper company. In one conversation with his lawyer, finding the young man interested in picaresque adventures, he had been very candid about his past. Therefore Henshaw, knowing with whom he had to deal, wasted no words.

"A big envelope with my return card on it was stolen out of my vault today, Pete; an envelope like this." He took one from his desk. "It's got some papers in it. You know where The Freeman office is—Hahn's paper—back of that cobbler shop on Water Street."

Conley nodded and said "Yeh" in a base rumble of a voice, surprising for its depth, since the speaker was a man of only medium size. There was not the slightest deference in his attitude toward Henshaw. To him the young lawyer was a bird who had the dough, but otherwise not worth distinguishing from any other bird.

"This envelope with the papers in it was turned over to Hahn," the lawyer went on. "Hahn proposes to print 'em. They were stolen from me, you understand practically blackmail. There's an old iron safe in Hahn's office. It must be years old—the kind that's got a landscape painted on the front door, with a robin as big as the tree it's sitting on—might have come out of the ark, I imagine. The envelope and my papers are in that safe. I'm sure of that."

He was looking squarely at his caller and speaking composedly, but there was a question in his mind. He'd offered Hahn two thousand dollars for the papers. That was too much to offer Peter, yet he didn't propose to be stingy about it.

"If you can get that envelope with the papers in it for me," he said, "I'll give you a thousand dollars. I've thought it over. That's all they're worth to me; but I'll pay that." It was just as well to let Peter know that he'd fixed the limit.

(Continued on Page 60)

TRIAL *and* ERROR

IT looked so easy—just to fly towards those great bright areas of sunshine. But every time he tried it, he met the barrier. Again and again he beat his wings against it. In vain he circled in front of it until in weariness he was forced to light on the ledge below. Here he strutted back and forth—always seeking a way out. Then, suddenly, he met a rush of cool, sharp air and a clearer brightness. At last . . . the open pane. Poised on the edge, he took wing. He was free!

The pigeon knew no better method than "trial and error." He could not return directly to the open sash, though he had entered through it only a few minutes before. In finding it, he had to fly at the great window haphazardly, wasting time and wearing down his strength. Luck won for him. But luck might have taken longer, or failed completely.

Many a business, too, has sought the way out through trial and error. Many products have been sent forth to blunder on a buyer. Sometimes, though rarely, the business has stumbled to success. Wastefully, tediously and uncertainly the products have been sold.

But the businesses which have achieved success most surely have not trusted the elemental method. Step by step their progress has been based on reason. They have utilized the experience of others who overcame their same difficulties before. Their products have been sold in the full light of merchandising knowledge. Realizing their goal, they have gone directly towards it. They have not waited for purchasers to happen on their products. By sensible, modern methods they have created markets. They have used advertising in their selling as well as science in their manufacturing.

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(Continued from Page 58)

Conley received the proposition with perfect composure, his light-gray eyes on the young man's face.

"Always a risk, bo," he rumbled. "Probably they're watchin' me. Mebbe they're watchin' that dump. They'd like to get me. I might not come back. Gimme two hundred and fifty down and I'll take a look at it."

That was reasonable, no doubt; but Henshaw replied, "I haven't got that much currency."

"A check's all right," Conley assured him calmly. "Make it to bearer."

Henshaw wrote the check. Conley examined it, folded it over, tucked it in his vest pocket and repeated, "I'll take a look at it."

Henshaw felt a confused sort of impulse to add something in the way of a human touch, as, "Of course I don't want you to take any reckless chance, Pete"; or, "You must look out for yourself, you know." But undoubtedly this tough client knew his business, and Henshaw merely said, "I'll be down about nine in the morning."

"Aw right," Conley rumbled, and arose. Henshaw watched him leave—with his odd, springy-kneed gait that was a sort of catlike shuffle—and when the hall door swung shut he grinned to himself triumphantly, with some such triumphant thought as "I'll show the dirty dog he can't do this to me! He's got a surprise coming to him!"

But, after all, the triumph didn't quite come off; it wasn't quite genuine. Peter Conley seemed mysteriously to overthrow it, for there was something kind of ominous about Conley -sort of a graveyard smell. It wasn't—well, it wasn't graceful for a young lawyer who thought highly of himself and his profession to be entering into burglarious compacts with such persons as Peter Conley. At first, wrathfully, he charged that up to Hahn and to Meagher. To such painful shifts had these dirty dogs driven a man like him!

But the red was fading out of his mind, giving place to gray. When you looked it in the face, he'd hired a thug to comm'. a crime. Looking it in the face that way had a wonderfully sobering and depressing effect. Abstractedly he leaned back in his chair, staring at the wall, and passed a hand over his sleek hair. Presently a melancholy little grin drew the corners of his mouth. Certainly, there was irony for you! In an absent-minded way, the little grin faintly lurking, he opened a drawer in the desk and took out a sheaf of neatly typewritten sheets.

They comprised the manuscript of an address which he was going to deliver to a high-school society for political research and debate. He thought so well of the address that he had been minded to see whether the Tribune wouldn't like to print it in the Sunday edition after it was delivered. There was the nicely typed title page—Loyalty to Law: An Address Delivered by Robert Henshaw Before the Franklin Society at East High School. Abstractedly Henshaw turned the sheets, glancing at a sentence here and there.

He perceived now that it was the usual thing—just what you'd expect a lawyer to say to an audience of high-school boys and girls; loyalty to law; obedience to law the corner stone of civilization; on one side there was the orderly reign of law, on the other side there was only force and fraud and war. The World War was brought in quite eloquently. In a deep musing, Henshaw fairly saw the audience—all those eager, upturned young faces. God bless 'em; they were still innocent and trusting: you could pour the bunk down their throats. And yet he had written this essay in a state of fervent conviction, believing every word of it as he wrote.

That was the trouble. Almost everybody believed in it theoretically; almost everybody assented to it as a general proposition, with a solemn wag of the head and without conscious hypocrisy. Only when a concrete case came up where law stood in the way of your interest or prejudice or passion, how lightly you overrode it! Some concrete cases recurred to him. A year before he had been immensely gratified at being called into a very big case under the leadership of a distinguished New York lawyer. He was brought in, of course, in a very humble position; but the association flattered him. An emergency arose in which the great lawyer wanted, immediately, a document that was part of the record of the county court at Tombury. The green and startled young practitioner from that city objected: "But it can't be taken out of the court record that way; the law forbids it." The great lawyer -naturally irritated by such obtuseness -snapped back, "I didn't get you down here to instruct me on the law of your state or any other state. My clients think I know the law almost as well as you do. I don't want a law lecture. I want that paper. Go get it!"

To be sure, it was no tremendous matter. Some wheedling and managing at Tombury procured the paper, which was duly returned after the great lawyer was done with it. But the incident recurred to Henshaw now. Law? Pooh! Get the paper; we've no time now to waste on legal etiquette! Brushing the law aside like that. Who wasn't brushing it aside in a pinch? How many bootlegging stories did he hear from his friends in the course of a week? Tax dodging, lynching and whipping -to say nothing of the crack-crack of the robber's automatic pistol over the land. He muttered down to the typewritten sheets, in confidence, "We Americans don't give a damn for law!"

In decency he ought to tear up these sheets and refuse to deliver an address on loyalty to law before eager, upturned young faces. But it was expected of him. On the other hand it was not yet too late; he could find Conley and call him off. But that idea gripped his heart. This was such an infamous affair—miserable, drunken Meagher stealing that envelope out of his vault. It would ruin Moorehouse and break his wife's heart. It had been left with him in trust, on honor. What a double-damned ass he'd look if he spilled it this way! And then Hahn, grinning at him; a dirty dog in a dirty shirt, and really an outlaw, anyhow —— No, this case was too exceptional. He was getting his head full of cobwebs mooning over it this way. He'd best skip out to the country club and have a game of tennis before dinner to tone himself up.

II

AT ONE o'clock in the morning Federal Street curved still and empty under electric light. Just at that hour one who stood by the concrete bridge looking upward would have seen no sign of life and heard no sound of it. There was an electric street lamp at the farther end of the bridge, and another a good distance farther on toward the long, many-windowed brick buildings of the paper company. But between those illuminated areas Water Street was dark, the shabby buildings making denser shadows. In the wood yard one could scarcely have been sure, two rods away, whether that was an upright figure moving cautiously or only a trick of the eye as it strove to pierce the void. But from another point of view something in motion might have been made out against the dingy gray rear wall of the printing shop. It stopped beneath a black window and lifted two arms.

In any case, this rattletrap building could have offered little resistance to a housebreaker; but the rear window was not even locked; the sash slid up. The trespasser hooked his forearms over the sill and drew himself up, wriggling, until he got a knee on the sill and a hand on the inner side of the casing. Crawling in was easy then. He had one foot on the floor, half sitting on the sill as he brought down the other foot. But somebody had left a piece of metal, used for tightening the forms, at the edge of the sill. His foot knocked it off and it fell to the floor with an infernal clatter.

The intruder crouched under the window, all eyes and ears, waiting. But no one would be near at this time; outside and inside all was still and dark. The man stood up and stole forward, moving his feet only a few inches at a time in a cautious shuffling along the littered floor. A hand in front of him wove softly back and forth like a tentacle. There were no shades to the windows; he did not wish to show a light until it was necessary. So, creeping and feeling, a hand waving in front, he made his way along the wall until he touched one of the green-baize screens and slipped by it. His fingers came in contact with metal; this was the old safe.

Stooping, he crept around it and found the knob of the combination lock, then knelt down. Only then did he show a light, producing a pocket torch and snapping it on. The light made a bright circle around the combination lock, but reflected rays dimly revealed the kneeling figure. A big gray cap, pulled down to the nape of the neck and to the eyebrows, concealed even

(Continued on Page 62)

TO KEEP THE VOICE PATH SMOOTH. Pure silk covers the cords and wires of your telephone. As sound turns to the Central Office, silk helps to keep open the path of your voice currents. Of all textile fibres silk combines strength, flexibility and unsurpassed electrical resistance.

YOUR TELEPHONE IN THE MAKING. Silkworms spinning their cocoons. These little creatures, after feasting on the mulberry leaves, are placed on racks or trays. Every year 400,000,000 of them work for Western Electric.

Silk
*—in your telephone**

For insulating certain telephone parts, silk is the only material that meets Western Electric standards of manufacture. No imitation silk either, but the genuine life-work of those spinners which fatten on the mulberry leaves in China or Japan.

That these industrious creatures have done their work well must be proved to the searching eyes which buy for Western Electric all over the world.

And in our laboratories and shops in America, silk and the eighteen other materials which make your telephone have stood many a hard test before they could qualify for your service.

Western Electric

Since 1869 makers of electrical equipment

CHICAGO FINISHES WHAT THE ORIENT BEGAN. Forming telephone cords at the Western Electric Works. Twenty-four spools of silk are used to cover the cord leading from the base of your telephone.

SPINNING ABOVE THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING. Many a cocoon, when unwound, yields a fibre more than fourteen miles long as the Woolworth Building is high.

1
Speaking of comfort, consider a collar that refuses to roll, that won't gap and is made to fit. That's the Hanes Tailored Collarette.
2
You can never be "underwear-bound" with Hanes Elastic Shoulders. They fit and give with every movement, because they're made with a service-doubling lap seam.
3
Here is a closed crotch that really stays closed. It is specially stitched and cut so that it always stays in position.
4
There's a lot of comfort in a cuff that fits firmly, that is made better and stronger, that won't rip from the sleeve. The Hanes Elastic Cuff is guaranteed to be just that sort.
5
What looks or feels worse than underwear that bunches at the shoe tops? The Hanes Elastic Ankle never loses its shape even after repeated washings—it always clings close.
TRADE MARK
HANES
ELASTIC KNIT
UNDERWEAR

For downright value HANES can't be touched

YOU'LL pat yourself on the back when you first pull Hanes on. When you feel that fleecy cotton snuggle up to your skin, that generous warmth and that perfect tailored fit you'll say that there never was an underwear bargain that could compare with Hanes.

And you'll keep on congratulating yourself every time Hanes comes back from the tub. Wash after wash has no effect on Hanes. The flat, non-irritating seams never rip. The buttonholes keep their shape. The buttons are sewed on to stay.

Read the five points above that have made Hanes famous.

Every stitch, every seam, every thread and button of a Hanes suit is absolutely guaranteed.

You'll get the surprise of your life when you price Hanes. Here is underwear value that can't be beaten.

Go to your dealer's. Look over a suit of Hanes. Buy one and wear it. Right there is where you will swear off expensive underwear and swear on Hanes.

You can get shirts and drawers as well as union suits in light, medium and heavy weights. If your dealer can't supply you let us know, and we will see to it that you get what you want.

Hanes comfort and wear for boys

They are the same hard wearing quality, the same comfort, warmth and perfect fit that go into men's. Two weights—medium and heavy. Sizes 2 to 16 years (sizes 20 to 34). 2 to 4 year sizes with drop seat. Made also in knee-length and short sleeves.

HANES GUARANTEE: We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

P. H. HANES KNITTING COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Next summer wear Hanes full cut athletic Union Suits!

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the ears. A black cloth mask, evidently cut out by hand, covered the whole face.

The lock gave little trouble. Soon the thick door swung open. At a glance the interior of the safe looked unpromising enough. There was a bookrack, but it held only a dog-eared little ledger and a wad of printed sheets that proved to be The Freeman's meager subscription list. A corncob pipe and an empty tobacco can lay, ironically, on the shelf above the bookrack. But at the side were four small drawers, one above another. Three of them were quickly searched, but the fourth was locked.

The drawers were only flimsy affairs, of thin wood, the front varnished and decorated with a scroll. After many years the wood had shrunk a little, so that a thin crack appeared along the top of the locked drawer. One could have knocked it in with a blow of the fist, but that would have made a noise. The robber snapped off his light, arose and felt his way back along the wall for a space; then turned the light on again and swiftly swept its rays about. Here was what he wanted—a column rule; that is, a strip of metal like a narrow lath. The man possessed himself of it and returned to the safe.

Inserting the end of the column rule in the crack left by the shrinking of the wood, he pried the drawer open; but it came, finally, with an explosive snap, like a tiny firecracker. The robber snapped off his light and waited a moment, but there was really no need of so much caution. Light on, he pulled the drawer out and examined its contents—some letters, some loose papers, some papers in envelopes. He fingered them over eagerly.

There was a sound at the door—an ominous sound. The man had no time to turn off his torch, but thrust it under his coat, crouched on his heels, breathless. The door was swinging open and something vaguely white stood there. The man could not exactly see it or hear it, but his nerves were aware of fumbling fingers at the doorcasing. Then the fingers found the switch and the whole room sprang into light—intolerable light that seemed to expose one to the whole world.

P. Maglione stood in the doorway in his nightgown, barefooted. The white shroud-like garment swelled over his paunch. That he was lame, one leg shorter than the other, could be seen. His jaw was set threateningly under the grizzled, drooping mustache, and his forehead gathered in a scowl; his very baldness seemed to scowl. His right hand held a nickel-plated revolver. Leveling it at the crouched figure in a black mask, he limped boldly forward past the editorial desk and commanded, "T'row up de han!"

There was something maddening in this sudden flood of light and in this white apparition. The masked man drew the torch from beneath his coat, not with an action of surrender but as though he meant to hurl it. Along with that hostile motion Maglione saw a glint of metal and pulled the trigger.

But this weapon had lain for half a dozen years, untouched and gathering rust, in a bureau drawer upstairs. The cartridge failed to explode; a futile click announced it. Before Maglione, unsettled by the failure, could draw back the hammer, the masked man dropped the torch, seized the column rule, leaped and struck with all his might. Maglione went down. Above, on the stairway, a woman's shrieks awoke the night. The robber fled to the rear window and climbed out.

III

ROBERT HENSHAW still lived with his mother in the big, rambling white frame house on the hill at Capstone, two miles out of Tombury, and drove his own smart coupé back and forth to the office. This morning he started earlier than usual, for before going to the office he meant to call on his uncle at the paper mills. Therefore he came into Federal Street just above the bridge, crossing the river and following dilapidated Water Street toward the mills.

But something had evidently happened here. A crowd of women and children—even a few men—overflowed the sidewalk at the corner of P. Maglione's shoe shop. This was no ordinary happening, either, for these dark, alien faces of women and children were stamped with a shock and horror. That woman was weeping and wringing her hands; her neighbor, also in tears, was consoling her. A policeman stood on guard down the side of the building, between the corner and the door that faced the wood yard; evidently he was forbidding access to that door. He wore a grave air.

In a great recoil Henshaw stopped his car at the curb, leaned out and called, "What is it?"

An Italian girl, with dilated eyes, explained:

"Mr. Maglione is killed. A robber broke in the newspaper office to rob the safe. Mr. Maglione and his wife live upstairs. Mr. Maglione heard a noise and went down, but his revolver didn't go off. The robber hit him on the head with an iron and killed him." The girl's lip trembled. "He was a good, kind man."

Henshaw sat still for a moment because he could not well move, then climbed heavily out of the car, as though his limbs had turned to wood, and walked over to the policeman—a young probationary officer whom Henshaw did not know, but who evidently knew the lawyer. He confirmed the girl's report. Maglione had been killed by a blow over the head with a column rule.

The safe had been robbed; no drill or explosive had been used; it had been opened by manipulating the combination lock. The murderer had not been caught, so far as the young policeman knew. Confidentially, as to one entitled to know the facts, he explained:

"The fingerprints'll tell. He handled some papers in the safe—left plain fingerprints on 'em. They've got a fingerprint expert to work now." With an assured nod he added, "They'll tell the story."

Yes, no doubt they would tell the story. So Henshaw reflected as he returned absently to his car. One other fact loomed in his mind: Peter Conley, in one of his confidential reminiscences, had explained to his lawyer that with some safes—especially if it was an old, cheap safe—you didn't need a drill or nitroglycerin; you could open it, if you knew the trick, by working the lock and listening to the tumblers. This safe had been opened so.

Henshaw no longer cared to see his uncle at the paper mill. He didn't care to see anybody. From an old persistent instinct, he wanted to get away, out of sight, where he could try to think. He turned his car, therefore, and drove up sunny Federal Street to where Hull Street intersected it. Here were the best four corners in town, and the new white-marble structure of the savings bank occupied the best corner of the four. A sort of frightful irony in that. The clock in a classic bronze wreath over the bank door showed ten minutes to nine—early.

Charley, the negro elevator boy, greeted Mr. Robert Henshaw with customary white-toothed deference. Stepping out of the cage on the third floor, Henshaw saw that a policeman was sitting on the window sill at the end of the corridor near his closed office door. The policeman's name was Kelly—a sergeant—long familiarly known to Henshaw as Jim. But he didn't look like Jim this morning. There was the same stocky figure, the same round and sandy face with shrewd blue eyes. Yet it was not like Jim, but like something fateful and destructive.

From the Italian girl's first words a sword had gone through Henshaw's vitals. It was not that Conley had his check for two hundred and fifty dollars, nor even that in the eyes of the law he was an accessory to murder; it was that this good, lame old shoemaker's blood was on his hands. A man couldn't do such a thing and not pay, and that was what the policeman, sitting on the window sill, seemed to affirm.

"Morning, Jim. Waiting for me?" Henshaw heard himself saying; and the casual tone sounded overdone.

He took a bunch of keys from his pocket, unlocked the door and swung it open with a smile that invited Jim to enter. But the smile flattened out. A large white envelope, evidently full of papers, with his return card printed in the corner, lay on the anteroom floor. There was a metal-bound slit for mail in the door; clearly somebody had thrust this envelope through the slit.

Henshaw was aware that Jim had paused, looking down at the envelope. With a painful goneness in the stomach he stooped, picked it up and thrust it into his coat pocket, but the broad white end of it stuck up several inches—not to be hidden.

It was a flat, bodyless sort of voice that said to the policeman "Walk in," with a nod toward the inner room. In there, Sergeant Kelly took off his cap and gravely seated himself beside the handsome desk.

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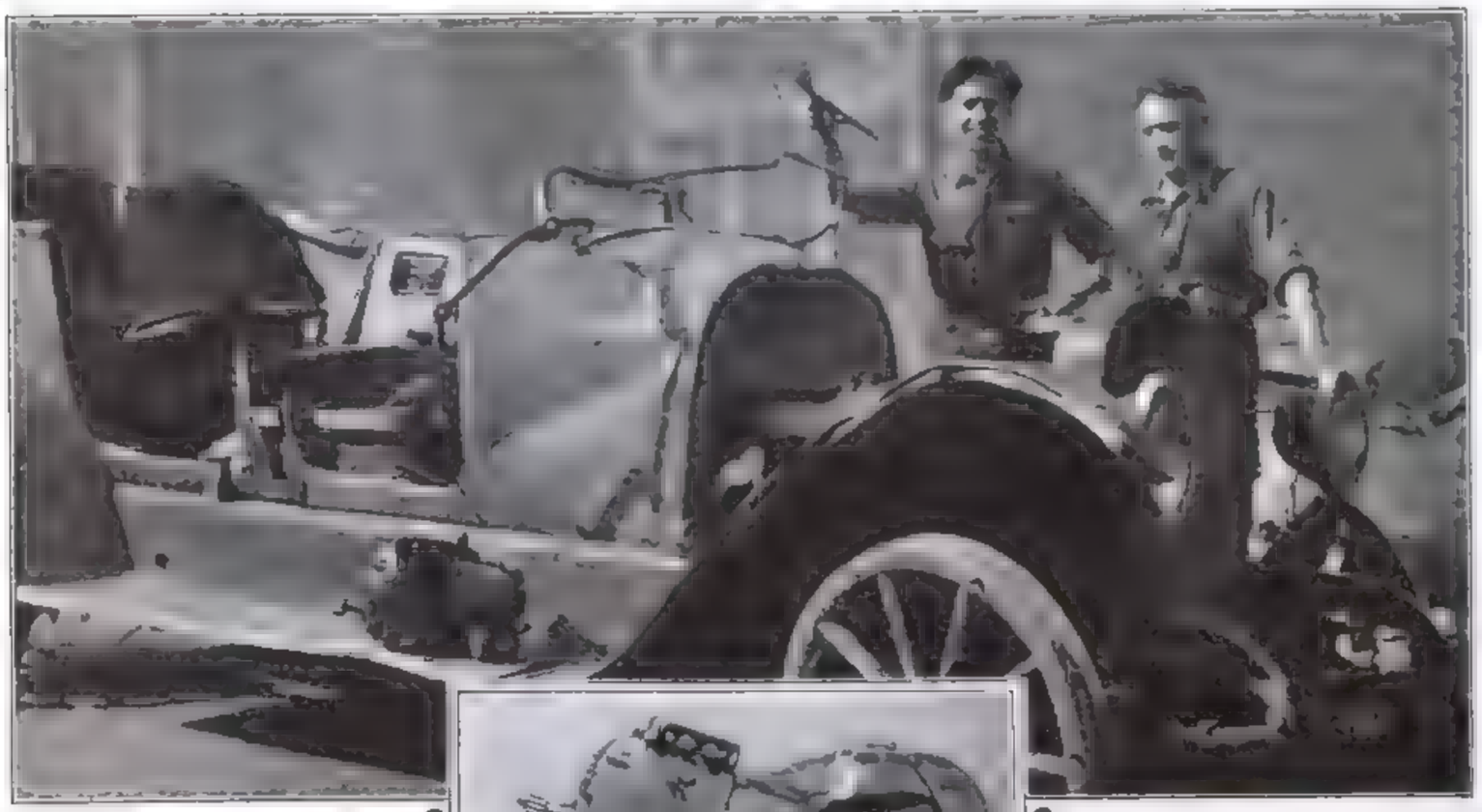


Photograph of car after it was pulled out of the water and below photograph of the Delco Equipment just after it was taken from the wreck

Submerged for six months in fifteen feet of water at the bottom of a quarry

THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES CO.
DAYTON, OHIO

GENTLEMEN:

We are writing you relative to the dependability of Delco equipment as brought to our notice recently.

In November 1922, a Hudson 6-40 car disappeared from Rutland, Vermont and was supposed to have been stolen. In May of this year, this car was found in an abandoned quarry two miles south of this place in about fifteen feet of water. The water was being pumped out and the car was found at this level. The job of removing the car was given to us by the insurance company and we afterwards purchased it. The top and upholstery had rotted and we took the chassis and motor down for parts. We took the Delco starter and generator off completely and, after drying out the water in this equipment, connected a storage battery to the terminals and found that the armature responded immediately.

As a matter of curiosity we installed this starter and generator in another Hudson car and found that it worked absolutely perfect in every way.

Very truly yours,

H. B. TOWNSEND,
WALLINGFORD, VT.

August 24, 1923

Delco

STARTING, LIGHTING AND IGNITION

Drink it through a STRAW

"When callers call"

Serving Stone's Straws with refreshing cold drinks is not only the "proper thing" but adds a touch of original daintiness that holiday visitors are compelled to admire. Whatever delicious cold drink you serve—remember, the "best drink tastes better through a straw."

When tiny tots put aside their Xmas toys and ask for milk, put a couple of Stone's straws in each brimming glass or bottle. Their use prevents gulping and aids digestion.

Always use Stone's Straws when serving cold drinks at home. They safeguard the health and protect the clothing. Get a handy box at the druggist's. Keep them on the pantry shelf. Price 10c.

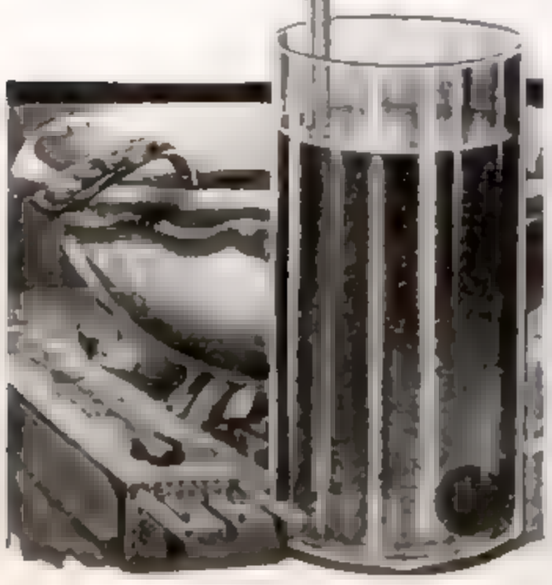
Always ask for a straw or two at the soda fountain

The Stone Straw Co

EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS

GENERAL OFFICES WASHINGTON D C

WASHINGTON D PARKERSBURG



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regarding the young lawyer with round, serious eyes.

"Maglione, the shoemaker, was killed last night—down on Water Street," he said.

Then Henshaw did the most unaccountable thing—that is, he smiled stupidly and replied, "Yes, so I heard. I was going down to the paper mills. Maglione was a good man." He felt that he was doing it idiotically.

Very sober and businesslike this morning, Jim continued, "Of course, we questioned Hahn. He says you was down there yesterday afternoon looking for some papers—in a white envelope, with your return card on it."

So they had it pat! From the moment of seeing the policeman on the window sill Henshaw had felt they had something; but he had scarcely expected it to be so conclusive as this.

"Yes, I was down there," he admitted, wishing to add "Jim"; but his tongue would not pronounce the familiar monosyllable.

Jim turned his cap in strong, stubby fingers, somewhat embarrassed.

"He says you offered him two thousand dollars for it"

"That's true," Henshaw admitted stupidly.

Jim rasped his chin with a stubby finger, his round blue eyes boring at the young man, then shut his lips, for this was business.

"Of course, Mr. Henshaw, we'd naturally be keepin' an eye more or less on a bird like Pete Conley—now that the strike's over. He come up here yesterday afternoon."

So they had that, also, and suspected that he had hired Conley to recover the papers. The trap snapped shut. But a lie came out easily, smoothly, of itself

"He was up here to see me about his case. I'm defending him, you know."

Jim heard that soberly, and in the pause crossed his legs the other way, being, in fact, quite ill at ease and unhappy. But this was business.

"That big white envelope with your return card on it, now—maybe that would be the same one you just picked up from the floor."

A lie had come readily the moment before, but there seemed to be no more lies in stock. Helplessly Henshaw answered, "Yes, probably it's the same one." And then, in a sort of wild clutch at a straw, he thought, "Why did I say that?" It was said however.

It apparently sounded rather conclusive to Jim, for he looked graver than ever, and observed, with an ominous sort of casualness, "It would look like somebody'd dropped it through the door."

"It would look so," Henshaw repeated.

Jim recrossed his legs again; but this was business. Fairly with an air of saying, "Well, let's get the hanging over with," he suggested, "Maybe the elevator man saw somebody—brought somebody up here. Suppose we go ask him."

And Henshaw could only reply, in a fatuous sort of way, "Why, yes; we might do that."

It was a hanging, Henshaw felt. If it had been an ordinary hanging he could have faced it with some sort of fortitude. But what arose from the chair was only a witless rag—a dazed sheep going to slaughter. In some corner of his mind he was troubled because he couldn't think of anything to say to Jim as he walked down the corridor with him and rang the bell for the elevator.

The cage came up. Charley, showing his teeth in that silly way of his, opened the door for them. Henshaw, or an automaton in his clothes, got the big white envelope out of his pocket and spoke.

"Charley, somebody dropped this envelope through my office door. Did you see anybody—did you take anybody up?"

Then Charley, overflowing with geniality, "Yes, sir, Mr. Henshaw; I saw it; I noticed it in his hand. Wasn't anybody waitin' for the car, downstairs, so I waited up here. He went down there and put it through the door. Then he came back and I took him down. I saw him all the while. It was Mr. Meagher."

"Meagher!" Henshaw repeated.

"Yes, sir; it was Mr. Meagher," Charley affirmed. "I noticed him when he come in half hour ago." Charley noticed a great many things, and now gave them a knowing, confidential titter. "He was lookin' pretty rocky, kinda green and sick round the gills. Guess he been hittin' it up yesterday. He didn't say nothin' to me; but he had that envelope in his hand. He went down and put it through your door." He tittered again, for Meagher's failing was notorious. "Lookin' rocky, I'd say."

Henshaw was beaming upon him, for a clear light had broken in his mind.

"Thank you, Charley," he said, and in turning away tucked his hand under the policeman's arm in a familiar fashion.

"Why, I see it all now, Jim, plain as a pikestaff!" he declared, striding toward his office, happy as a man reprieved. "You see, Meagher didn't show up yesterday morning, and when he came in after lunch—just as I was going out—he was stewed. I'd overlooked it twice before; but it disgusted me. I told him to clear out, and if he ever came here again I'd chuck him through the window. I went out then and left him here. And, you see, Jim, he took this envelope out of my vault and telephoned me that he'd turned it over to Hahn to print."

They were at the office door then, and Henshaw led the way in, closing the door to the anteroom behind them when they entered the private room. Seating himself at the desk, he continued, beaming:

"It made me red-headed—plumb crazy mad." With a thoughtful smile that was mostly for himself, he struck a hand across his hair. "Odd—when you look back at it afterwards—what fool things you'll do when you're mad. I piked straight to Hahn to get the papers back." He considered a moment, nodding as his conversation with the editor came back to him. "Hahn didn't know a thing about it; I'd bet a leg on that. But I blurted it out, as a mad fool will, and he caught onto what these papers meant. And he strung me along. Maybe he hoped Meagher would show up and give him the papers. Maybe he just wanted to grill me when he had the chance. He strung me along. You see, Meagher was drunk when he was here; drunk when he took the papers; drunk when he telephoned me. Whether he had some muzzy idea of giving them to Hahn or just wanted to grill me—get even with me—I don't know. But he never did turn 'em over to Hahn. And this morning, when he was sober, he brought 'em back and chucked 'em through my door. Why, it's plain as a pikestaff now!"

But it seemed not to have cleared up for Sergeant Kelly, who was regarding the young man very soberly still.

"Why, of course, Jim, it's absurd to suppose Meagher did that last night!" Henshaw protested. "He was drunk and asleep last night; I'll bet a leg on it. You see, he never had turned the papers over to Hahn. It's absurd to suppose Meagher did it."

"No, I don't believe Meagher did it," the policeman replied thoughtfully. "But somebody did it, you know. The safe was opened and Maglione was murdered. Somebody did it."

In his great relief at discovering that Meagher—not Conley—had dropped the envelope through his door, Henshaw had rather overlooked that aspect of the matter. Certainly somebody had done it. His buoyancy vanished.

"It's true—somebody did," he muttered.

"Hahn says that nobody but you and himself knew about your offering him two thousand dollars for the papers."

"Well, that's true," Henshaw admitted. "We were alone. Nobody else knew about it." But that was not true, exactly. Peter Conley knew that he very much wanted an envelope which was supposed to be in Hahn's safe.

"Mrs. Maglione saw the man climbing out of the window," Jim observed. "Naturally she'd notice the shoes. He had on a pair of dirty white-canvas shoes. Meagher's always very neat and spruce in his dress even when he's drunk."

A pair of dirty white-canvas shoes? What was there about a dirty canvas shoe? In an instant Henshaw got it and exclaimed, "Oh, shoes! Oh, Jim, it was that Italian then—that Italian in Hahn's office! I remember now. He listened behind the screen. He heard me offer Hahn the money. I saw a dirty canvas shoe behind the screen."

"Bruno's his name," Jim observed judicially. "He has got a pair of dirty white-canvas shoes. He claims an alibi—and Hahn, you see, says he didn't know there was anything valuable in the safe, so there wouldn't be any motive. But if he did know, that would be different. They're working on his finger prints. They'll tell finally."

"It was the Italian," said Henshaw with conviction. "He'd learned the combination somehow. The finger prints will show it. He intended to get the papers and hold me up."

He felt so sure of it that an instant later he thought, "Conley went around afterwards and found the place in commotion. Or, more likely, he just pocketed my two hundred and fifty dollars and went to bed."

When he left the office abruptly the afternoon before he had not bothered to replace his essay in the drawer, but let it lie on his desk, under a fine bronze paper weight. Later on this forenoon, after the finger prints had told, he was contemplating those neatly typed pages and meditating:

"The lightning didn't strike me that time; but it should have; I deserved it. That's the way with us—cheerfully taking the chances that lightning won't strike this time. Law on one side, force on the other; we all say it, but we don't really believe it or we wouldn't act as we do—cheerfully taking the chances that lightning won't strike this time." He absently turned the sheets, those eager young faces vaguely in mind, and a startling idea occurred to him.

"If I told them exactly what's happened to me would that get it under their hides?"

"Did You Get Mama's Invitation to My Party?"
"Yes, I Did! 'n I Wants to Know What 'R. S. V. P.' Means?"

Eveready Spotlight with the 916 ft. Range
EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS
For that last minute Christmas Gift—an
Eveready Flashlight
The ideal gift for your family, and friends. Avoid shopping crowds by getting Eveready Flashlights at your neighborhood electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods or general stores. 65 cents to $4.50 complete with batteries.

The gentle rite of choosing candy well

To those who would observe it today
Romance Chocolates carry a new appeal

ROMANCE SELECTIONS—$1.00

A selection from the fifteen most popular Romance packages. A wide assortment of pieces—crunchy nuts, full flavored fruits in the most delicious coat...

THE TIFFANY PACKAGE—$1.25

An assortment of specialties in a package that is new and striking

ASSORTED NUTS—$1.50

Just what the name implies—... almonds, walnuts, filberts, br... with a blend of chocolate which gives them a rare, distinctive goodness

THE HOSTESS PACKAGE—$1.50

The choicest chocolate covered fruits and nuts—... fruit candials, glace nuts and specialties. Send for a box today. An ideal gift for any occasion

GOOD taste, discrimination, and that happy faculty of always knowing what's being done—all these lie back of a successful gift.

Today there's a new vogue in candy, yet it's *not* reserved for the fortunate few who don't have to think about costs.

True it is that at first Romance Chocolates were confined to certain discriminating groups in a few of the larger cities. But for the past five years they've been more widely distributed, and today they're known from coast to coast as the favorite choice of people who want their gifts to be right.

Each piece in every box a triumph! New and more pleasing recipes—a surprisingly wide assortment of nut and fruit centers—and rich coverings of thick chocolate blended to a fine, rare flavor!

And yet—they're not priced too high. Wherever you live in the United States there should be a confectioner or druggist near you who has them. If yours can't supply you, send us his name, together with the money, and we'll mail you a box—postpaid. Cox Confectionery Co., East Boston, Massachusetts.

ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

DISENTANGLING ALLIANCES

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with almost violent hunger. The assault on the refreshment table was anything but formal.

"You might observe," said Billy's chief confidentially, "that diplomats are just as wholesomely hungry as simpler folk perhaps even more so. I shouldn't be surprised if the majority of them economized this evening by not having dinner—and are making their evening meal here."

Even the demands of hungry diplomats didn't shift Billy's thoughts. His eyes roved about until he found her: and he felt a momentary satisfaction in the fact that she was not among those who were attacking the table. That would have surely robbed her of her distinction. But of course he shouldn't have been worried: she was as aloof about food as everything else; and at the moment he discovered her, she was sitting at one side of the room, quite far from the crowd, sipping an orangeade which the minister for foreign affairs himself had fetched her. The tapestry behind her, the high-backed gilt chair, the trailing folds of her brocaded train, her tiara of diamonds and emeralds—and, of course, her long white arms—made a picture that thrilled Billy to the marrow. Could it be possible that he had talked to her so casually, so informally, so almost intimately? He even went so far, looking at her from across the room, as to wonder if he hadn't dreamed the whole episode.

"Would you like to meet her now?" Billy's chief asked with a lenient smile. "You haven't taken your eyes off her since you entered this room."

And so they crossed the room, Billy's thoughts racing ahead as to how she would receive him, what she would say, what he would say; all somewhat unnecessary on his part, for as the minister greeted her and presented him he experienced the somewhat confusing sensation of being glanced at indifferently, nodded to as though he were not really there and then abruptly forgotten, completely forgotten, as the lady's glance returned to his chief and she began a conversation which left him quite out of it.

Altogether it was the wettest, most soaking blanket he had ever had thrown over him. His enthusiasm, his excitement, his thrills of the past hour—no, even of the past weeks—disappeared in a flash. Left standing there awkwardly, listening to a conversation in which he was not expected, even permitted, to take part, created a feeling of very bitter disillusionment. Had he made a mistake? Was it possible she was not the one? A sidelong glance reassured him. Those long slim arms couldn't possibly belong to anyone else!

Finally the minister bowed and left Billy alone with her; but his chagrin was so great by this time, his discomfiture, disappointment, sensitiveness—call it what you will was so intense that he hadn't actually the heart to try to make conversation. And while he stood there, not knowing exactly how to take his leave, she went on sipping her orangeade as though she were entirely alone.

"Would you be good enough to put that somewhere?"

Billy started and took the empty glass and avoided meeting her eyes. He hated that cold impersonal glance he knew so well would be given him.

"Are you here long?" came her question, as indifferently put as her glance.

"About six weeks."

"Don't you find it appallingly dull?"

"I still find it—wonderful," he said, with a slight stress on the last word.

It seemed to Billy a whole hour later that she said, very softly, almost a whisper, and still with averted face: "Someone told you."

"No one had to."

"How did you know?"

Billy's heart was beating hard at that moment. "I think," he hesitated and then blurted out, "by your lovely arms."

Still she did not look at him; and again it seemed that an hour passed before she spoke.

"Did you tell anyone?"

"What?"

"That you had met me at a masked ball."

"Of course not!"

"Not even your chief?"

"He the last one in the world I'd tell."

He thought he caught a sigh of relief "I'm glad you didn't. He, of all people here, would have misinterpreted it. It was not exactly the place for a minister's wife to go."

Not once during this conversation had she looked at him. To anyone observing them from across the room they would have given the impression of carrying on a most perfunctory conversation. Then, swiftly, she looked up and met Billy's eyes It was a mere fleeting glance, and even before he had quite seen it it was gone and the utterly weary expression was once more settling over her face.

"There is my husband coming for me." She held out her hand with a regal gesture; and of course Billy bowed low over it and touched it with his lips; and while he was bowing, heard, in a voice that actually sounded a bit eager, at least it was not at all weary and bored: "I shall be at home tomorrow from four to five—quite alone." Then, more bored than ever, and to Count de Barodovitch, who had reached her side: "You know Monsieur Welbourne—American legation. I am quite ready to go." And to Billy, an indifferent impersonal "Au revoir."

Of course Billy passed another sleepless night. He was so utterly bewildered. Altogether she was something entirely new in his young life. Of course he had known lots of girls—hundreds of them—but not one of them, try as hard as he might to find points of resemblance, in any way suggested her. They had all been easy to understand; but she, not a bit of it. Naturally, because she was a minister's wife and a countess! That made all the difference in the world. He puzzled and puzzled over the way she had received him. He lived again through those mortifying moments when she barely acknowledged the introduction; when she had talked so animatedly to his chief and apparently forgotten that he was living; when left alone with him, she maintained that cold manner with only one flashing look and the whispered words about being at home tomorrow—quite alone. The only thing he felt he really had understood was her expression when she saw her husband coming towards her. What an awful-looking person to have to go home with, he thought. And years older than she! Here his thoughts took another tack. He began wondering how old she could be. Surely not a day over thirty; and her husband was undoubtedly way over fifty—at that time a senile age, according to Billy's way of thinking.

He was disturbed, excited, even irritable all during the next morning. He counted the hours, then the minutes, waiting for that eventful four o'clock to approach; and though he tried hard to curb his impatience, was actually standing before her legation a few minutes in advance of the hour set. He had to walk round the block twice before the hour struck and he could go up to the imposing door and ring the bell.

An important-looking footman in livery, knee breeches and powdered wig let him in, said her excellency would receive him at once and showed him through a reception room, a large drawing room, and finally into a small boudoir where a grate fire, some comfortable chairs covered with old-rose damask, several vases of white roses, delightful old prints and a gilded harp crowded the small space and made it intimately cozy. Two rose-shaded lamps and the glow from the fire lighted the room—a soothing, restful sort of place filled with a deliciously sweet perfume.

She came in very softly, dressed in a tea gown that flowed about her gracefully and rippled into thousands of little folds of mauve chiffon. The bits of fur that showed at her shoulders where the sleeves parted, thus displaying her bare arms, were just the right color to accentuate her very white skin. She met him quite differently from the night before, her hand rested in his without any special pressure but with a gentleness and confidence that showed no resistance, and her eyes met his with a long searching glance that made him wonder if she were not reading him straight through. Then she turned away, sank into a chair, rang for the footman and ordered tea.

Billy had never seen anyone make tea as she did. She made a function of it—a sort of religious rite. Each detail was carried out to perfection. The table the two footmen brought in was a gorgeous affair in itself. On a large silver tray was an amazing

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Walter P. Chrysler*
Motor Car Manufacturer

In the September issue of "Motor" magazine, W. A. P. John, writing of Walter P. Chrysler, said:

"Big game stays in the deep forest; and of the millions who have ridden in cars that Chrysler has built, not one-tenth of one per cent has ever heard his name in passing.

"But there are captains of finance back East who will risk their millions if he says a certain thing can be done and agrees to do it himself.

"Men whose known ability entitles them to speak with authority, have repeatedly told me that there is not the slightest doubt that Chrysler ranks as the most capable builder of automobiles in the world; and that his knowledge of shop practice down to its most intricate and fundamental detail, is not to be equalled by any other individual in the industry."

A most interesting announcement of the immediate future plans of Mr. Chrysler and his associates will be published in next week's issue of The Saturday Evening Post.

* *Pronounced as though spelled, Cry-sler*

Walter P. Chrysler, Motor Car Manufacturer
See Preceding Page

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array of tea things, a superb service of old chiseled silver—kettles and pots and a crystal vase of tulips. Beside this was rolled up another table, on which were served several pots of jam, a rack filled with slices of bread and a large platter of delicious-looking little cakes covered with chocolate—and Billy dearly loved chocolate cake. His thoughts wandered off to those marvelous chocolate cakes at home. While he looked longingly at these little ones he wondered if they could possibly be as good as those his mother made—the kind she sent him every week when he was at college.

She held out a box of matches incased in a silver holder and asked him to light the kettle for her; and as he reached for the matches his fingers touched her cool soft ones; and when he leaned over to light the lamp his head barely touched her dazzling reddish hair. It was a wonderful moment for him; and there was something so quiet and subtly intimate about it all. There he was, in this charming little room, so softly lighted, so sweet smelling alone with the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Could diplomacy ever bring him a more beautiful experience than this!

Another nice thing about her was that she did not bother about talking while she rinsed the teapot with scalding water, peered into the kettle to see that the water was boiling and carefully measured tea from the canister. It made him feel so much more at home—as if he could sit there always in perfect communion with her, a communion in which words were not necessary.

Once she stopped to push a box of cigarettes towards him and said, "Do smoke. And don't let's bother about talking yet. We have a whole hour before us. Why hurry over anything?"

Well—Billy smoked and watched her select slices of bread, stick them on a long silver fork and hold them to the fire to toast. When this was finished she poured him a cup of tea—holding up the sugar tongs and asking him silently how many lumps he liked and then arranged a plate with the toast and jam and several of the tiny chocolate cakes. Everything was even better than it looked. The toast and jam were beyond his expectations; the only difficulty was that the cakes were so small that six disappeared with embarrassing rapidity. After she had seen that he was perfectly supplied, she drank a cup of clear tea, not even deigning to taste the toast, sank back comfortably in her chair and picked up a long jeweled cigarette holder, put a cigarette in it and waited for Billy to light it for her. All this accomplished and after inhaling deeply, she looked at Billy and smiled in a lingering sort of way.

"And so you still think it is wonderful here!"

He would have liked to tell her how wonderful he really did think it was, especially she; but she wouldn't let him—at least not until he had eaten all the bread she had toasted and six more of the chocolate cakes. In the meantime she had given him an amusing description of her fortnight in Paris, the plays she had seen, the music she had heard and all the interesting people she had met. It was only after he had refused a fourth cup of tea and lighted he couldn't remember how many cigarettes, that she came back to his experiences since his arrival and made him tell her everything in detail. It was not until a tiny clock on the mantel chimed five that he saw her expression lose its interest and become suddenly weary.

"I wish this might go on for hours longer," she said. "It has been so nice to have you come in this way. You are like a breath of the open country—your own country. I hope some day we shall be sent to America. Somehow, I have always thought Washington would be the climax of our career. Surely there one would be freed at last from all the endless intrigue and subterfuge of European courts. Perhaps some day who knows! But—alas!—I must go now with my husband to open a bazaar—some *bienfaisance* got up by our colony here. May I telephone you when I am free again—unless it would bore you?"

She followed him to the door of the room and as he again bowed over her hand and kissed it, he turned awkwardly, struck against a low table and knocked a long unsheathed hunting knife to the floor. He stooped to pick it up and handed it back to her. But she refused to touch it, shivered slightly and told him to place it on the table.

"Is it yours?" Billy asked, looking at it with interest and smiling at her evident horror of it.

"Heavens—no! It is my husband's. He fills the house with such things -souvenirs of his hunting expeditions. He is the type of man that delights in killing. Do you?"

"I've done some hunting -but not with knives."

"Ah, you are quite right. To kill with a gun is a cleaner way. But why want to kill anything?"

Billy went away in the seventh heaven; and that night he wrote a long letter home telling his mother about the most charming woman he had ever met, the sort one met only in the diplomatic service.

You'd be crazy about her, mater. She is everything lovely and distinguished and cultured. And her toast and jam and tea! Of course, the chocolate cake was not so good as yours—nothing could be. But still it was awfully good. I suppose her French chef makes it. She lives in tremendous style—is quite the swankiest person here. Wasn't it bully of her to be so nice to me!

He had no idea, when he sent this letter off, that two months later his mother's reply would strike him in a very vulnerable wound -especially her comments.

I don't think I'd like that lady you had tea with. Somehow she doesn't sound exactly respectable to me. But of course, if she's a minister's wife, I suppose she must be all right. Her husband must be a terrible man. You didn't say he was there when you had tea with her; was he? Billy, please be careful. I pray for you every night. It almost scares me to death when I think how far away from home you are—with all those strange foreign people.

Billy had to wait a whole week before she telephoned. However, he saw her often at dinners and balls, always so much more splendid than anyone else, so really much more royal than the drab little highness that one had to make such a fuss over and bow in and out of rooms. But her attitude towards him at these gatherings worried him considerably. Whenever he went up to her, as he invariably did as soon as she appeared, she always greeted him indifferently, almost coldly, and never had more to say to him than a perfunctory good evening. It was exactly as though she were seeing him for the first time. He wondered a good deal over this; and in an effort towards explanation decided it was probably the obligation of her position—of course, as a minister's wife she had to observe great dignity at all public gatherings; it was undoubtedly a case of *noblesse oblige*.

But when she did telephone—not herself, mind you—a message conveyed by the chasseur of the legation, Billy rushed off once more into a seventh heaven. This time she made tea as before, toasted bread and had an even more liberal supply of the tiny chocolate cakes; but instead of talking or asking him to recount his latest experiences, she played on the harp and half-sang, half-chanted some folk songs of her own country. Sitting at the harp, her long arms so perfectly shown off by sweeping gestures, Billy felt that he was looking on at the most beautiful picture imaginable. But then she was always a picture, no matter what she was doing.

And still a week later, when he was summoned again, she read to him—from her favorite poet, Verlaine. Sunk back in a soft chair, smoking one of her choice cigarettes, eyes half-closed, Billy listened with strangely beating heart to the low sound of her voice, making music of the words:

Je fais souvent ce rêve,
Étrange et pénétrant,
D'une femme inconnue
Qui m'aime et qui me comprend.

That he didn't understand the words perfectly had nothing to do with the joy of hearing her speak them. If all French was as beautiful as that, he was going to go in for studying it harder than ever.

But that very same evening, when they had met at the last court ball of the season, she had been so almost rude to him—merely extending her hand to be kissed while she continued her animated conversation with the prime minister—his anger flared up and made him resolve not to go to her the next time her call came. That this call came the next morning before his wound had time to heal was the only reason for his replying to the chasseur that it would be impossible for him to accept her excellency's invitation. A few minutes later he heard her voice on the telephone, the first time she had deigned to come herself.

"You must break your engagement," he heard her say imperiously.

"I'm very sorry. That is impossible."

She laughed easily. "Is it with his majesty?"

Billy attempted great dignity. "No; it is not."

"Then—with whom is it?"

His delay, in a vain search for some name that would sound sufficiently important, gave her a chance to add: "I believe you are angry with me."

"I am," he blurted out, "at the way you treated me last night."

"But—surely you understand! I thought everyone did."

"I don't."

"Then come this afternoon and I shall explain."

He went; and she explained in a way that touched him very deeply. It was all on account of her husband. He was so desperately jealous; he made life hideous for her; if she showed the least interest in anyone—especially one of the younger secretaries—he became so furious that he was actually dangerous. She was desperately afraid of him in these moods; not only afraid for herself but for the one who had roused his jealousy.

"I should not tell you this," she ended, with tears dangerously near to showing in her eyes. "I only did it because because I want you to know that I could never do anything that would hurt you. I do it for your protection as much as my own." And as she saw the skies clearing she changed to a lighter note. "I hear you are soon to be chargé d'affaires. When is your chief going?"

"The week before Easter."

She rose and consulted a little calendar on the mantel. "When is Easter?"

"The twenty-fifth."

"So he will leave the eighteenth. Will he be gone long?"

"Only a fortnight."

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"Then he will be back the first of the month."

Billy watched her mark the dates with a pencil and smiled. "I can't help wondering why you are so interested. You know, I've always had the idea you didn't like him."

"And he—do you think he likes me?"

"Doesn't everyone?"

"That's evasion. You know he doesn't like me; neither he nor his wife."

"They've never told me so."

"Ah, then you haven't discussed me with them! I'm glad."

"I've never discussed you with anyone."

"Dear boy—why not?"

"Somehow—I never wanted to. You——"

"Yes?"

"I'd rather not hear gossip about people I like. It's always struck me as being—well—disloyal."

She looked at him through wide-open wondering eyes. "That must be a purely American trait. Do you know—it's the first time I've ever encountered it." She turned away quickly, and when Billy saw her face again he was struck by a new expression in it, one that was vaguely suggestive of infinite sadness.

Ten days, to be exact, after Billy had been left in charge of the legation—a period he had been looking forward to, for then he was the sole representative of his great country and could go about calling on everyone he knew and leaving those impressive cards with Chargé d'Affaires des Etats-Unis d'Amérique engraved beneath his name—she telephoned him that she was going to an exhibition of paintings the next morning and that he would find her there—alone—about eleven o'clock.

He was on the point of keeping this engagement when a telegram arrived from the minister saying he would return earlier than planned and would arrive the next afternoon. Billy frowned, disappointed that his term as chargé had been so short—there had been nothing to do by which he could distinguish himself while on his own—and put on his hat to go out.

At the door another telegram, this time from the State Department, stopped him. He looked at his watch, saw it was ten minutes to eleven—and was considerably torn between duty and his wish to meet her promptly. In the end duty won, and he opened the safe and took out the code book. The first word made him forget his engagement. It read "Strictly confidential." His interest quickly changed to amazement when the deciphered message informed him that the Secretary of State wished an immediate cabled report on the standing and reputation of Count de Barodovitch, whose government had just asked if he would be acceptable as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the United States.

Billy's first reaction was one of resentment. Of course she had known all along; and yet she had told him nothing. He was desperately hurt. Then quickly came a feeling of consternation. She would be leaving very soon; probably the next week. The next week! He stood aghast at the thought. What would the place be like without her! Deep bewildering depression swept over him. He sat down and read the message again. How important in one's life a little piece of paper like that could be! How desperately important!

Half an hour later, with the paper crumpled in his pocket, he started off to meet her—not gayly, not with springing step, but with the feeling that the end of everything had come. He found her standing before a painting, a catalogue in her hand, and in an attitude that suggested she was entirely absorbed in the picture before her.

"You are very late," was her way of greeting him, without shifting her gaze from the picture. "What kept you?"

"Something important."

She raised her eyes quickly and looked at him in that searching way he often found disturbing—a way of looking straight into his innermost thoughts.

"Very important—for you?"

"For me—and for you."

"For me?"

Billy flushed. He hated this subterfuge on her part. Did she intend to try to keep it from him until the last moment? As if he were not bound to know!

"I thought you trusted me," he blurted out. "Have I done something that displeased you—that made you wish to keep a thing like this from me?"

Her eyes showed bewilderment. "I don't understand."

"Your husband has been appointed to Washington."

Her bewilderment changed quickly to what, in spite of an effort to hide it, Billy saw so clearly was eagerness.

"How did you know?"

Without considering the matter—indeed, he was not in the humor at that moment to consider anything—he handed the crumpled cable to her. She read it at a glance and handed it back to him.

Then, with an expression that was actually dazzling, she smiled at Billy and said, "Ah, this makes me so happy—so tremendously happy!"

His brows drew together almost ferociously. "Of course—I knew you would be delighted to go to Washington. But I——"

"No—no—not that! You don't understand. I mean that it is in your power—in yours alone—to give me this happiness."

This was a little too much for him. "I don't see that I have anything to do with it."

"You have everything to do with it. My husband's appointment depends upon your answer to that cable. Your report will make him acceptable. Of course, if your chief were here it would be the same thing in the end; and yet it would not, for then he would sign the message instead of you."

Billy did not attempt to answer her happiness. "I don't see that that makes any difference. The important thing is that you are going away."

"But it does make a difference—all the difference in the world. Don't you see? You are the one who is going to send the message that is to make me so happy. It is the climax of my husband's—my—career. And your name will be on the message that makes this possible."

Still Billy couldn't—or wouldn't—see her point. He saw only a dreary stretch of days in which she would have no part.

"Even that will hardly be the case," he said gloomily. "The chief's returning tomorrow—so, of course, I'll leave the answer for him to send."

She drew away from him slightly. "You mean you do not wish to send it yourself?"

"Are you so impatient to be off?"

She considered this for a moment. "How difficult it is for you to understand!" Then, abruptly:

"Let us leave this place. I hate all these paintings. Let us walk a little way towards your legation. Perhaps I can make you see what I mean."

They went down the steps and out to the street and walked several blocks without speaking; then, without saying anything to him, she turned down a narrow way that led to a small green square. Here, under a spreading tree, she sank down on a bench and motioned Billy to the seat beside her.

"No one we know passes here. We are quite safe." Then, turning to him eagerly: "You must know what I meant. I want you to send this message. I don't want your chief to do it. Aren't you willing to do that much for me?"

Billy leaned forward, his hands clasped between his knees. "You know I'd do anything you asked me. It's not that I'm thinking of. It's that you're going away."

"Then you will do it?"

He nodded desperately.

"Today?"

He nodded again.

"When? Before luncheon—now?"

He frowned, vexed at her insistence, and hurt that at such a moment she could give no thought to him. He even went so far as to turn from her and look across the square. He wanted her to know in some way that she was wounding him deeply. And during the minute that they sat thus, he so silent, she impatiently waiting for his answer, a motor flashed by showing the emblem of her husband's legation. Billy did not notice it; but she sprang up and moved quickly away from him.

"It was my husband! I'm sure he saw us. Call that taxi—quick! I must be at the legation before he reaches it. Please tell the driver to go as fast as he can." And, calling out the direction, she slammed the door to after her and left Billy standing in the street, looking on still with that gloomy desperation.

He didn't send the answer to the cable before luncheon; he hadn't the heart to. He merely wasted the early part of the afternoon with wholly unprofitable thoughts of how he could see her that evening, of what he could say to her, of what she would say to him if she could ever get her mind off of going to Washington. At last he pulled a sheet of paper towards him and wrote out a record of Count de Barodovitch's career as given in the Almanach de Gotha, to which he added a whole paragraph about the important position his wife held in court and diplomatic circles, and ended with a remark about their assured success in Washington. It was hardly an official message; it was entirely too enthusiastic for that; but it was written from the heart and expressed exactly what Billy felt.

He had just finished it and was beginning to put it into cipher when a note was brought to him. He recognized her large handwriting and the lavender-crested envelope. He tore it open hastily.

"My husband saw us. He is in one of his terrible rages. I am frightened; terrible frightened. He is going to see you during the next hour. I don't know what to say—what to tell you. The only idea that comes to me at this moment is for you to show him the cable you are sending. Perhaps that might save the situation—at least for you. It is important that you should send it at once; and then show him the copy as soon as he comes in. Please—please don't let anything delay you in doing this. It is entirely too serious a matter—for you and for me."

Billy tore the note to fragments. It only increased his mood of irritation and depression. He had reached such a point now that he didn't care what her old dub of a husband thought. Let him come and raise Cain if he wanted to. What was there for him to grumble about anyway? If a man's wife wanted to ask a secretary to tea, hadn't she the right to? Weren't they living in a civilized community? So far as showing him the cable went, he wasn't so sure, after all, that he would send it. He was even considering tearing it up. If she had shown one atom of regret at leaving, it would have been quite different. But as it was—oh, well, she had no heart; she thought only of herself; she didn't care a hang about leaving him stranded all alone in that dismal place; for of course it was going to be dismal without her—heaven would be that.

He was startled out of this by no means pleasant reverie by a noise of much moving about in the legation corridor. No doubt this was the first move her husband would make, what he probably thought was an impressive way of breaking in on the subject. Billy rose, straightened himself and smiled when an imaginary picture of the irate husband entering with the hunting knife flashed before him. But when the doors flew open, it was his own chief who confronted him.

"Hello. On the job at this hour! Glad to have discovered you in a conscientious mood!"

"Aren't you a day ahead, sir?"

"Yes; we came in the train. Roads too bad for the motor. Thought I wouldn't bother you with another telegram. Any news? What are you doing with the cipher book out?"

Billy handed him the cable received from Washington that morning. The minister drew out his glasses, adjusted them and sat down to read the message. When he finished he whistled softly.

"I wonder how in the devil this happened! The cheek! You haven't answered it, of course?"

"I've written a reply. I was just going to send it."

"Let me see it."

Billy gave him his somewhat florid reply. The minister read it slowly, reread it, then took off his glasses and stared at Billy.

"Is this a joke?"

"Why do you ask that, sir?"

"You mean to say you were going to send this to the Secretary of State?"

"Is there anything wrong with it? It merely tells the truth."

"The truth! Good Lord, boy! Where did you get your information?"

"From observation. Surely he has as good a position as any minister here!"

"What makes you think so?"

"He goes everywhere. Surely you must admit her popularity!"

"She—her excellency!" Suddenly the minister threw back his head and roared. "I might have known it! So she's up to her old tricks. And you are the latest victim."

Billy drew himself up with considerable dignity. "I beg your pardon, sir."

"You ought to beg my pardon—and more than mine, the pardon of the Department of State. Suppose you had sent this message! Suppose I hadn't got here in time! Why—do you know what would have happened?"

"I don't understand what you are saying, sir."

"Of course you don't—if you haven't found out that Barodovitch is the prize rotter in the diplomatic service. I thought everybody knew that. How under the sun could you have missed hearing it? He has been kicked out of every capital in Europe. He's rotten to the core. You can hear more nasty stories about him than any man I know. The latest is that he has been selling confidential information. He has even got that low. The only reason he's here is because she has got some sort of drag at her own court."

"Please"—Billy held up protesting hands—"please don't say anything against her. I won't listen. I won't believe it."

"Young man, sit down. I'm going to say a good deal, and you've got to hear it. Very much the same thing happened to your predecessor. And do you know what I had to do with him? Had to have him transferred at once."

"I don't think you understand, sir. Let me tell you——"

"My dear boy, you don't have to tell me a thing. I've heard it many times before. I know all the details about that quiet little room—those private tea parties—that harp-playing stunt—and the French poetry. Every young secretary that comes here has the same experience. Up to the present I've always had the idea that she was harmless. That's the reason I didn't bother about warning you. But when it goes to the extent of putting you in bad with your own Government—that's another matter. I wonder if he didn't force her into it."

The chasseur knocked at the door, entered, and announced that His Excellency Count de Barodovitch wished to see Mr. Welbourne.

Again the minister burst into laughter. "Again the same old game. He's probably going to play the rôle of jealous husband to frighten you. Don't be worried. I'll see him here with you. Show his excellency in here."

Billy was keenly aware of the quick change that flashed over Count Barodovitch's face as he entered the room. At the door it was rather violent anger; just beyond the door, when he saw Billy was standing beside his chief, it was gracious affability.

"How do you do, Barodovitch," the minister greeted him cordially. "I've just got in—unexpectedly—but in time to see this interesting message my secretary has prepared to send off. It's about you. Would you like to see it? My heartiest congratulations."

Barodovitch took the proffered piece of paper, read it and smiled radiantly—if such a word could be used to describe such a face. He extended his hand to the minister and then to Billy.

"I can't express my thanks, gentlemen. There is nothing I can say. I wonder if it would be asking too much to have a copy of this?"

"Sorry—that's against orders," the minister replied. "At any rate, you've seen what my secretary had to say."

Barodovitch turned quickly to Billy. "Would you give me and my wife the great pleasure of dining with us this evening—quite informally? We are going to be alone."

Billy bowed stiffly. "I regret very much that I am engaged this evening, your excellency."

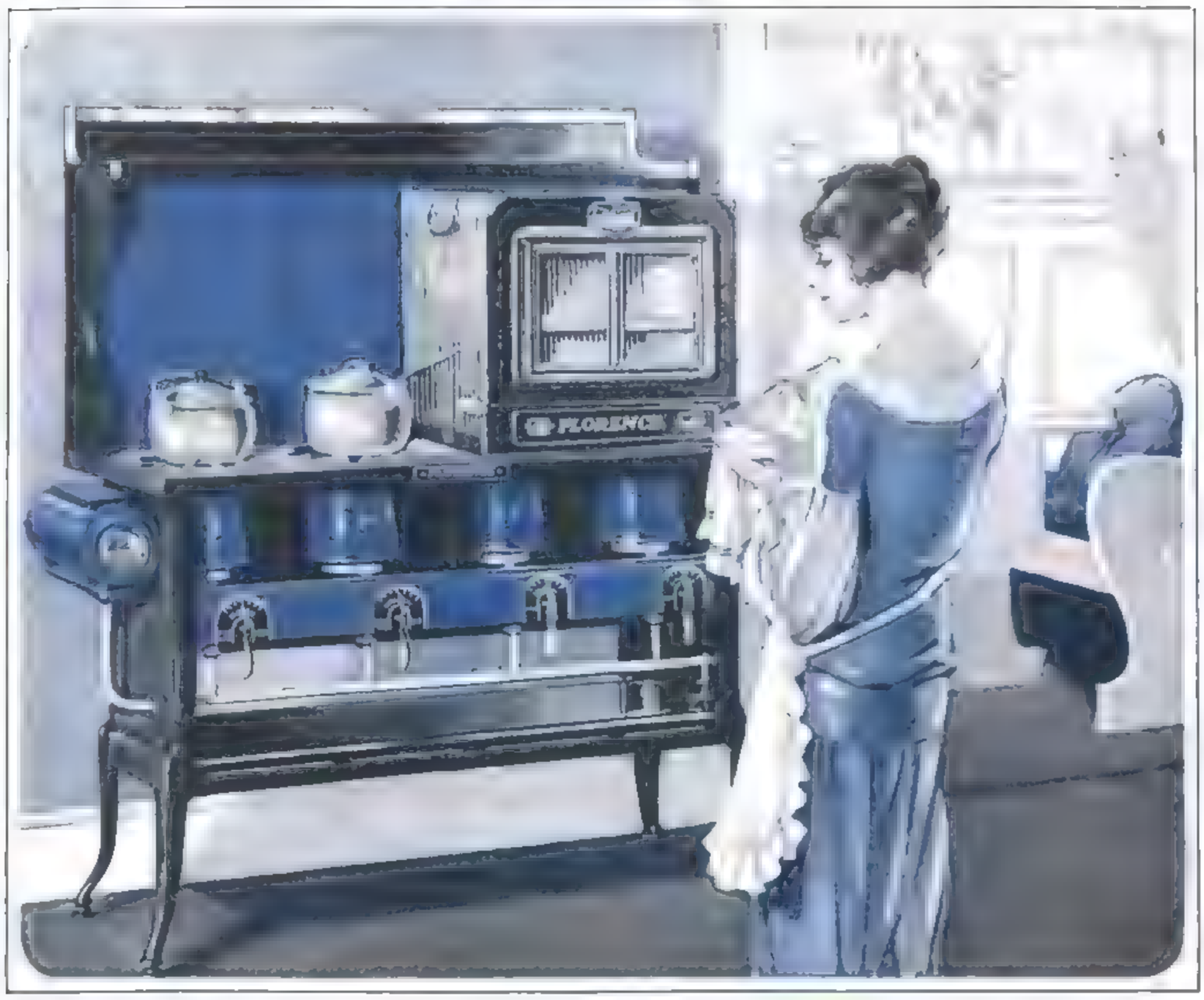
"That is too bad. Then very soon I hope." He again extended his hand to the minister. "You have just returned, so I shall not take up your time now. I'll write my thanks tomorrow. In writing I can express myself better." And to Billy: "Au revoir—and don't forget you must come to us very soon."

The minister waited until the door had closed after him; then with a nod towards Billy he lighted a match and held it to the piece of paper. When it was ashes he said, "You will observe that I said you had prepared it. I said nothing about sending it."

Billy turned towards the window. It was dusk outside; and he felt it was dusk within him. Feeling the minister's hand on his arm he moved away quickly. He didn't want sympathy at that moment; he only wanted to be alone—completely alone.

"If you don't mind, sir," he said at the door, "I think you had better ask the department to transfer me too. I don't believe this climate agrees with me. It's a little too much of a sudden change—after the tropics."

The minister nodded. "Perhaps you are right—after the tropics."



There is no waiting for meals, with a Florence Oil Range. In almost no time there is intense heat right close up under the cooking

Quick heat for cooking—

and a clean, attractive kitchen without the drudgery

Florence Leveler

adjusts the stove to uneven floors and insures the proper flow of oil. A turn of the screw does it.

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The intense blue flame in the large burners is close up under the cooking where no heat is wasted. A turn of the lever regulates the heat to the exact degree you want

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The Florence gives you intense heat for speedy cooking. You turn a lever and touch a match to the Asbestos Kindler. In a few minutes the kettle begins to sing and the pot to chuckle. Roast a chicken, bake bread, make pies—you can cook anything quickly and well on a Florence Oil Range that you can on a coal or gas stove.

There are no soot and ashes, no shaking the fire, no heavy work. The Florence makes it easy for you to keep your kitchen neat and attractive.

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The Florence is beautifully finished in durable blue or white porcelain enamel, with black frame and nickel trimmings. The stove is sturdy and simple in construction, and easily cleaned.

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The Florence simplifies cooking and takes drudgery out of kitchen work. You will enjoy cooking on a stove that offers so many conveniences.

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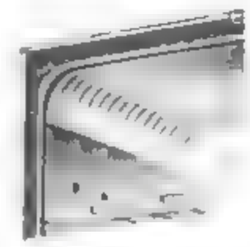
A critical inspection of the Florence Oil Range at a department, furniture or hardware store should convince you it is the stove you need in your kitchen. If you don't know the name of the nearest dealer, write to us for his address.



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Autographic Kodaks $6.50 up

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BRASS TACKS

Continued from Page 11

matter briskly, not wishing to carry vacant land an unnecessary day. Immediately on signing the contract they turned the acreage over to Bill Syke, an auctioneer, and a twenty-thousand-dollar advertising campaign was got under way. The newspapers blared forth once again the great news that the common people were to be given a chance to follow in the footsteps of the Astors and the Vanderbilts, to buy New York real estate and to become indecently rich, 20 per cent down, 80 per cent on mortgage at 6 per cent, Liberty Bonds and savings-bank books taken at face.

"The syndicate put the title into the Metropolitan for examination and for the issuance of free policies to lot buyers. This company does much of this work and makes a very good thing of it. We guarantee the title and reserve our opinion of the value of the property. But this Cavendish tract was good average stuff, well situated in the path of the city's growth and reasonably sure to increase in value with time. It was not ripe for building; its value was still speculative; but that was fairly the buyers' lookout.

"The reader of the title sent for me; he had the abstract before him on his desk. 'Here is an awkward thing, Quackenbush,' he said. 'This is the abstract of title to that Cavendish acreage in the Bronx. Here, you see, is a deed dated July, 1830, and conveying the forty acres to one Noah Timmons. There is no deed out of Noah Timmons. There is no will, no foreclosure, no evidence on the record as to how Cavendish ever got that property.'

"'What has Lasher & Jeffreys got to say?' I asked, naming Cavendish's attorneys.

"'I had Lasher just now. It's news to him. He supposed the title was all right; you know that this tract is only one out of a hundred parcels belonging to Cavendish. Lasher says he'll look the matter up. Unless he finds an unrecorded deed, someone is in for trouble. I called Swackhamer, the attorney for the syndicate, and he said to go ahead regardless of expense and to certify the title in the party who owns the property today so that the syndicate may deal with him. He shouted at the notion of losing the benefit of all the expensive advertising that the newspapers are running. Just a moment—here's Lasher again, I think.'

"The reader replaced the receiver after a lengthy conference with Cavendish's lawyer. 'Lasher says he doesn't find any deed, and he thinks now that there never was one. All he finds is this mortgage for ten thousand dollars which is shown in the abstract here, from Noah Timmons to James Harriott Cavendish, dated in 1830. That mortgage is still open of record and seems to constitute Cavendish's only claim on the forty acres. Lasher suggests that the title can be cleared by foreclosing that mortgage.'

"'No, it can't, Mr. Blauvelt,' I said. 'That mortgage is over ninety years old.'

"'You mean it is not a lien because interest has not been paid on it within twenty years? I'm familiar with the code provision, Quackenbush, but we don't need to consider that aspect of the matter. I know without asking that Swackhamer's people wouldn't wait for a foreclosure; they want to hold the auction this spring. Cavendish's real title, I think, is by virtue of his long possession; but the company doesn't care to insure that sort of title, and I don't want to certify it that way. We'd have to defend a lawsuit. Timmons' heirs would turn up as sure as shooting, and they'd start a row. We insure when and where we please, no matter what the law may be concerning the title. Timmons might not have a leg to stand on, and he would get nowhere in the end; but it would be a nice how-d'ye-do if he turned up and proved that interest had been paid within the statutory period. He couldn't have it both ways; no court of equity would deny Cavendish's title by adverse possession and also cancel his mortgage. But I'll take up the questions of law with the solicitor when I've got the facts, so get busy and dig me up this Noah Timmons.'"

Quackenbush paused to refill his corncob; he set the rank stuff afire and blew out yellow smoke. He is like a decimal point - he is important in the Metropolitan, but only to those who know. He smokes no gold-tipped cigarettes, does not terrorize people by looking at them through rubber-tired glasses, cultivates no personality in dress, does not glance at his watch and exclaim and depart with a determined stride when going out to look at a baseball score. He is not thus obviously pivotal, as are the dapper young men in the business department who show the public where to sign the applications for insurance. He is an obvious scrub, with nothing of Napoleon but his stature, and with the preoccupied but not necessarily impressive air of a man wheeling ashes. He is a bit crabbed, as many good men are who know that their appearance gets them nothing and that they are delivering the goods for all they get. I strangled a cough and tried to look as though I agreed with Quackenbush in liking longshoremen's tobacco.

"I found this Henry Timmons, the only heir at law of that Noah Timmons who had taken title to the Bronx farm in 1830," continued Quackenbush. "I found him quickly. I had practically unlimited funds with which to push the search and I have had experience in ferreting out missing heirs. I ran him to earth in a cheap flat in Harlem. There was the name of my man over the push button in the dirty little vestibule. I pushed the button, the door clicked, I entered the dark hall and climbed the stairs to the fourth floor rear.

"'Who is it?' said a female voice out of the dark.

"I peered about and discovered whence the voice came. A human eye was staring at me through a crack; the speaker had opened a scant inch the door to her flat; she could not open it wider without unfastening a chain, and she was making no move to unfasten it. The hard stare of her eye heightened the inhospitable effect. This is the reception customarily accorded visitors by lone women in cheap New York flats, and they are not at all to be chided. The newspapers contain accounts every day of lone women who were robbed and murdered and variously ill used by ruffians to whom the women too hastily opened their doors.

"'I wish to see Mr. Timmons,' I said to the glittering eye.

"'He's not home.'

"'I represent the Metropolitan Title Insurance Company, madam; here is my card. I should like to see Mr. Timmons about a tract of land up in the Bronx to which we are examining title. It is half past five now, and perhaps Mr. Timmons will be home shortly. May I wait?'

"'Lots?'

"'In the Bronx—yes.'

"'Auction sale?'

"'Exactly. But perhaps you know something about it.'

"'I know all about it,' she said forcefully; and with that she slammed the door and shot a bolt. I heard her footsteps retreating.

"I waited a decent interval, and then rang the bell at the door. I tried to ring the bell coaxingly, persuasively, remonstratively, but not at all reprimandingly; but an electric bell is a musical instrument of limited range, and I doubt if my good intentions carried even once, although I rang the bell eight or nine times. The door was jerked open its inch and the eye looked out at me.

"'Get away from this door,' said the lady, 'or I will call out the window.'

"I went downstairs and sat on the brownstone stoop and watched three colored boys belaboring one another with a dead cat. A colored woman sat down beside me companionably and rested a basket of wash against my knee. A stout and red-faced housewife hung out of a ground-floor window of the house behind me and watched me with unflagging interest. To conciliate this person, whose regard made me uneasy, I asked her to point out Henry Timmons to me. I also asked her what rents were paid in the house. She said they ran from twenty-six to thirty-two dollars a month, and steam only in the halls, and enough and plenty, what with being right next to the coons. She meant that the adjoining block was tenanted by colored people, and could have intended no insult to the colored woman who sat right next to me, for she spoke her mind in a loud voice. 'That's himself now, sir,' she said when Henry Timmons approached.

"Timmons invited me to come along upstairs with him. He was a round-shouldered man of middle height and middle age. He was hard of hearing, and seemed to have adenoids. His mouth was normally open and he squinted as though with eyestrain; the passages in his head were apparently clogged somehow. He was smoking the butt of a Manila cigar and was loaded with bundles. He had to put the bundles down in order to scratch a match on the brownstone newel post to relight his cigar butt, and thus I had time to accost him. He seemed to be a pleasant enough person, serious and subdued as one might be who had to drive to the limit to make a living at all.

"'Mushmelons and Belgian sprouts,' he said to the lady of the one eye—she really had two eyes, it developed. 'Washington market.'

"This seemed to be the password, and she opened the door wide and permitted him to enter. 'He's coming in,' he called over his shoulder as he went down the hall. She narrowed her eyes at me, but did not bar my way. I stepped inside; she shot the bolt again and put on the chain.

"The apartment was a railroad flat consisting of six rooms laid out in a line, and all giving onto a long hall. The doors to three of the rooms were shut. These rooms, I learned later, were let out to roomers. The sun was shining in the street, but the gas was lit in the hall. The rooms were equally dark. I glanced into one of them and saw that it was lighted only by a window on an air shaft that was not more than four feet square. The railroad flat is highly inconvenient, but flats of the box type are not to be had nowadays in New York for any twenty-six to thirty-two dollars a month, and cheap rent was a necessity to Timmons. I sat on the settee of the three-piece suit of furniture in the tight little parlor. The slats in the back of the settee irked me. When I moved, the settee beneath me emitted a deep and musical note, as though someone had plucked the G string of a harp.

"Timmons sat beside me on the settee, squinting attentively, and with his face turned toward the wall so as to favor his more serviceable ear. Two school children, a boy and girl, sat at the table in the kitchen, a few feet away, and ate a supper of sliced Bologna and potato salad. They were bright eyed but starved looking, thin and pale, with outstanding ears. The guardian of the door was Mrs. Timmons. She had a haggard eye and a jaw the grimness of whose set was accentuated by her lack of teeth. When she closed her mouth tightly the line of her lips ascended almost to her nose. They looked like very worthy folks who were fighting a losing battle, who were underliving and making no repairs.

"'You said something about the Cavendish auction sale up in the Bronx,' said Timmons. 'I read about it in the papers, but I don't see my way to buying any. I'm paying on so many lots now; and then there's the interest and taxes and assessments. Yes, I own considerable real estate now. I've got my lots all paid for, and it's only the taxes and assessments. I think I would sell them if I got a good offer. What do you think of the Dyckman?'

"'The Dyckman is just a little quiet at present. There isn't quite so much building activity there as there was a few years back.'

"'I've got two lots in the Dyckman. They're nice lots except that the river comes into them at high tide; you might call them already excavated, as you wouldn't want to dig them any deeper. Say, what do you think of Montauk Point? I've got some dandy lots out there. When they build that port out there it is going to take all the traffic away from New York. Don't you think so?'

"'I haven't heard much of that projected harbor in recent years,' I said. 'It was exploited greatly by realty promoters years ago.' I let him lead the conversation for the time, being well satisfied to have found him.

"'My lots are right on the water front,' he said. 'When they come to build that harbor, and look around for a place for their big piers, they will have to see me. I will certainly be sitting pretty. I will be in the same situation as the owners were here in New York a hundred years ago. Jiminy, think what those lots are worth today! A hundred thousand apiece, I bet.

(Continued on Page 77)

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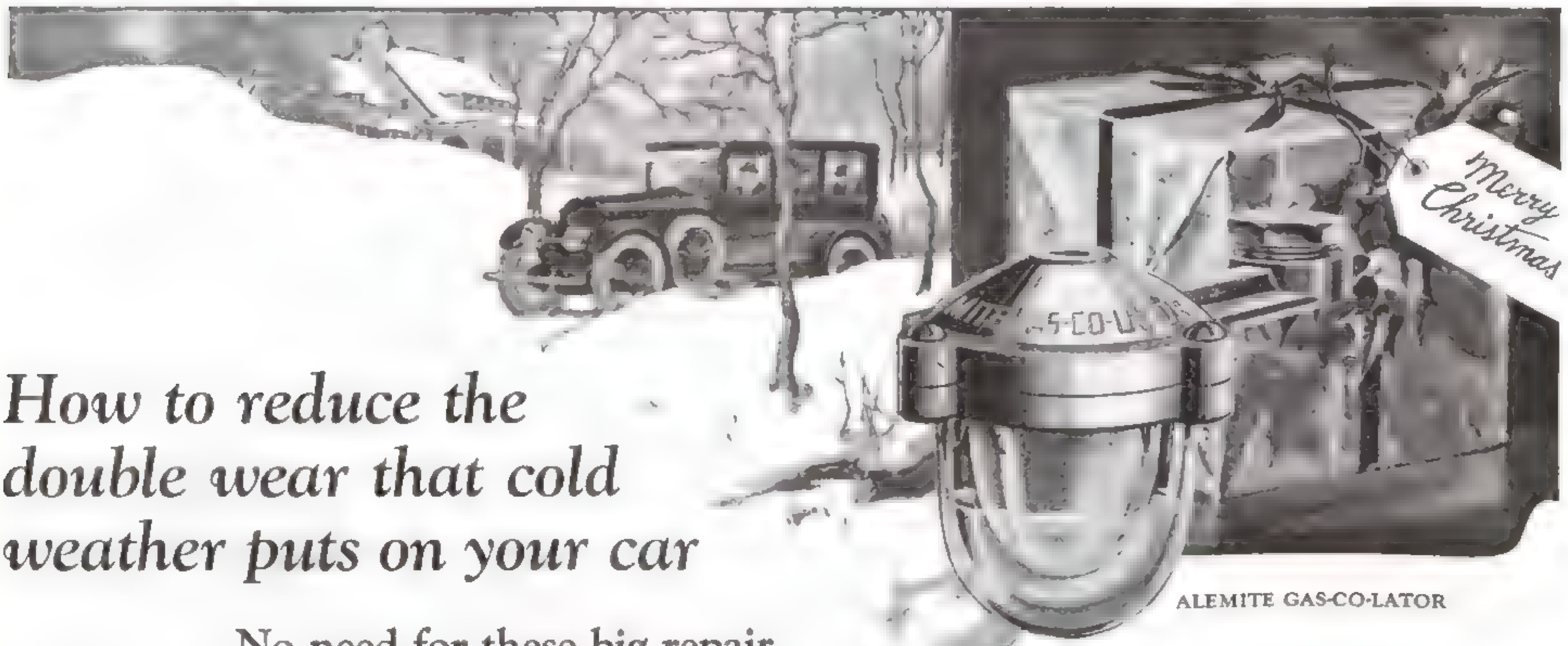

ALEMITE GAS-CO-LATOR

How to reduce the double wear that cold weather puts on your car

No need for these big repair bills after a winter of driving

Every Spring it's the same old story with motorists—big repair bills to pay after a winter of driving.

$100 to $300 bills, and motorists wonder why.

Did you ever stop to think of the effect cold weather has on metal? It tends to make metal brittle, and those twenty or more bearings on your chassis are metal.

Friction in winter does twice the damage that it does in summer.

Take No Chances

Take no chances on exposing chassis bearings in winter to metal-to-metal contact or to the grinding action of grit or rust

Take care to keep a film of fresh, clean lubricant over the entire surface of your chassis bearings.

Be on the safe side—lubricate more often in winter than in summer. 250-mile intervals is not too often.

Always a friend, Alemite is doubly so in winter. When the ordinary oil or grease is stiff and sluggish and almost impossible to spread over a bearing surface, Alemite Lubricant is practically as free-moving as in summer.

The Alemite Compressor, with its 500 pounds pressure to the square inch, forces lubricant into the very heart of the bearing as effectively in January as in June.

Simple Any Time

It's simple any time to lubricate with Alemite. Since it is, do it oftener in the winter, because in winter the oftener the better for your car.

Most cars are Alemite-equipped. If yours is not, have the necessary fittings put on—at once! Alemite is vital any time, but especially so in winter.

Write us if Alemite is not on your car, and we will tell you where to have it installed. $5.00 to $20.00, according to make of car. (Fords $3.99.)

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Give a gift that's "Different"

Remember, the Motorist's Pet is His Car!

What happier gift for a motorist than a new "kick" out of driving his car! The Alemite Gas-Co-Lator is just that kind of a gift

It's dirt and water in your gasoline that's the cause of most of the annoying motor troubles—the stalling, missing and sputtering. Automotive engineers will tell you that.

Water in your gasoline (condensed from the air inside your tank); bits of rubber rot from the filling hose; flakes from the lining of your tank—all these pass through the ordinary strainers in your gasoline pipe and pass on into your carburetor where they clog the delicate needle valve and cause carburetion troubles, which mean *engine troubles!*

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30-day trial. Most dealers carry the Alemite Gas-Co-Lator in stock. It is sold on 30 days' trial. Purchase price refunded if it doesn't do all we claim. Price $5.00. Models for every make and model of car.

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(Continued from Page 75)

And I bought eight of them, out at Montauk, for only eighty-nine dollars apiece and five years to pay. That Cavendish property is nice property too. I was reading about it in the papers. I would like to buy a lot, but I guess I will have to wait and take my profit on what I've got already.'

"'You seem to own quite a few lots, Mr. Timmons.'

"'Yes, sir; I believe in real estate for an investment. It's simply bound to increase in value around New York. Look at the Astors! Look at the Vanderbilts! Where did they make all their money, hey if it wasn't in buying New York real estate and then sitting tight? Of course, there were better opportunities in those days. Anybody that had the foresight to put out a few dollars long ago is a millionaire today—or his children. Jiminy, just to think of the chances those old-timers had!'

"I saw now what ailed the Timmons family. Timmons was a victim of the speculative craze. He had bought vacant lots for the rise, until the cost of carrying them was draining the family's lifeblood. He was paying out on this account, it seemed, very nearly half his salary. His lots were mostly in New York City -which has an area of over three hundred square miles—but their future was doubtful. Bargains in vacant lots, like bargains in everything else, go to the professional talent.

"'The Metropolitan is examining title to that Cavendish tract, Mr. Timmons,' I interposed, rescuing the lead. 'We find that the property was owned in the year 1830 by one Noah Timmons. I have reason to suppose that you are a descendant of that Noah Timmons. Can you enlighten me on this?'

"'Noah Timmons,' he repeated. 'You don't say! My grandfather's name was Noah Timmons. I wonder if it could be the same.'

"'The Noah Timmons I speak of was married in 1843 to a Janet Kilborne.'

"'My grandmother's name! Why, say, it must be the same party. So my grandfather owned that Cavendish property once upon a time, did he? Well, well! Too bad he didn't hold on to it. Forty acres in New York City—what do you suppose that land is worth today?'

"'It is under contract of sale for three hundred thousand dollars.'

"'Think of it—three hundred thousand dollars! And that land belonged to my grandfather, did it? Well, well! If he only had had vision enough to hang on, look where I would be today.' His mourning gaze rested on his pale children, who were eating the rubbery Bologna. 'Hey, mamma, come in here a minute. This is Mrs. Timmons, Mr. Quackenbush. Say, mamma, Mr. Quackenbush tells me that my grandfather used to own all that Cavendish property that they are going to sell at auction. Just imagine where we would be today if he only had had sense enough to hang on to it. Hey, mamma? Here, wait until I show you what it says about the lots in the newspaper.'

"There was a small black table before me whose top was Tennessee marble, Bologna colored. On the table was a brass-bound family Bible. I opened this shabby old book and saw there the history of several generations of the Timmons family, including the short and simple annals of that Noah Timmons who had bought the Bronx farm in the year 1830. He had married Janet Kilborne in 1843, and had died in 1867, having first duly begotten the Henry Cavendish Timmons who was Henry Timmons' father.

"'He went West with the big gold rush,' explained Timmons. 'He didn't find any gold, and after he died my grandmother came back East to her people. See those two rocks over there on the curio cabinet—see that yellow stuff in them? That's real gold. Yes, sir, that's real gold. My father was an only child, and I'm an only child too. Yes, sir, I would own all that property and be a rich man today if only my grandfather had had sense enough to hold on and not go running off after gold. Jiminy!'

"'I am going to ask you to come down to the Metropolitan tomorrow morning, Mr. Timmons,' I said, 'and to bring with you this Bible and any other documentary evidence you have tending to show your descent from Noah Timmons.'

"'I don't see how I can be there tomorrow morning, Mr. Quackenbush.'

"'You have nothing more important to do,' I said. 'Our examination does not show that Noah Timmons ever parted with title to that property On the face of the record, Mr. Timmons, you are the legal owner of that forty acres today.'

"'What do you mean!' he asked, frowning.

"I outlined to him the history of the title. 'I don't want to raise in you any extravagant hopes, Mr. Timmons,' I said when I saw his eyes shining with joyous excitement. 'I do not know what equities may be interposed to defeat your claim; there is at least a ten-thousand-dollar mortgage there which is unsatisfied. I am not concerned with the business aspect of the matter, but solely with the legal side. I shall arrange to have Mr. Cavendish's lawyer there tomorrow morning, and you can thrash out the matter together. As I have told you, Mr. Cavendish has signed a contract to sell the property, and it is important that that contract be carried out. If the company decides that you are the legal owner you might adopt Mr. Cavendish's contract of sale and leave the business settlement to be made later.'

"'You mean that if I own this property I should sell it?' he said impatiently. 'Why, you must think that I am a fool! I wouldn't think of selling! I don't believe a word of all this; but still and all, you don't need to think I'm a fool. Why, look at what it says right here in the advertisement of the auction: "When the new subway goes through, these lots ought reasonably to be worth three or four times as much at the end of one year." In the face of that it is ridiculous to talk of selling that property now.'

"'You may take that phase of it up with the proper parties tomorrow morning,' I said, rising to leave. 'I am interested only in showing you that it is worth your while to come down to the Metropolitan tomorrow and establish your right. You might give some thought, however, to the fact that that advertising was prepared under the direction of the gentlemen who expected to sell the property at auction and who are conversant with its value, present and prospective.'

"He caught my sleeve, held me, was unwilling to let me go, propounded the same inquiries to me again and again. My answers seemed only to confuse him further; he was unable to think. Mrs. Timmons said nothing, but watched me with unmitigable suspicion while she threatened the pale children to make them swallow their after-dinner spoonfuls of some blood-making tonic. I left them and went down the stairs. The evening was warm and the doors to the flats were open to cool the twelve kitchens. The air in the dark stair hall was hot with the breath of twelve family dinners, but was not appetizing. I picked my way down the crowded front stoop, and so to the street, which was aroar from gutter to gutter with children. Timmons would, no doubt, have moved to a neighborhood with more elbow room if he had not owned so much vacant land.

"He appeared here the following morning in the company of a spectacled man named Clober, or Clover, who was a notary public and also a tobacconist and stationer and news dealer on upper Eighth Avenue. Clober was Timmons' counsel. Mrs. Timmons came too. She was as suspectful as ever, pondering my every word and gesture. I showed them into a conference room and informed the reader of their arrival. He went down to them to examine their evidence of descent from Noah Timmons. I was curious to learn the upshot and I joined the company after half an hour.

"Lasher, of Lasher & Jeffreys, was sitting across the long table from the Timmons forces. Lasher is one of the good real-estate lawyers in New York. Practically all the examination of titles in New York is done nowadays by the companies, and a lawyer who is not versed in title examination is hardly a competent real-estate lawyer. Lasher is a tubby little man with a gray goatee, a large and pink head, and cold, bright gray eyes.

"He looks like a substantial business man in a town of fifteen hundred inhabitants—the local hardware prince, say, who is a deacon of the local congregation. He wears ordinarily a boiled shirt buttoning down the back, a wing collar with plenty of play for his thick neck, and a black string tie. He has one of the best practices in the city and must be worth close to a million.

"'You are probably aware, Mr. Timmons,' he was saying as I entered, 'that your grandfather was in the household service of James Harriott Cavendish prior to the year 1830. At that time he decided to become a market gardener, and Mr. Cavendish transferred to him this forty acres in the Bronx, taking back a purchase-money mortgage for the entire purchase price. No doubt, sir, your family records corroborate this.'

"'Well,' mumbled Timmons uncertainly, 'I can't say that I'm acquainted with all you say, but I guess it's so. My father was never a man to talk much.'

"'The records of the Cavendish family are quite at your service, sir. Indeed, I think your grandfather is mentioned in the Cavendish family history, which is published by Stoughter & Dobbs. There is probably a copy of that book here in the company's library.'

"'In a book!' exclaimed Timmons interestedly, and he glanced covertly at his wife to note the effect.

"'I have the original bond and mortgage here,' said Lasher, pulling the string of a brown envelope. 'The mortgage is recorded in the register's office, but possibly you or your counsel wish to see the original. Yes, here they are. You will note that the mortgage is unsatisfied; it is in the amount of ten thousand dollars.'

"'Ten thousand dollars,' repeated Timmons smilingly.

"'The price was not excessive,' said Lasher. 'The Bronx, whose population is now approaching a million, was not a howling wilderness in the year 1830, and land was not going begging there. Its population was three thousand and it was just across the river from the city of New York, which then had nearly a quarter of a million inhabitants. The price, for such excellent farming land, was quite reasonable.'

"'Oh, I'm not arguing that, Mr. Lasher,' said Timmons offhandedly. 'We'll pay off the mortgage.'

"'I am delighted to hear it, sir,' said Lasher. 'If you will satisfy this mortgage you are entirely welcome to the property. If you care to have a quitclaim from Mr. Cavendish I shall advise him to make it. Your counsel will instruct you that this mortgage is still a valid and subsisting lien, and must be discharged by you. If it has been voided it can only be by merger in the fee. Is that your understanding, Mr. Clober?'

"'Absolutely!' said the tobacconist, coughing. 'Very clear way to put it. The fee—yes!'

"'I do not concede that you have any title to the property,' said Lasher. 'We are in possession, and we propose to defend our rights. I am merely urging upon you that we hold an unsatisfied mortgage here, if the property is not ours in fee. If you will pay off that mortgage according to its terms we will gladly release any claim upon the fee, and the land is yours.'

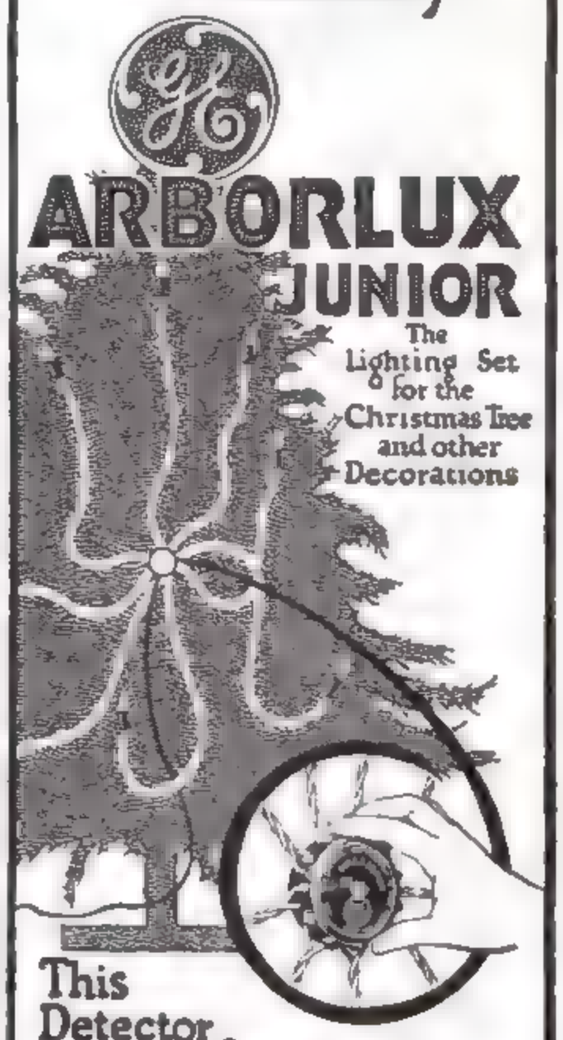
"'Oh, I guess the Metropolitan will lend us ten thousand dollars to take up your mortgage,' said Timmons knowingly.

"'I dare say the Metropolitan would advance one hundred and fifty thousand on this parcel,' bowed Lasher. He drew from the brown envelope a foolscap sheet closely covered with figures. He laid this sheet on the table and leisurely settled a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles on the bridge of his lumpy nose; he looked over the spectacles at Timmons.

"'To understand the figures which I shall present to you, you must bear in mind the peculiar relation of Noah Timmons and James Harriott Cavendish. It was a relation, one might say, of friendship. Mr. Cavendish did not hold your grandfather to the requirements of good business practice; he was extraordinarily forbearing and generous toward him.

"'Your grandfather never paid any interest on that mortgage, and Mr. Cavendish permitted the interest to run and accumulate. Your grandfather was the reverse of successful in his farming venture. He does not appear to have paid any taxes. These were also paid by Mr. Cavendish and added to the sum due under the mortgage. If you have read the mortgage and noted its terms you will have seen that Mr. Cavendish did not waive any rights through this generosity; better to say, he did not waive the right to the return of the sums he advanced on your grandfather's behalf. He had the right to let the interest run and to add it to the principal of the mortgage. He had also the right to pay the taxes after they were due and unpaid for sixty days, and to add the sums so paid to the principal. These are customary provisions in any real-estate mortgage, even of the present day; your counsel will so advise you.'

Finds the burned-out Lamp —instantly!



ARBORLUX JUNIOR

The Lighting Set for the Christmas Tree and other Decorations

This Detector quickly finds the burned-out Lamp

Simply turn the detector. No need to disturb decorations. Replace the burned-out lamp. The newest and most complete high grade series Christmas tree and decorative lighting set, useful all year, indoors and out.

Ask your electrical dealer or write—
Merchandise Department
General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

$400 to $1200 a Month

In your own staple business

IF you have saved a couple of thousand dollars and feel the keen desire to be a business for yourself—

Here's what you, too, can do

[illegible] Mr. Miller is clearing $1,200 [illegible] Mr. Brassey is showing monthly profits of $550 net.

Success WITHOUT PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE

[illegible] demand taxes output from the very start.

Write or Wire for Particulars

[illegible] Here's the real [illegible] get an [illegible]

Electrik-Maid Bake Shops
344 Electrik Maid Bldg
St Paul, Minn.

Be Your Own Boss

5 Miles Faster Over a Hill

(By actual test)

Here at last is a perfected device for Ford cars that puts new zest in motoring through hilly country, makes winter starting easy and quick, and effects great fuel savings that help to repay its low cost in a very short time. Ford owners everywhere are talking about the marvelous results that follow the installation of this simple, fool-proof Holley Hot Shot.

Easily Installed

No mechanical experience is needed to install the Holley Hot Shot on any Ford engine. No drilling required—just a few bolts to put in. Embodying new and proved engineering principles, it cannot get out of order, and will need no attention during the life of the engine.

Make 7½ Gallons Do the Work of 10

Because the Holley Hot Shot makes *every* drop of fuel highly volatile, it increases fuel efficiency and lowers maintenance costs. Equipped with this device, a Ford engine goes 5 miles faster over hills, by actual test, and usually shows a saving of 2½ gallons in every 10 put in the gas tank. Eliminating crankcase oil dilution, it helps to maintain a perfect lubricating film between moving parts—and insures the compression that delivers the full force of the explosion *on the piston head*.

Note Its Simplicity

Instead of slowly heating a mass of iron, Holley designers and engineers introduced a simple method of quickly heating the mixture. Running from the exhaust *through the intake* is a small steel tube (see "A" in illustration) that carries away *some* of the heat after the explosion. The cold air of winter can be excluded and more air in summer can be admitted by adjusting the damper (see "B" in illustration).

Better Performance in Cold Weather

Ford engines that are equipped with Holley Hot Shot operate much more smoothly in cold weather, start easier and quicker, save time and temper, and reduce strain on batteries.

If you do not know a Holley dealer near you, order a Holley Hot Shot via this coupon today, or ask us for our literature
Price $14.75—($16.25 West of Rockies)

HOLLEY
HOT SHOT

MAIL THIS TODAY

Holley Carburetor Co
Detroit, Michigan.

I enclose check ( ) for a Holley Hot Shot for my Ford.
Money Order ( )

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

"'Oh, yes,' said the tobacconist, 'quite. Don't you think so, Mr. Blauvelt?'

"'They are ordinary provisions,' said the reader.

"'Your grandfather,' said Lasher, 'remained in possession of the farm until 1848, after which time I find no record of him. He seems to have simply walked away from the place. At a venture, I should say that he decided that the farm was hopelessly in debt to Mr. Cavendish and that he had no equity left. At all events, he vanishes from the story.'

"'He went West,' said Tummons, 'looking for gold.'

"'Mr. Cavendish,' continued Lasher, drawing the sheet of figures toward him, 'went on paying the taxes as theretofore and did not bother to foreclose. No doubt he would have been well pleased if your grandfather had returned to redeem the farm, as we shall be pleased if you, his descendant, redeem it now. You tell me that you wish to do so, and you are eager to know the sum that is due today under that mortgage.

"'The mortgage was made for ten thousand dollars at 5 per cent interest, payable annually. As each interest payment fell due and was unpaid it was added to the principal, and thereafter drew interest at 5 per cent. Ninety-three years have passed. If you will consult your interest table you will be enabled to calculate what an investment of ten thousand dollars at 5 per cent compounded annually amounts to in ninety-three years.'

"'How much?' asked Timmons with a trace of uneasiness.

"'The sum, calculated until this morning,' said Lasher, reading, 'is nine hundred and eleven thousand, one hundred and forty-seven dollars and twenty-five cents.'

"'How much?' piped Timmons.

"'I do not say that the calculation is rigidly accurate,' said Lasher. 'I instructed the actuary not to work beyond four decimal points. I wished to have an approximate figure to show you, and I knew that the calculation of the sum due because of payment of the taxes and assessments would take up a great deal of time. The tax rate has varied from year to year. I should not insist upon the odd twenty-five cents.

"'Now, as to the sum due because of payment of the taxes and assessments over this period, the rate has averaged close to 2.5 per cent—the present rate is 2.75—and the valuation has been full, as required by law. The sum which we claim under this head—and which you can verify by compiling the total of our tax bills on this property—is five hundred and two thousand dollars. Making a grand total due and payable to us on account of this mortgage of one million four hundred and thirteen thousand one hundred and forty-seven dollars and twenty-five cents. If you care to discharge this mortgage the property is yours.'

"'Why, you're mad!' exclaimed Timmons, laughing nervously.

"'You forget yourself, Mr. Timmons,' said Lasher stiffly. 'Let me remind you that Mr. Cavendish is asking for only 5 per cent on his investment, which is extremely moderate. There were periods of financial stringency during this ninety-three years when Mr. Cavendish could have got far better interest. Even today 5 per cent is below the prevailing rate for real-estate mortgages. Only yesterday Liberty Bonds were paying more.'

"Timmons looked at the tobacconist; the latter's mouth was open and his head was aslant and he was staring fascinatedly at a corner of the ceiling. Timmons looked at his wife, who rose to the occasion.

"'Don't you think of paying any such money, Henry!' she said, bobbing her head until the bird in her hat nearly leaped from his perch. 'I knew what was coming all the time. Come on home, Henry, and don't sit there like a fool. Let him keep his lots. You didn't sign anything this time, thank goodness, and you don't have to pay him a penny.'

"'Just a moment, Mrs. Timmons,' I interposed. 'You haven't heard the whole story. We'll adjust this.'

"'No, we won't adjust it!' she cried. 'I'm sick and tired of scrimping and starving to pay for old lots that will never be any good. I've had all the lots I want in my time that were going to make us rich. Rich—ha-ha!'

"'But that's just the point, Mrs. Timmons,' I urged soothingly. 'You need pay this enormous sum only if you wish to take these lots; if you don't want the lots Mr. Lasher—or the people to whom he is selling—will gladly pay you something to release your claim. We believe that Mr. Lasher can wipe you out through a foreclosure or establish a title by possession; but it is not convenient for him to do that. Sit down, Mrs. Timmons.'

"'We will not buy any more lots, and that's final!' she snapped. 'That will do, Henry—not a single word out of you. We have lots to sell, and we don't want any more.'

"'Perhaps you can sell your lots here,' I said with a glance at Lasher, who was regarding her with sympathy. 'You should get an extremely good price for them too. Wait here, do, until I call Mr. Swackhamer, who is the attorney for the buying syndicate.'"

Quackenbush knocked the ashes from his corncob, stretched and yawned.

"But, Quackenbush," I said argumentatively, "what has all that got to do with this lot auction today? That was an isolated case."

He pursed his lips, shrugged his shoulders and picked a book from a near-by shelf.

"Let's see how isolated it is," he said, turning the leaves. "Let's see what chance to become rich people have who buy New York lots to hold for the unearned increment. Here we have it: The assessed value of New York real estate in 1830 was eighty-seven million dollars; the assessed value of Manhattan Island—the same territory—was a little over five billions of dollars in 1920, an even ninety years later. An enormous increase, eh? But do you know what it amounts to? It is an increase of considerably less than 5 per cent per annum. An increase of 5 per cent per annum would have made the 1920 value something over seven billion.

"From the increase in value of less than 5 per cent per annum we must subtract the taxes of 2.5 per cent per annum, which represent new capital paid in every year. What remains is the net increase in value of the vacant land. Cavendish asked a constant 5 per cent on his money. In order to pay it to him, this forty acres in the Bronx would have had to be worth over fourteen hundred thousand dollars in the year 1923; the land would have had to increase in value over one hundred and forty times. If all New York realty had increased in that proportion the 1923 valuation of Manhattan Island realty would be over twelve billion. Over twelve billion, in order to pay 5 per cent on the investment necessary to hold vacant land! Do these figures mean anything to you?"

"Not an awful lot, I fear," I confessed. 'They are rather stupefying. Forget them, and tell me ——"

"You haven't heard the story yet," said Quackenbush inexorably. "The land value in Manhattan was only a part of that five billions; the buildings are figured in, and we have some eighty-five thousand buildings here. Perhaps two and a half billions ——"

"Please, Quackenbush," I said. "You make me dizzy. Tell me rather ——"

"And remember," cried Quackenbush, whose legal mind requires him to pursue a subject to extinction, "that we are talking about New York City and about Manhattan Island, where the greatest increases in land value in America occurred! Consider what is the chance of the speculator in vacant lots in lesser cities over the country—in places where the growth can spread out and be distributed. Where does he get off? He can get 4 per cent in any savings bank 5 and 6 per cent on mortgage; what will he get out of his vacant lots? He's lucky if the increase in value pays his taxes and allows him nothing on his investment. He's lucky! He's lucky here in New York, which is overrun by shrewd real estaters on the watch for bargains

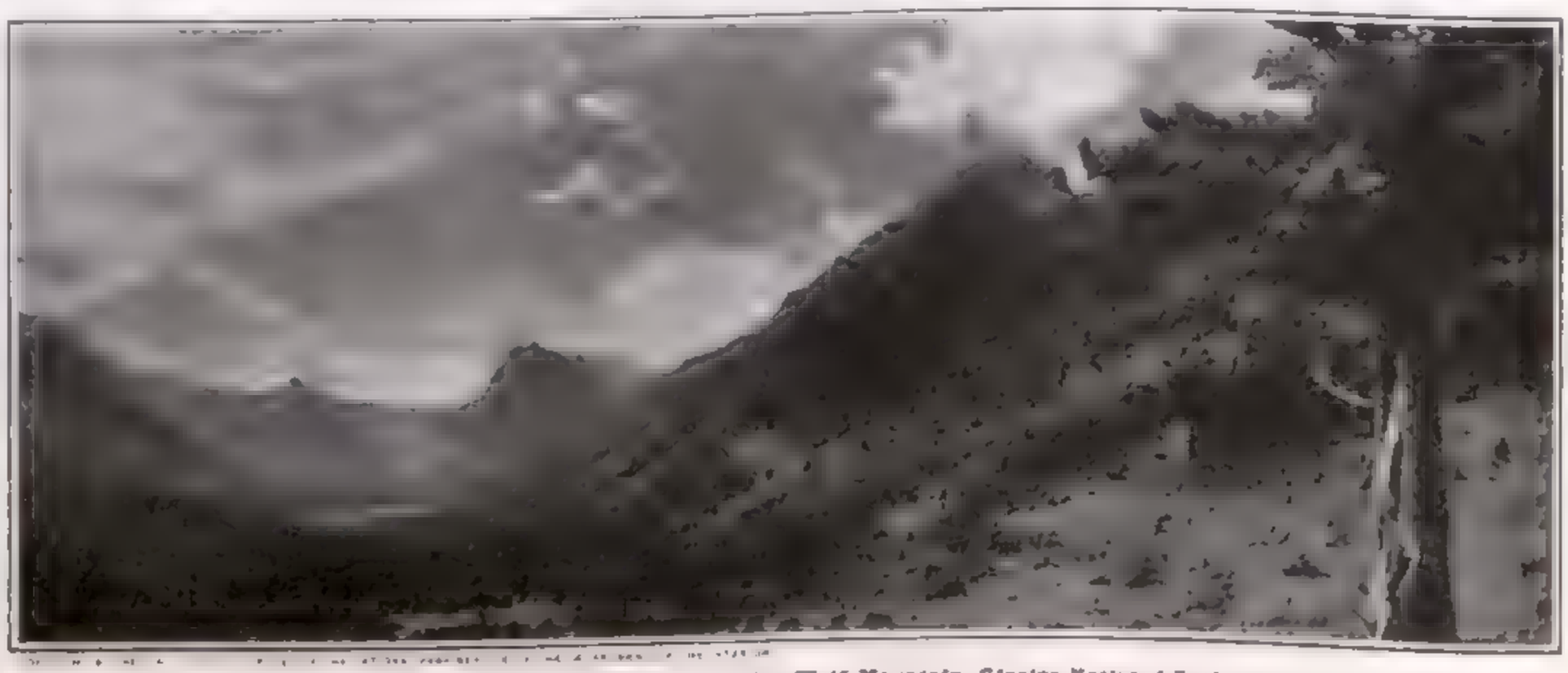
"If a man buys a lot to build a home he's wise; if he buys an improved parcel for income he's buying a good thing. But if he puts his money in vacant lots and waits for the other fellow to throw money into his lap ——"

"Exactly," I said. "Don't hit a man when he's down. You win, Quackenbush. Tell me what happened to Timmons."

"They paid him ten thousand dollars," said Quackenbush, unwillingly closing the book, from which he was about to release a devastating horde of figures. "Six thousand for the lots that he had already and four thousand for a deed to his forty acres. They'd probably have paid him ten thousand dollars for the deed to the forty acres alone, but Mrs. Timmons insisted on selling the lots. She got the ten thousand dollars too; I believe she bought a little home over on Long Island with part of it."

"So Timmons is through speculating."

"Not at all," said Quackenbush, looking at the clock. "He was in here last week to ask me what I thought of the two thousand lots that are being sold at auction today. He had managed to accumulate a hundred dollars—held out of his salary without Mrs. Timmons' knowledge. I should say that he has been the owner, for the last fifteen or twenty minutes, of an excellently situated lot which—unless the advertisements are not to be given full faith and credit—should increase in value three or four times within a year, and should thereafter progress by leaps and bounds. Look at the Astors! Look at the Vanderbilts! But please don't look at the assessment books and at the dull little compound-interest table!"



Two Medicine Lakes Seen From Rising Wolf Mountain, Glacier National Park

JUST AS SMOOTH THEN AS NOW

Christmas 1923

JUST AS SMOOTH NOW AS THEN

Christmas 1948

Here's the Gift they'll still cherish

25 Years from Now

The Classic Pen with the 25-Year Point

The NEW *Gift to which all America turns*

NO sooner will eager hands burst its gay wrapping Christmas morning than Duofold's cheery black-tipped lacquer-red barrel will call out: *"MERRY CHRISTMAS!"*

Yes, a Merry Christmas for thousands of lucky ones whose good angels are thronging the Duofold counters in 25,000 stores these days. By the very size of these Duofold crowds you can tell that America turns almost solidly this Christmas to this Parker $7 Over-size Duofold and the $5 Lady Duofold and Duofold Jr.

Write down these Parker names on your Christmas list. And year after year after year the Duofold's super-smooth 25-year point will make your loved ones' writing hours *alluring!*

Never a pen before with such classic shapeliness and balance. So if a clerk ever offers you an imitation, lay it aside good-naturedly and say: "No, I want the genuine PARKER Duofold." For don't have it said that you gave a "Near-duofold." Loving hearts do the princely thing, the gallant thing—they send the finest. Look at this—

The tip of the Duofold point alone costs us over $2,000 a pound. And no style of writing can distort it—we guarantee it 25 years, not only for mechanical perfection, but *wear!* So while three times costlier than ordinary, it's the most economical you can buy. It's the point that suits all hands—it's as smooth as a polished jewel.

Recently we've added a strong ★Gold Girdle around the cap. This was $1 extra before. Neat Gold Pocket-clip or Ribbon-ring also included free. Indeed Parker Duofold is really a $10 value. Large output, due to the sweeping demand, alone scales the price down to $7.

So go to Christmas Headquarters, just around the corner where the Duofolds are. The time is short. Go while the Duofolds last.

CHRISTMAS

DEC. 25

Duofold Day

Parker Duofold

LUCKY CURVE

OVER-SIZE

$7

With The 25 Year Point

Duofold Jr. $5
Same except for size

Lady Duofold $5
With ring for chatelaine

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY • JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK • CHICAGO

Manufacturers also of Parker "Lucky Lock" Pencils
The Parker Fountain Pen Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada

SAN FRANCISCO • SPOKANE

Don't starve yourself of good entertainment!

IN the days before motion pictures many a long week would go by in between shows, and even for those in the big cities a theatre visit once or twice a week was a luxury for the few.

No need to stick to the old starvation schedule today! Motion pictures are necessities, not luxuries!

A theatre trip once or twice a week is the privilege of millions of Paramount patrons.

Vast numbers of people refuse to exist without a liberal supply of Paramount Pictures; our records show it!

You of the new generation demand the best that the screen can give for the simple reason that it puts a sparkle into life that was not there before!

But think of the good pictures you have missed! They are still showing! Make good your loss at any opportunity.

Anyone can put through the day's work with greater pep when there's a good show on schedule for the evening hours. Entertainment is relished more after hard work.

Paramount Pictures are made with the belief that no motion picture can be too good. Even "The Covered Wagon's" success leaves Paramount meaning to out-top it soon.

Go where the lights say "It's a Paramount Picture", and time flies like a motor cycle cop.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President

6 Current Paramount Pictures

"His Children's Children"

A Sam Wood production, with BEBE DANIELS, Dorothy Mackaill, James Rennie, George Fawcett, Mary Eaton, Warner Oland, Hale Hamilton and others. Adapted by Monte Katterjohn from the famous novel by Arthur Train.

"The Light that Failed"

By Rudyard Kipling. A George Melford production, with Jacqueline Logan, Percy Marmont, Sigrid Holmquist and David Torrence. Scenario by F. McGrew Willis and Jack Cunningham

"Stephen Steps Out"

Starring DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., with Theodore Roberts, supported by Neil Hamilton, Mary Astor, Harry Myers, Frank Currier. Directed by Joseph Henabery. From the story by Richard Harding Davis. Scenario by Fairfax Bingham. Presented by William Elliott and Jesse L. Lasky.

"West of the Water Tower"

Starring GLENN HUNTER, with Ernest Torrence and May McAvoy. Supported by George Fawcett and Zazu Pitts. Directed by Rollin Sturgeon. Adapted by Doris Schroeder from the novel by Homer Croy.

"Wild Bill Hickok"

Starring WILLIAM S. HART (in an original story by himself), supported by Ethel Grey Terry and featuring Bill Hart's Pinto Pony. Screen play by J. G. Hawks. A William S. Hart production.

"Big Brother"

By Rex Beach. An Allan Dwan production, with Tom Moore, Edith Roberts and Raymond Hatton. Adapted for the screen by Paul Sloan.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town."

The Madison succeeds on the theory that Detroit has no use for anything but the best. The number of Paramount Pictures that have packed the house far exceeds photoplays from other sources.

Paramount Pictures

EASY

(Continued from Page 30)

my threat of going with him. The time was getting short now, and what might be happening all about us in the dark I could guess. The only clear thought in my brain was that I had sworn to Easy to hold my brother in that room and in no other place. I got up and moved slowly toward the door, ahead of him.

"Please, Bobby!" said I. "Wait a minute—my head—I wish you wouldn't!"

"Oh, get out of the way!" said he impatiently. "I won't be more'n a moment, I tell you!"

He made a lunge for the door, and at the same time a sputtering noise arose in the road outside and died a sudden silent death at our gate. At last! My watch said one minute to nine.

"What's that?" exclaimed my brother.

"Sounds like company!" I gasped with a hysterical giggle. "I wish to goodness you'd try to look more human, Bobby."

We could hear footsteps on the gravel now, and in another moment the knocker sounded sharply. Bobby stood gaping at it like a loon.

"Bobby!" I cried. "What's the matter? You go!"

He recovered himself sufficiently to obey me, and flung the door open wide, admitting Easy, who rolled in with his usual languid ungainliness, pulling off his hat and tossing it onto the nearest chair.

"Hello, all!" said he. "Glad to find you, Bob—it's a long time since we had a visit. Can I park myself here for a little spell or were you folks just going to bed?"

"Hello, Easy!" said I. "Come on in and own the place. Thank goodness you showed up. Bobby had got so bored with me he was about to dash out and pry off a little gayety down at Tony's."

My tone was casual, but my voice shook. Easy nodded understandingly and put a big paw on my brother's shoulder.

"Sit down, kid," said he. "Don't beat it off yet. Tell us—how are things with you nowadays?"

Bobby accepted the command reluctantly.

"Not so good!" said he.

There followed an awkward pause during which I fancied I heard strange noises in the yard. But I could not be sure; it might have been just the wind. Then Easy took hold of the situation.

"Look here!" he exclaimed. "Let's have a game of cards—eh? I've got a peach of a new one—Minereau. Know it, Nancy?"

"I'm afraid I don't," said I. "But I'd like to. I'll get the cards."

"And a newspaper—any old newspaper," said Easy. "It's kind of a gambling game, so bring chips, too, if you have any."

"I got some poker chips," Bobby volunteered, "right here on the mantel."

Easy directed us to the table, which he had been clearing off. He placed Bobby where the boy could see the idol by moving his head slightly to the left; then arranged a chair for me so that I directly faced Nokomi, and sat himself down with his back toward the heathen thing, facing the street door. He spread a sheet of newspaper flat on the mahogany and dumped the box of chips.

"You do it this way," he began. "The columns of the paper are divisions of a race track on which horses, these chips, are running. Up here is where we place our bets. The dealer deals across the board and the highest card moves the horse in the column where she falls—see?"

I said yes, but I scarcely heard. I knew why I had been put in that seat, and covertly my eyes were fastened to the idol's face. Never had he seemed so full of evil, so sardonic as tonight. The rising wind made the lamp flame flicker just enough to send scurrying shadows across the gilded countenance, distorting the features as though in unholy mirth. The game progressed, at high tension. We were all of us listening for outside sounds—Bobby in an agony of suspense, I in a high degree of terrified anticipation, and Easy with cool deliberation.

How long we played I shall never quite know. It seemed a thousand years, more or less, while the storm thickened outside, and mutterings of thunder grew louder on an encroaching horizon. Time and again Bobby sought to leave, but Easy held him by some deft subterfuge. The stretch of time was simply appalling. On and on we went, slapping down the cards, shuffling, dealing, with an occasional word of comment, while outside the forces of law and order assembled invisibly, and somewhere at sea a storm-tossed vessel watched, put off her boats, maneuvered for the cave, to meet —— I closed my eyes for a second and Easy touched my elbow.

"Wake up, Nancy. It's your deal," said he.

I looked up and gathered the cards together. I stacked and shuffled them and dealt the first an ace.

"Good egg!" said Bobby, his eyes glued to the paper. "My horse moves!"

And at the same instant I felt the face of the idol come to life and, looking up, met Adrian's eyes staring at me from the golden sockets. Easy caught my expression and knew what had happened. He moved his lips without a sound.

"Pay no attention!" he said visibly, and somehow or other I went on dealing. At the end of the race Easy turned around in his seat and faced Nokomi. The eyes were dead again. Adrian, seeing that Bobby was not alone, had retreated momentarily, and would very likely go back to the cave. The room was very quiet now. Bobby in an agony of suspense had half risen to his feet. Easy turned to him sharply, one hand in the pocket of his coat.

"Stand up a minute, Bob," he said quietly.

On the instant my brother had thrown his chair aside and sprung toward the sheriff. But Easy advanced, the pocket with its concealed weapon bulging dangerously.

"Throw up your hands!" he ordered. "Nancy, frisk him for his gat."

"What do you mean?" sputtered Bobby. "I'll fix you for this, Cooper! I'll —— Lay off of me, Nancy!"

"Hold still while she does it or I'll shoot," said Dave. "Hurry up, old girl. I think things will move fast in about another minute."

I had gone to Bobby at Easy's first word, and as he expostulated, white-faced, his hands held high, I went through his pockets and drew a gun from his hip. I laid it on the table, on top of the wreck of our card game. Still speaking conversationally Easy picked it up and put it in his own coat.

"The game's up, Bob," he said. "I'm a Federal officer. Don't yell; the grounds are full of deputies. I'm going to give you one chance, and I advise you to think quick. Your gang are in the cave now, and my men let 'em crawl in pretty. But they'll never get out that way. They will come back through the house. They likely won't think of my having anyone out front, and they have already given this room the once-over and got the idea I'm here alone with you and a woman. When they come back you signal 'em O.K. and let them rush me. You are on my side from now on, see?"

Bobby could only nod dumbly, his eyes staring, his lips ashen.

"And now, Nancy," Easy went on, turning to me, "you get out of this—pronto! Beat it upstairs, dear, and don't show until I call!"

"Oh, Easy, let me stay!" I wailed.

But he pushed me toward the stairs. I had to obey, but above, the darkness and the portentous silence were too dreadful. I did not dare make a light. From the beach came strange sounds, a shot or two, cries, distorted by the storm, which now broke in full majesty. Unable to endure more than five minutes of this solitude I crept to the hall and looked down the stair well. Bob and Easy had resumed the game!

My brother now faced the idol, dealing, with Easy sitting in Bob's former place. The game was progressing in silence. I could feel the tension as though it were heat radiated from a stove. Then suddenly things began to happen. Bobby nodded his head violently. There was an earsplitting crack. From one of the idol's eyes burst a jet of flame. Someone had fired from behind the giant figure of the heathen god. Easy leaped to his feet, a gun in each hand, and then the idol swung slowly forward into the room—an uncanny march it was, like that of the gods of the mountains. From the aperture behind it came three men, Adrian first, firing as they entered. Easy's right hand moved, and Adrian, flinging his arms high, fell face downward on the floor.

I covered my eyes with my hands and dropped upon my knees praying wildly and incoherently. The noise below was terrible now. The front door had burst open at sound of the first shot. Men were pouring in through it with a clatter of heavy boots. The steam of rain-soaked garments, the smell of burned powder, wafted up to me sickeningly.

I looked again, and the hall was a seething mass of struggling forms. The village, such of it as had not gone over to the Roxbury festival, had heard the row and come pouring in on the heels of the police. The old building fairly rocked with the fracas. And through it all strode Easy, unscathed, self-possessed, shouting precise directions. With a cold chill I suddenly realized that Bobby was nowhere in sight.

The mêlée below had settled down into a whirlpool revolving about certain central figures, and from the vortex couples, always with one reluctant member, struggled away and went out into the night. Easy's voice shouted a query.

"Got 'em all now, cap?" he called.

And a gruff voice replied, "Every last son-of-a-gun but that cold feller there!"

"O.K.," Easy called out. "I'll bring him along. Hey, you folks! Gangway, there!"

The crowd began to resolve itself into a mob of closely packed spectators, jamming against one another to make way for Easy and the other sheriffs, who bore a heavy burden between them. I could endure the suspense no longer and came down the stairs, fighting my way to Easy's side just as he reached the front door.

"David!" I screamed. "Is it Bobby—is it Bobby?"

He turned on me sharply, thrusting an arm about my shoulder, and facing me arbitrarily away from the grotesque pitiful burden carried by his men.

"Don't look, hon!" said he softly. "It's Adrian."

My eyes implored him.

"Yes," said he. "Dead."

I buried my face against his shoulder, and he led me away into the dining room beyond, turning to shout a final word of instruction. Then he made me lie down on the couch and brought me water, and held my hand fast until I was calmer. Anyone would have thought that there was nothing else for him to do. At last it was I who sent him away.

"You must, dear!" said I.

"But I'll be right back," said he, "as soon as I've wired in my report. They cut this telephone wire, so I'll have to go across the way. But there is absolutely nothing for you to be afraid of now. This house is safe as a church. Don't worry, hon, and I'll get hold of mother. She'll be glad to come, I know."

He went out, shutting the door behind him, and I was glad to lie where he had left me for a few moments. In the hall beyond, the curious were still milling about. A sheriff left in charge ordered them out shortly, and then I could hear him and one other of his ilk talking together.

"Not bad stuff, eh?" said one voice. There was a smacking of lips.

"You said a mouthful!" was the reply. "And you took one! Better leave it lay afore Easy sees yer!"

It was Eli Jones speaking. I sat up, amused at thought of Eli as a sheriff. Then the unfamiliar voice broke in again.

"Wall," it said, "better be gitting back to my post, I reckon!"

"Yeh!" responded Eli.

The man's footsteps were plainly audible, moving across the room—but not toward either door! Then where? All at once I remembered the opening behind the idol, and the thought was too much for me. I got up and threw back the dining-room door just in time to catch Eli with a brown bottle in his hand. He put it down with a sheepish grin.

"Evenin', Nancy," said he. "I was jest smelling of some of this here illegal. No good, it ain't—leastways, not like it uster be in former times!"

"For once you have good grounds for complaint, Eli," I replied. Then I realized he might know something about my brother. "Eli, did they—arrest Bobby?" I asked.

"Bobby?" said he. "Why, I ain't seen him no place at all tonight!"

So he had run away! Why, the poor young fool, they would be sure to catch him eventually! How had he gone? Perhaps Easy could tell me. Meanwhile there was the idol, sitting far out in the room on rollers, its mystery revealed as a hollow sham, its apparent weight a mere false front of metal padded with some substance like asbestos.

I went over to Nokomi with an expression of contempt and examined the ingenious device by which the eyes were operated. Then I peered down the opening behind him. To my surprise it was lit, halfway down, by an electric torch.

"Wall, I always did say there was sompin' wrong with this house, ever since your grandpa's day," Eli remarked. "And now it appears like I had the rights of it. He used that cave for smuggling, after all, most likely!"

"Eli, I'm going down," I cried. "I simply can't wait to see! Who is there?"

"Cops!" said he cheerfully, his hand itching toward the brown bottle again. "Why don't yer go take a look?"

"I'm going," I agreed. "Tell David Cooper if he gets back!"

And with that I began my descent, literally, into the very depths of the mystery which had so long underlain my life.

There was a flight of stairs leading halfway down to China, and along it were several lights, part of the permanent equipment as arranged by the bootleggers. The stairs themselves were very old, of wood, and badly in need of repairs. And at the foot of them was a passage from which spread a good-sized natural cave with a stone floor laid by hand, and on this was piled the new cargo, a thousand cases of liquor, which two deputies were examining. Great shadows filled the ceiling, the air was astonishingly fresh, and the sound of waves was so close that I was startled until I realized that a section of wall was missing—was, in fact, turned on a pivot as some windows in office buildings open for complete ventilation. Beyond the aperture was the old familiar cavern where I had played at pirates, and the spread of sandy beach, with the rain coming down upon it in a solid curtain. The men regarded me curiously until I explained my presence. Then they showed me the secret of the door of solid stone—a device arranged on balance.

"It's a smart trick!" said the man who showed it to me. "And this will be a big story! Just wait until the reporters get here, though!"

Up to that very instant I had been too thoroughly occupied even to think of the publicity. Now I realized that it was inevitable—bringing glory to Easy, of course, but to me—and to my brother! What would they say of him?

With a murmured word I made a dash for the corridor and the room above. I must find Easy at once, and see what could be done. I emerged into the living hall, breathless and dusty, to find Eli comfortably ensconced in the big chair. The brown bottle was nowhere to be seen.

"Eli!" I cried. "Can you get Dave for me? Please, at once. It's dreadfully important!"

"Ordersh ish to stay heresh!" said Eli sadly. "I don't believe in ordersh myself, but can't eschape 'em tonight!"

"Very well, then I'll have to go!" I said impatiently. "You'll hear a few orders of a different sort when Easy gets back!"

He made no reply to this except a silly smile, but before I could reach the door, Easy had entered, rain dripping from his hat, glistening on his golden hair.

"Bobby!" I cried, running to him. "Was he arrested?"

"He most certainly was not!" Dave said in protest. "The crew is all over at the jail right now. I had to open it up, by the way, and it's pretty crowded too. But he's not with them."

"Then where is he?" I cried. "Has he broken his word to you and run for it?"

"I believe he has!" Easy exclaimed. "The little swine! Well, I gave him his chance and now the matter is out of my hands! We did our best, but he's let himself out."

There was a short pause, while we looked at each other understandingly. Then a voice arose from nowhere.

"Not by a damn sight, he hasn't let himself out!" it said.

(Continued on Page 85)

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(Continued from Page 81)

And Bobby crawled from under the big center table, the legs of which were concealed by a long chenille cover. He got to his feet, shook himself like a wet puppy, and reached for a cigarette.

"You took my gun, so I had to go some place!" said he. "Restful, but dusty, under there. Is the party over?"

We were speechless. Easy found his voice first. He grabbed Bobby by both shoulders and shook him gently.

"Am I going to be able to pound a grain of sense into you?" he demanded, looking square into the boy's eyes.

Bobby hesitated a second, took one reluctant drag at his coffin nail, and flung it from him into the fire. Then he pushed Easy away and held out his hand.

"If you will," he said.

They shook hands silently. Then Easy turned to me.

"I have to go on to Boston at once," said he. "But I guess you won't need mother. Bob will look after you!"

He took me in his arms and kissed me good-by. Suddenly there was a cackle from Eli, whom all of us had forgotten.

"Don't believe in it, generally, myself!" he chortled, "but that oughter be useful, Easy, that oughter be useful!"

XIV

I DON'T know what the early Pilgrims thought and felt when they set sail from England, but I can come pretty close to giving a guess about what started them.

There was simply no longer any room for them in the old home town, not if they were to go on living in accordance with standards and ideals that they felt to be absolutely necessary to their continued self-respect. And so when things got beyond them, England being a small island, there was no place to go but out.

I often thought of these indirect ancestors of mine during the first days of my marriage to David Cooper, when we were packing up and taking leave of Little Cape. For we, too, were being squeezed out. Easy summed it up for me on the night when he returned from Boston and told me of having resigned his job.

"I'm going back to the land," he announced. "Sleuthing isn't my work, hon. I want to live in a town where it's not necessary."

"Wherever you say!" I replied. "Shall we go West, as you once suggested?"

"That's the dope," he replied; "to my Uncle Henry, out in Kansas. Can you stand that?"

"I can," said I. "But your mother—will she consent?"

"She'll have to, I reckon," said he.

And so it was. A month after this decision we were on our way, four of us in a flivver, as my Brother Bobby went along.

Now I have said at the beginning of this record that I hate descriptions, but sometimes they can't be escaped. Don't be afraid that I am going to tell about the drive out—not much! Only of our dusty arrival, healthy and happy, at Cottonwood City. That is where this part of the story properly begins anyhow!

We reached it of a noon in late summer, and the town was a welcome sight after the long ride through miles and miles of standing wheat. We came upon it with the suddenness peculiar to prairie towns. For hours the motorists see nothing suggesting habitations. Then all at once they dart down an arroyo, turn a curve, and hit a paved boulevard that leads instantly into a beautiful little community, built, as a rule, around a big courthouse and a park. Cottonwood City was one of these.

It had a clean wide main street, with smart shops—only a few, but modern. A handsome bank; wonderful street lighting, and neat houses in surprisingly good taste. It would be no hardship, I felt, to make one's home in such a place! For, best of all, it was American. Cleanly prosperity, self-respect, achievement—all were there, imprinted on the face of every enterprise, built into the very paving of the broad shining streets, reflected from the polished windows of the homes, a clean, unspoiled American town of the very finest type.

Uncle Henry lived on Lincoln Avenue, a street consciously proud of its name. And Uncle Henry's house, to which he most generously welcomed us all until we should find one of our own, was well and substantially built. That first night after supper, sitting out on the front porch with Uncle Henry and Aunt Callie, his wife, my Dave and I did not hesitate to say how much we liked it all.

"Yes, it's a good town," the older man agreed. "Nothing fancy about us, you will find, but we do know how to live, and of course Cottonwood City is only in its infancy."

"Republican?" asked Easy.

"Yes, mostly," replied his uncle. "You certainly will find an unusually high grade of folks here, my boy!"

"I believe you!" said my husband. "How's the churches here—pretty active?"

"Quite a bit so."

"Good picture theaters?"

"First class. And all clean shows. You know we are mighty particular out here in Kansas about what our young people see."

"That ought to be useful!" said Easy. "You've got strict laws, I know, but I guess we can stand them."

"Oh, this is a great state!" Uncle Henry warmed to the congenial subject.

Down the shadowy street went laughing girls in couples. A car passed, filled with young people singing. The faint hum of the town's evening activities reminded me acutely of Little Cape as it had been when I was a young girl. Of course in those days it would have been a straw-ride party singing, but otherwise it was all so much, so very much the same! The people, pleasantly engaged in their simple household or social duties within sound of our darkened veranda, were familiar to me already. They were my kind of folks. And how it eased the heart, what a sense of comfort and security that knowledge gave! Perhaps these neighbors would prove narrow; very likely I should, at times, find them dull, but, thank God, I knew what to expect of them, which way they would turn under a given circumstance, for they would be sure to believe in virtue, kindliness, civic pride, and even, to a reasonable, respectable extent, in paying their bills and telling the truth. And last but not least, they would demand law and order, and get it if they had, as the Irishman said, to fight for it. Uncle Henry went on talking.

"Yes, sir, this town is the real thing, as you will find!" said he. "I've seen it grow, and I know the sort of stuff, human and otherwise, that's gone into the making of it. You won't be disappointed, nephew, I'll tell you that!"

Uncle Henry had been in Cottonwood City for twenty years, but he had been West more than forty, and this period had been, it seemed, replete with adventures of a practical sort.

What a vast country it was! And yet once I had thought that all America was on the seacoast from Boston to Philadelphia! How alarmed Easy and I had been over the invasion by the hordes from Europe, of our own small strip of territory! Well, that menace could not possibly touch us here. We were with our own kind at last, and we should never have to bother our heads about such things again.

"Do you know," Easy was saying now, "we thought you folks lived on a ranch. Didn't you raise wheat at one time?"

"Still do!" said Uncle Henry. "Over a thousand acres of it. But around this neighborhood we live in town and commute to the farm. That's the modern way. Too lonely out there for the womenfolks."

Easy and his uncle fell to talking about crops, while I drifted back to my own thoughts once more. With my eyes closed, weary from the wind in my face, I could see again the endless fields through which we had driven that day. Wonderful, wonderful, generous America, how solemn, really, was the obligation of her citizens to such a land as ours! I reveled in my recollections of the vast panorama of prosperity through which we had come, my heart elated. Then suddenly my dreaming was interrupted. Someone had come along the cement walk and stopped. I opened my eyes, and there stood a foreign laborer of some sort, cap in hand.

He was dressed in the usual nondescript garments of his kind, his hair was long and curly and dirty: one could see that in the light of the street lamp. But from his rugged, not unhandsome face, his dark eyes glistened with energy, fawning upon us in a friendly way, even before he spoke. He might have been Spinelli's cousin—the one who worked Jake Neptune's farm. He might have been Angelo, the New York red-ink vender, he might have been the husband of any of the odd hundred ladies of Jupiter Street whom I had watched from my window at the settlement house. He was a typical immigrant laborer of the lower sort, and his presence in this place caused me to sit up and forget everything else.

Uncle Dave had got to his feet and was greeting the newcomer pleasantly.

"Good evening, George!" said he. "You wanta seea me, eh?"

"Good eve, everybodys!" grinned George. "I stop by to tella you my brother, she come! You want him to work yes?"

"Sure!" said Uncle Henry heartily. "Send him out to the ranch in the morning. You, too, eh, George?"

"Sure!" said George. Then he hesitated for a moment, seeking the right words. "My brother, she bring cousin also," he divulged at length. "Heap bigga fella—lots of strong—work good."

"So much the better," said Uncle Henry. "Send him along, as well. We can use a lot of help out there right now, George."

"All ri'," said George. "Goo'-by!"

He replaced the old black felt hat and departed, leaving a little trail of silence behind him. Easy was the first to break it.

"Have a lot of 'em out here?"

"Why, yes, quite a few," said Uncle Henry comfortably, starting a fresh cigar. "These fellers are hard workers and we can feed 'em cheap. They aren't as pernickety as the American men they send us out from the East."

"Any others—I mean races?" asked Easy.

"Why, yes," replied his uncle. "Quite a few. I was looking over the census the other day and I was surprised to see what a lot of Poles and Russians and Huns and so forth have settled here lately."

There was a pause while he emitted a vast volume of cigar smoke, contemplating the ceiling.

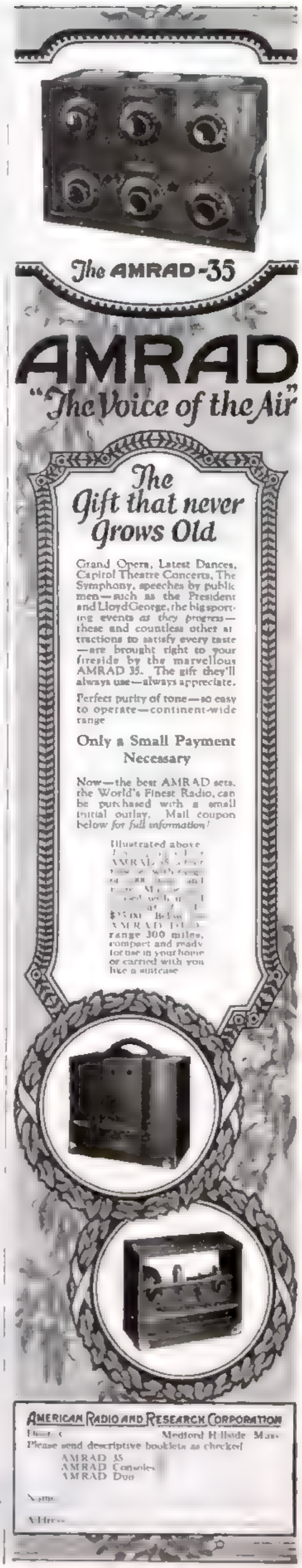
"Why, do you know," said he at length, "I can remember when the very first foreigner came here to live? He was a young Italian with a face like a saint. Such a nice, harmless sort of a feller, he was, and we all tried to help him. There was a cowpuncher named Saul Lytelle here then, who could draw. He made a picture of that feller as Saint Anthony—a real pretty picture it was too. Well, poor old Saul was killed off by a mean hoss long since, but the one that posed for the picture, Angelo Frascani—why, he's here yet. Runs a fruit and soda place down street, and I understand does a little select bootlegging on the side. Yes, sir, I can remember when there was nothing but Americans in this town, that's a fact!"

Easy said something, but I didn't hear what. My mind had gone back to a meeting in the Historical Society rooms at Little Cape, with old Mr. William Cooper standing in the uncertain light of the kerosene lamp as he addressed the gathering on the subject of What I Remember About Little Cape. I seemed to hear his thin quavering voice enunciating the identical sentiment which Uncle Henry had just uttered, concerning the first immigrant to settle in Little Cape. I remember the big black shadow behind old Mr. William Cooper, swaying portentously upon the walls of that old building with its relics of a sturdier age. What did it all mean—where was the country drifting to? Must we give it all away—all—all?

"Here is half of mine because you have thrown yours away!" Was that what we must go on saying forever and ever to these feebler folks who had not been able to make good at home? The night was warm enough, in all conscience, yet I shook with a sudden chill, feeling tired, dreadfully, immensely tired. My head sank lower on my husband's knee. He noticed it, and I felt his strong hand caress my hair.

"Come on, old lady," said he with a deep breath. "Time you were in bed. We'll both need lots of sleep for there's a big work ahead of us here, beginning with tomorrow!"

THE END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SKOOKUM CHUCK

(Continued from Page 21)

"Well, it seems that this village is pretty remote and almost unknown. So they picked it out as the scene of the crime, with the idea that it was little likely to be suspected; especially as it is known that its inhabitants went up to River's Inlet for the summer's fishing. When they saw the Kittiwake they thought all was discovered, that they'd been tipped off, as it were."

"What's the crime?" asked Betsy.

"They were going to give a potlatch, I think; though my friend didn't commit himself."

"Oh, glory be!" cried Betsy. "What luck!"

"I don't know whether they'll go through with it or not," said X. Anaxagoras, "but at least they're coming ashore. It's up to us to prove ourselves harmless."

"Why shouldn't they give a potlatch?" inquired Marshall. "And what is it exactly anyway?"

"It's forbidden, illegal," explained Anaxagoras. "The government is trying to put a stop to it."

He sat down and produced a pipe. The canoes were gathered in a close knot of consultation.

"A potlatch is a giving-away party," he continued. "The fellow who gives a potlatch gathers the bunch and proceeds to distribute everything he can get together, with the accompaniment of appropriate ceremony and feasting, of course."

"Well, why not—if he wants to?"

"Originally, and in its purity, the potlatch was all right. Indeed, it was a sort of rough old-age insurance. The man who gave a potlatch in his youth was privileged to demand in return potlatches in his age or infirmity. After he had given a potlatch he was entitled to a token in the form of a sheet of copper shaped roughly like a shield. Each of these sheets had a definite value—fictitious, of course—representing the value of the stuff he had distributed. I have seen them valued as high as five thousand dollars. Some of them are very ancient."

"Five thousand dollars! That must represent considerable wealth to give away!"

"I saw one flour potlatch where the flour sacks made a pile about fifty feet long by twenty feet wide and over ten feet high. Generally a potlatch is specialized—only one sort of thing is given away—though sometimes they are general, and anything goes. There are flour potlatches or hoolichan potlatches or bacon potlatches or blanket potlatches, or whatever."

"It sounds like a good scheme," substituted Marshall. "Why prohibit?"

"They say the thing degenerated. It developed evils. The element of rivalry crept in. And they found that the white man's institutions permitted them to borrow, so that they often involved themselves hopelessly for years ahead."

"I see," said Marshall.

"They claim a lot more evils too. Finally they thought themselves justified in calling a halt. But it's an old custom and dies hard. They pull off a bootleg potlatch, so to speak, occasionally. This seems to be one of the occasions. Well, they've talked it over; here they come."

The canoes were now coming forward confidently, and shortly they deployed in an irregular line and ran up on the beach. A miscellaneous company debarked; men and women of all ages, children, and a great variety of dogs, cats and chickens. The squaws and girls set to work vigorously with their paddles knocking flat the nettles. While this task was in accomplishment the men stood or squatted on the beach.

There were twenty-five or thirty of them, but of them all two stood out for particular notice. One was the heavy-set man whom Anaxagoras had held in consultation, and who was remarkable rather for his air of authority than for any personal distinction. The other was a slender young man, taller than the ordinary. He held slightly apart from the others, and appeared to be brooding over something.

No one approached the whites, and after a little Anaxagoras advised a return to the yacht.

"It will be better," he said. "It will give them a free hand, and they will be more likely to go ahead with their plans."

So, although the proceedings were just nearing the point of interest, they descended to the beach, boarded the dinghy, and rowed off to the yacht.

There for some time Betsy and Marshall sat on deck with the glasses, spying on what they could see from a distance. This was not much. After finishing the nettle job, the squaws began leisurely to unload the canoes and carry their contents up the steep bank to one or another of the community houses. These large dugouts were excellent cargo carriers. After a top layer of household goods and personal belongings had been removed, there were uncovered dozens it almost seemed hundreds of wooden boxes, apparently of considerable weight. These, Anaxagoras ventured the opinion, probably contained the materials for the potlatch. They were carried one by one, and with difficulty, to the central house of the row. Then all the adult population disappeared within, shutting the doors behind them. Shortly the interstices of the roof began to smoke.

That seemed to be about all.

III

IT WAS late evening and dark. Three of the members of the Kittiwake's crew were comfortably reading beneath the electric lights. The fourth, being a nocturnal creature, was prancing about on top the deck house, apparently, to judge by the sounds, engaged in lightsomely moving heavy office safes which he had mysteriously summoned for the purpose. Therefore a gentle and deprecatory tapping at the cabin door came as a complete surprise, for the approach of a canoe had been masked by Noah's daily dozen. Anaxagoras thrust open the hatch, but before he had an opportunity to identify the visitor or extend an invitation, the newcomer insinuated himself deftly through the opening and dropped lightly to the cabin floor.

He turned out to be the tall young man. On closer inspection his type proved to present quite unexpected variations from that of the usual Northwest Coast Indian. His figure was slender and wiry, his features more finely chiseled than ordinarily. But these distinguishing differences were instantly forgotten when he spoke, for his voice was clear and musical, and his diction remote from the customary syncopated jargon of mingled English and Chinook. Indeed, it might without exaggeration have been described as chaste and elegant. The three Kittiwakes sat spellbound, staring incredulously, while the graceful young man delivered himself of the following as though it had been a set speech.

"Sirs and madam," said the young man, "you will please pardon this intrusion and the method of my entrance. My visit to you is furtive. If it were suspected, it would involve me in trouble."

Betsy and Marshall sat open-mouthed as fishes; but X. Anaxagoras recovered almost instantly, and at once with a gleam of joy adopted the elaborate manner of his professional moments.

"My dear sir, we are honored, I assure you," said he. "If the emergency is as you describe it, pray allow me to draw the curtains. None would then suspect your presence, if your canoe does not betray you."

"I made that fast alongside," explained the young man, "where the shadow of your hull will conceal it."

"I am gratified that this is the case," observed X. Anaxagoras courteously, "and that thus the period of your visit will be undisturbed by uneasiness. Will you be so kind as to be seated? And may I offer you this small libation to our further acquaintance?"

"Rum," said the strange young man, "is the curse of my people." Nevertheless he held out his hand for the glass, which he drained with every appearance of satisfaction. "You will be impatient to learn the object of my call. It is very simple. I have a great respect for the opinion of white people; especially people of means and refinement, such as yourselves. I cannot consider the thought of being placed without explanation in what must seem to you a ridiculous situation. It is to give you that explanation and to ask for your understanding—yes, and for your pity, madam—that I have come."

"We shall be pleased to hear it," encouraged Anaxagoras.

"Perhaps it would not be immodest to say that you must already have noticed that my attainments are in some measure

(Continued on Page 89)

Attractive window displays were one factor in bringing people into the world's largest country store. Here are two of the windows

205

$5,000 more sales than a year ago
$3,000 more than the week before

How the world's largest country store sold $16,101.42 worth of merchandise during a Farm & Fireside Exposition Week—and how every merchant can get more farm trade by applying the same plan to his store

STRASBURG, Ohio (pop. 917), is typical of rural America—typical of the thousands of towns and villages which serve the more than fifty millions of rural population throughout the nation.

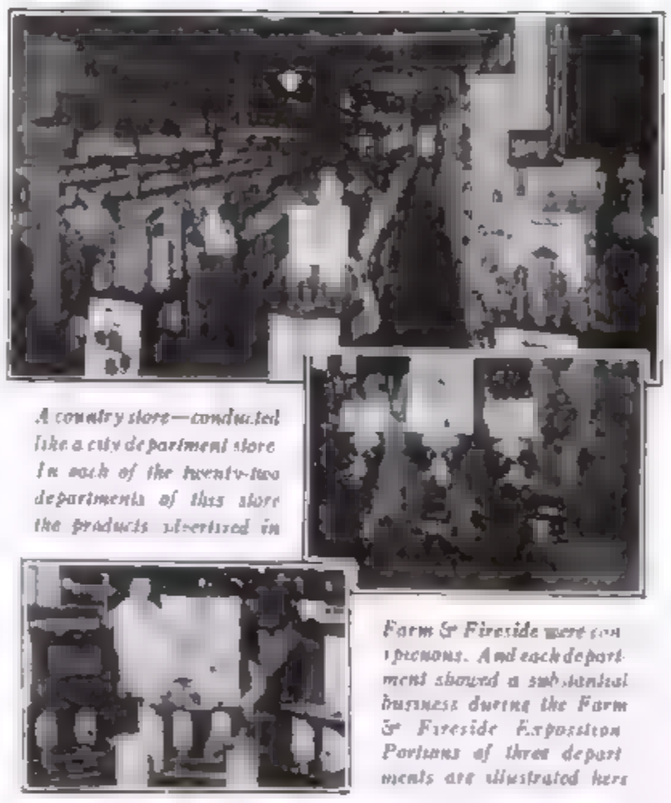
But Strasburg differs from other towns in that it is the home of the world's largest country store—that splendid retail institution of The Garver Bros. Company which has proved an inspiration and guide to those merchants who aspire to the benefits which come from rendering a genuine merchandising service.

The world's largest country store! With justifiable pride do the Garvers lay claim to this title—an achievement that has come, and can come, only as a result of fair dealing, honest merchandise, and the utilization of every opportunity to bring their store to the attention of more people.

An advertising opportunity

Such an opportunity was offered to them, as it is offered to every merchant, by Farm & Fireside, The National Farm Magazine.

"We believe in selling merchandise that is advertised to our customers," Mr. Garver explains. "When we learned that Farm & Fireside had over 7,800 circulation in the five counties from which we draw trade, and when we found that we had in stock more than thirty of the products advertised in this well-known farm magazine, it seemed to us that here was an opportunity to tell our



A country store—conducted like a city department store In each of the twenty-two departments of this store the products advertised in Farm & Fireside were conspicuous. And each department showed a substantial business during the Farm & Fireside Exposition Portions of three departments are illustrated here

customers that we carried this merchandise with which they already were familiar

"We set aside a week for a Farm & Fireside Exposition—a great showing of the products advertised in Farm & Fireside. We advertised it liberally, and Farm & Fireside furnished us splendid co-operation.

"Did it pay? More than 5,000 people visited our store during this one week. Many of these were new customers—people with whom we were glad to get better acquainted.

Our total sales during the week were $16,101.42, as compared to $11,202.03 for the same week last year and $13,103.83 for the preceding week this year. Practically every product advertised in Farm & Fireside showed greatly increased sales.

"And we believe that the advertising which we received from this Farm & Fireside Exposition will bring in business to us for many weeks to come."

Not every merchant can sell $16,000 worth of merchandise in a single week. But every merchant can increase his sales by featuring the products advertised in Farm & Fireside (see list below) and by letting the prosperous farm families of his community know that he carries only the best merchandise—the products advertised in Farm & Fireside, The National Farm Magazine.

We will gladly help you

In the territory from which you draw trade, advertising in Farm & Fireside has already told the story of this merchandise—in many counties to as many as a thousand or two thousand of the leading farm families. When you hold a Farm & Fireside Week, you tell these families where they can see and examine and buy this advertised merchandise.

It's worth trying, surely. And we will gladly help you. Just write, "How may we put on a Farm & Fireside Week," and name the products in the list below which you carry, and we will tell you how to do it. Please write to Retail Sales Director, Suite 5-A, at address below.

The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's, *The National Weekly*, The Mentor

FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine

TIE *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

Absorbine
Agricultural Gypsum
American Fence
American Pad & Textile Company
American Radiator Company
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Anthony Fence
Bag Balm
Bean Spray Pumps
Black Flag Insect Powder
[illegible] Beach Jacket
Buescher Band Instrument Co.
[illegible] Seeds
Capewell Horseshoe Nails
C., B. & Q. R. R. Company
Certo (Surejell)
Chesebrough "Vaseline" Products
Chevrolet Cars and Trucks
Clark Grave Vaults
Clothcraft Clothes
Colgate's Toilet Preparations
Congoleum Rugs
Dandelion Butter Color
De Laval Separators & Milkers
Detroit Belt Lacer and Closing Machine
Devoe Paint & Varnish Products
Diamond Tires
[illegible] Lanterns
[illegible] W. L. Shoes
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic
Dr. Hess Poultry PAN-A-CE-A
Duro Residence Water Systems
Edison Lamp Works of the General Electric Company
Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco
Enterprise Meat Choppers and Sausage Stuffers
Essex Cars
Ford Automobiles and Ford Trucks
General Motors Corporation
Gibson Musical Instruments
Glastenbury Underwear
Goodrich Tires
Great Northern Ry.
Gruen Guild Watches
Hansen's Dairy Preparations
Harley-Davidson Motorcycles
Hartshorn Shade Rollers
Henderson Seeds
Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets
Hudson Cars
Ingersoll Watches
International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment
International Motor Trucks
International Tractors
Kellogg's Corn Flakes
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments
Magnavox Co., The
Mellin's Food
[illegible] Liniment Oil
[illegible] Hollow Tile Silos & Farm Buildings
National Electric Light Assn.
Nesco Perfect Oil Cook Stove
Nesco Royal GRANITE Enameled Ware
New Perfection Oil Ranges
Northern Pacific Ry.
O-Cedar Polish
Oliver Oil-Gas Burners
Overland Cars
Papec Ensilage Cutters
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Planet Jr Implements
President Suspenders
Rat Nip
Reo Speed Wagons
Royal Fence
Sapolio
Stark Bros. Fruit Trees
Stewart Warner Speedometer Corporation
Stewart Custombilt Auto Accessories
Sun-Maid Raisins
Swift's Products
Vapo Stove Co., The
Vellastic Underwear
Victor Talking Machine
Wright's Bias Fold Tape

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UNITED MOTORS
SERVICE

HARRISON
RADIATORS

Now—Real Radiator Service

Go to a United Motors representative in your town who displays the oval sign with the Harrison Radiator panel below it. He will explain this new radiator service—this service which saves time and money on *any* radiator repair job.

No longer do you need to run up a big radiator repair bill or buy a complete new radiator in case of accident.

Your radiator is composed of three principal units—the shell, the tanks and the core. Seldom, indeed, does accident or wear require more than a new core or a repair to the old one.

Radiator specialists only are selected by United Motors Service as Authorized Harrison Service Stations. They will do your radiator repairing quickly and for less.

Go today and make sure the radiator on your car is in condition for the severe demands of winter driving.

HARRISON Radiators

Authorized Service by

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE

General Offices INCORPORATED Detroit, Michigan

Branches in Principal Cities

ATLANTA BOSTON BUFFALO CHICAGO CLEVELAND DALLAS DENVER DETROIT
INDIANAPOLIS KANSAS CITY LOS ANGELES MINNEAPOLIS NEW ORLEANS NEW YORK OMAHA
PHILADELPHIA ST LOUIS SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE TORONTO, CANADA

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above those usual to my people?" queried the youth diffidently.

"That," Anaxagoras assured him, "needs no statement. I should go farther and say that the elegance of your expression somewhat overpasses what one expects to find even in my own race."

"I thank you," said the young man with a slight bow. "It is my constant care in all circumstances to keep it so. You will wonder how this has come about. I will tell you.

"In my earliest childhood I was taken into the household of a man whose daily companion I remained until his death. He expended the most unremitting efforts on my education, especially that branch of it which has to do with expression in words. He had a deep and justified faith in the efficacy of language, both in the setting forth of thought and especially in persuading the conduct of others. He believed, and justly, that a command of language is equivalent to a command of power, and is the most valuable equipment a man can possess."

"In listening to you I become convinced of the fact," said X. Anaxagoras.

"Thank you," repeated the young man. "This he had fully proven in his own career, for by its means in the exercise of his profession he had within a few years accumulated a sufficient competence to enable him to retire to the calling which most appealed to him."

"Which was?" inquired Anaxagoras.

"He became a missionary among my people. For ten years I lived with him in that capacity. From him I received the education you have so kindly remarked, together with a close and constant daily drill in choice of words and expression. He often told me he looked upon me as his son and successor, and that his ambition was to fit me for marked success in his own profession. For that, he often pointed out, the chief requisite was a complete and elegant command of spoken language, for only thus could distinction from the common ruck be assured. And he was accustomed to add that the fact that I belonged to the Indian race gave me an added advantage not to be underestimated."

"I must congratulate him on the success of his efforts," said Anaxagoras.

"Again I thank you. Having brought my education in this respect to the point he deemed sufficient, he resigned his position with the missionary society and resumed his old activities, not so much for his pecuniary advancement as to afford me an opportunity of proof. I must again risk the accusation of immodesty in saying that his confidence was justified. Before his death I am glad to say I was able to afford him satisfaction by becoming the acknowledged head of my profession."

"Very gratifying, I am sure," observed the healer of souls. "And are your activities centered on your own people?"

"They offer but a limited field, I am sorry to say. That of the United States is more extensive. It is there I have won my success."

"They are indeed a sufficiently benighted people to justify the most talented missionary effort," agreed Anaxagoras dryly.

"Ah, I perceive we speak at cross purposes," cried the young Indian. "My master's purpose was to educate me into his old profession, not into his new. Much as he felt himself called to spiritual effort, his thoughts were ever turned toward the scenes of his old triumphs. He had been an acknowledged master; and before he died, I am thankful to say, he saw in me a worthy successor. I can say this without vainglory, for I am entirely of his fashioning. Besides, as he anticipated, my racial origin gave me an advantage. By dressing in what is erroneously conceived to be an Indian costume, and furnishing out my equipage in harmony with that idea, I appealed to the romantic sense which is particularly strong in the starved lives of those isolated women who would naturally be my best customers."

"May I ask what this profession is—or was?" inquired Anaxagoras.

"I am," stated the young Indian with simple pride, "the best sewing-machine agent in North America!"

Betsy choked, coughed violently, disappeared. After a moment she returned.

"Please excuse me," she begged demurely. "I swallowed the wrong way. Please go on with your most interesting narrative."

"Unfortunately," the young Indian acceded, "my thoughts turned toward the scenes of my youth. My success has always been itinerant. Nor have I found speed either requisite or desirable. Where others have adopted motor transportation, I have found it best to retain the horse vehicle. Outside the fact that my pinto ponies with their feathered headstalls have a certain distinguishing and advertising value, a deliberate approach—but these are details of the finer technic with which I shall not weary you."

"They are most interesting and instructive," Anaxagoras assured him.

"It occurred to me that the British Columbia coast offered practically a virgin field. Families are scattered and remote. They are almost invariably unsupplied with sewing machines."

"That I can well believe," Anaxagoras assured him.

"I was not able to convince my firm. In an evil moment I resolved to undertake the venture on my own account. With this end in view I procured and fitted out a gasoline boat. This I stocked with sewing machines. Having in mind the great success of my pinto ponies and their unique equipage, I painted my gasoline boat in primary colors with an aboriginal design across the bows. In place of a mast I erected a miniature replica of the totem pole that had stood before my father's house. The effect was at once striking and chaste."

"I should imagine so," murmured Betsy.

"It was a mistake," sighed the young Indian. "Though my recollection of its details was sufficiently clear to permit my accurate duplication, my memory of its significance was not so precise. I am very unfortunate."

"How so?" asked Marshall, as the Indian seemed to have fallen into a muse.

The latter aroused himself.

"At Alert Bay I happened upon my own people and forgathered with them quite innocently. By various pretexts they induced me to accompany them. Once away from possible protection I was informed of my situation. In their view my affiliations with the tribe had never been severed. I was still a member. The chief pointed out to me that I had erected a totem pole without having given a potlatch. In view of my ignorance, in which with some difficulty I induced them to believe, they compounded my offense by allowing me to give the lacking potlatch. That is why you see me here, taking the leading part in a ceremony which is not only silly and barbaric but illegal."

"And you undoubtedly wish us to do something about it? Take you to the Indian agent at Alert Bay?" surmised Anaxagoras. "Is that it?"

"Not so, kind sir," denied the Indian earnestly. "No such thought was in my mind. I wished merely to set my position right in your eyes."

Anaxagoras considered this.

"Look here," he said abruptly. "I'll make that offer. I'll take you to the agent, and he'll see you get your goods back and get safe away."

"Thank you, sir; no."

"Why not?"

For the first time in the interview the young Indian showed signs of embarrassment. Finally he turned to Betsy.

"It is to you, madam, that I must now appeal for understanding," he murmured sentimentally. "For your fair sex is ever lenient to the vagaries of the human heart. In the houses of my people is one who has all mine. Madam, I will spare you a lover's rhapsodies. Suffice it to say that in my eyes she is as the moon rising in the forest. Since my eyes have rested upon her my mind has had no other thought than to make her my own. I think she looks not unkindly upon me, that my eloquence has won her regard."

"I am sure it must have!" murmured Betsy.

"But her regard is not sufficient. The consent of her father must be obtained, and that can be secured in only one way. I must reinstate myself fully. He is very rigid in his ideas, and ultraconservative as to tradition. He is also of a firm and decided, not to say dictatorial character. You, sir, held some conversation with him."

"The heavy-set man," supplied Anaxagoras.

"For that reason I must go forward with this most distasteful and expensive performance."

"But you should not think of expense in such a connection," chided Betsy, "if you are in this way assured of your girl."

(Continued on Page 91)

Remember

The charm of pearly teeth

Learn how to combat the film

Pearly teeth are clean teeth—teeth free from dingy film. You see them everywhere today because people are fighting film.

May we show you the method? May we send you, without cost, a delightful ten-day test?

That cloud on teeth

Film is what clouds the teeth's luster—that viscous film you feel. Much of it clings and stays. Food, tobacco, etc., discolor it, then it forms dingy coats. That is why so many teeth look cloudy.

Film also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in film, and they cause many troubles, local and internal. So film is the teeth's great enemy.

Dental science has found two ways to effectively fight film. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Able authorities proved these methods by many careful tests. Then a new-type tooth paste was perfected to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Now this tooth paste is bringing a new dental era to millions in every clime.

What this new type means

Pepsodent is based on modern research. It fulfills two new requirements. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, which is there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, which is there to digest starch deposits on teeth.

Those are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Every use of Pepsodent gives them manifold power. Those are reasons for the change which Pepsodent has brought.

You'll see and feel

You will see and feel these good effects, some almost instantly. No one who knows them can fail to want them always.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

The result will be a delightful revelation. And a way to results you will always want. Cut out coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on modern research, now advised by leading dentists the world over.

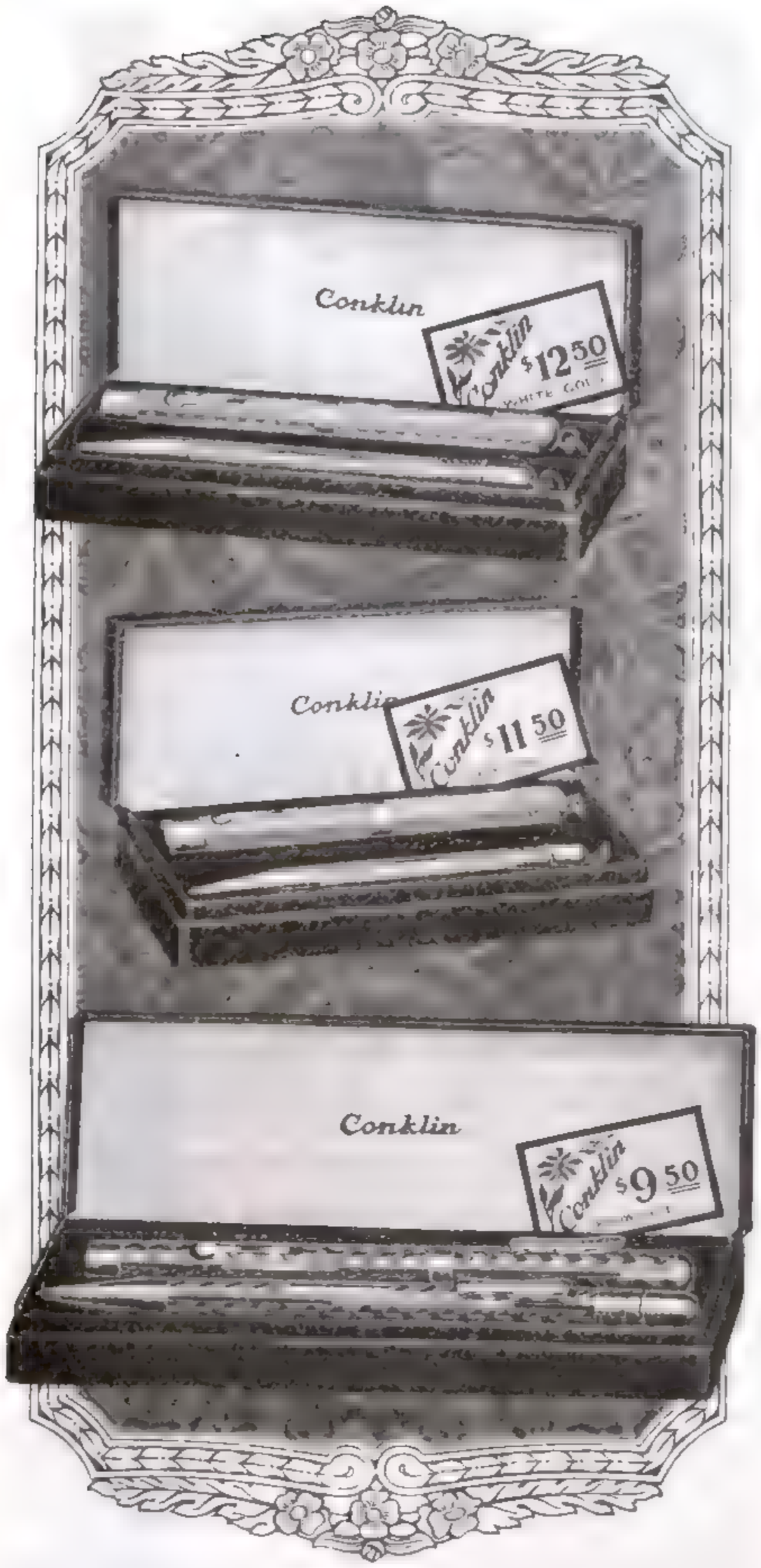
10-Day Tube Free 1370

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY

Dept. 609, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family



Satisfying Choice From Conklin Assortments

Conklin offers you unusually wide assortments to choose from.

Included in dealers' displays are Conklin pens in the Crescent Filler type and Lever Filler type in black rubber, red rubber, silver, yellow, green and white gold—plain ebony finish or chased designs—priced from $2.50 to $25.

Conklin pencils are made in silver plate, sterling silver, and yellow, green and white gold—beautifully designed and finished—prices at from $1 to $20.

Conklin utility sets—consisting of pen and pencil in sterling silver, yellow, green and white gold—packed in very handsome boxes—$8 to $40.

Gifts that Serve

A Conklin pen or pencil is more than a Holiday Memento—it is a thoroughly practical gift.

It compliments as a remembrance of course, but more, it delights the recipient by giving him (or her) the finest writing service available today.

For the Conklin first and last is a wonderfully efficient writing instrument. In point of utility value it takes rank among the finest products made—accurate, simple, durable, and more than ordinarily handsome in appearance.

Conklin's high reputation has its source in the vast number of people who are convinced that Conklin pens and pencils do write better, smoother, more freely, with less attention and for a longer time than any other pens or pencils now on the market.

Dealers' displays are now at their height—full assortments—stocks fresh—just the right time to select the Conklins you want.

Check your Christmas list now—and don't be satisfied with any pen or pencil less fine than Conklin.

Conklin—Toledo

Boston San Francisco Chicago London Barcelona

Conklin

Pens - Utility Sets - Pencils

(Continued from Page 89)

"I do not, madam. But I am assured of nothing, except reinstatement. I can obtain no promise. And, madam, I have a rival, a powerful and dangerous rival, belonging to the people who live in Toba Inlet. He is not now on the ground, but I dread the chance of an encounter."

"What would happen then?" asked Betsy with interest.

"We should have to fight it out, madam, according to the customs of our people. It would be very destructive. I hope and pray he may not put in an appearance until I have had full opportunity to finish this affair and press my suit."

"Oh, I hope so!" said Betsy. "And I think your father-in-law is a horrid old-fashioned parent."

"He is not unjust, madam, from his point of view. He has kindly permitted me to designate the character of the potlatch."

"Yes?" encouraged Anaxagoras. "And what have you decided to give?"

"Sewing machines," replied the young Indian.

"Sewing machines!" gasped Betsy.

"I get them at wholesale rates," said the Indian.

IV

HE BOWED gravely to each in turn, then disappeared as suddenly as he had come. The company sat in stifled suspense until they heard the grating of his canoe on the beach. Then they burst into mirth, guarded by Anaxagoras' warning.

"For heaven's sake, look out!" he repressed them. "Remember how sound carries over the water!"

"Shut the hatch!" pleaded Betsy. "I shall suffocate if I have to hold in any longer!"

They battened down tight, then finally gave vent to their feelings.

"I have led a varied life," Anaxagoras summed it up at last, "but never in all my experience have I run against anything like this! This is going to be good! Sewing machines! An Indian has about as much use for a sewing machine as a dog has for two tails. I wouldn't have missed this for a gold mine. He's incredible! There ain't no sich animile! Oh, Lord! Look here, Betsy, you've got to get out of here and let me go to bed. I can't stand so much emotion. I'm all wore out!"

In twenty minutes the Kittiwake was dark. But for some time explosive, quickly stifled chuckles might have been heard, now from forward, now from the starboard bunk, now from the port, as some newly ridiculous angle of the situation appealed to one or another of the three.

"I feel as if tomorrow were Christmas; I can hardly wait for morning!" Betsy called back after a while.

V

THE Kittiwakes were up early, and early ashore. But in spite of that fact, preparations were well forward. The boxes had been unpacked and their contents assembled.

Sewing machines by the dozen stood all up and down the street; sewing machines enough, it seemed, to supply every member of the community, man, woman, child and dog, with at least one apiece. Those of the people who were in sight were dressed in new and clean garments, the women in bright calicoes and ultraviolent jerseys or sweaters, the men in work shirts and new Can't-bust-'em or Boss of the Road overalls. Occasionally there passed rather hurriedly from one community house to the other a figure in ceremonial costume—long robes of cloth trimmed with weasel or feathers or the bills of ducks or even with bright metal thimbles. Some of them carried wooden tridents or other odd-shaped scepters. One held in his arms a carved and painted wooden mask, or rather helmet, of fearsome design, into which the head could be inserted completely. But these people were evidently as yet supposed to be invisible, like actors in the wings, for the bystanders rather ostentatiously affected not to see them. From the roof holes of all the community houses rose clouds of smoke.

No one paid the slightest attention to the white visitors, who accordingly sat down to await developments. After a considerable interval, however, they were joined by their acquaintance of the night before and the heavy-set man. Both were in ceremonial robes.

"I have persuaded my people that you are friendly to our intentions," the young man told them, "and you are invited to remain. I regret that the religious ceremonies are private; but we hope you will attend the feasts, the dancing and the giving."

Anaxagoras appropriately expressed himself. After a moment the chief, who had said nothing, but who had watched them closely, drifted away.

"Which is she?" Betsy asked the young man eagerly.

The latter sighed.

"You will not see her until the feasting. She takes part in the religious. I will hope for your good opinion."

"There seem to be a great many sewing machines," ventured Marshall.

"Very many," agreed the young Indian sadly. "It is a very expensive potlatch. I am an unfortunate man." He laid his hand on the nearest. "The best models, with all attachments. With one of these you can at will do any one of twelve stitches, and learn in a day to perform any operation that a skilled needlewoman could accomplish only after a long apprenticeship. In two hours I could so instruct you that with the embroidery attachment you could in your spare moments create most beautiful embroidered cushion covers, mats, doilies, and the like. Designs with appropriate color schemes are furnished at a nominal extra cost. Two of our most popular designs for pillow shams are entitled Wide Awake and Fast Asleep ——" He broke off. "But I will explain this to you on your own machines."

"Our own machines?" echoed Betsy.

"But certainly. As invited guests you must partake in the giving. It is a very expensive potlatch—even at wholesale rates."

He seemed to be falling into very low spirits as the hour approached.

"But what can they do with all those machines?" asked Marshall. "What will become of them?"

"They will be broken and rusted and thrown to one side," said the young Indian bitterly. "They will never sew. These beautiful machines! I am a very unfortunate man. I feel that my misfortunes have only just begun."

"Oh, no!" Betsy encouraged him cheerfully. "You mustn't begin to feel that way. Of course it's too bad you have to do it in such a silly fashion, but, after all, if you get your girl you shouldn't begrudge the mere money. Besides, it's partly your fault, you know. You chose to give sewing machines. You might have given blankets or bacon or flour or something useful to everybody; now mightn't you?"

"Many people have given such potlatches," rejoined the Indian, "but no one has ever given a sewing-machine potlatch. I shall be very famous. Besides," he added after a moment, "I get them at wholesale rates."

He raised his eyes, groaned, pointed.

"You see?" he demanded almost vindictively. "What did I tell you?"

Around the point came a canoe. It was followed closely by another and yet another and more, until a flotilla almost equal in size to that of yesterday's arrival was headed toward the beach. Strangely enough, many of the laden canoes towed others that were empty.

"Skookum Charley!" said the Indian in a hollow voice.

"The deadly rival!" cried Anaxagoras.

"What will they do? Will there be a battle?" asked Betsy excitedly.

The young Indian stood up.

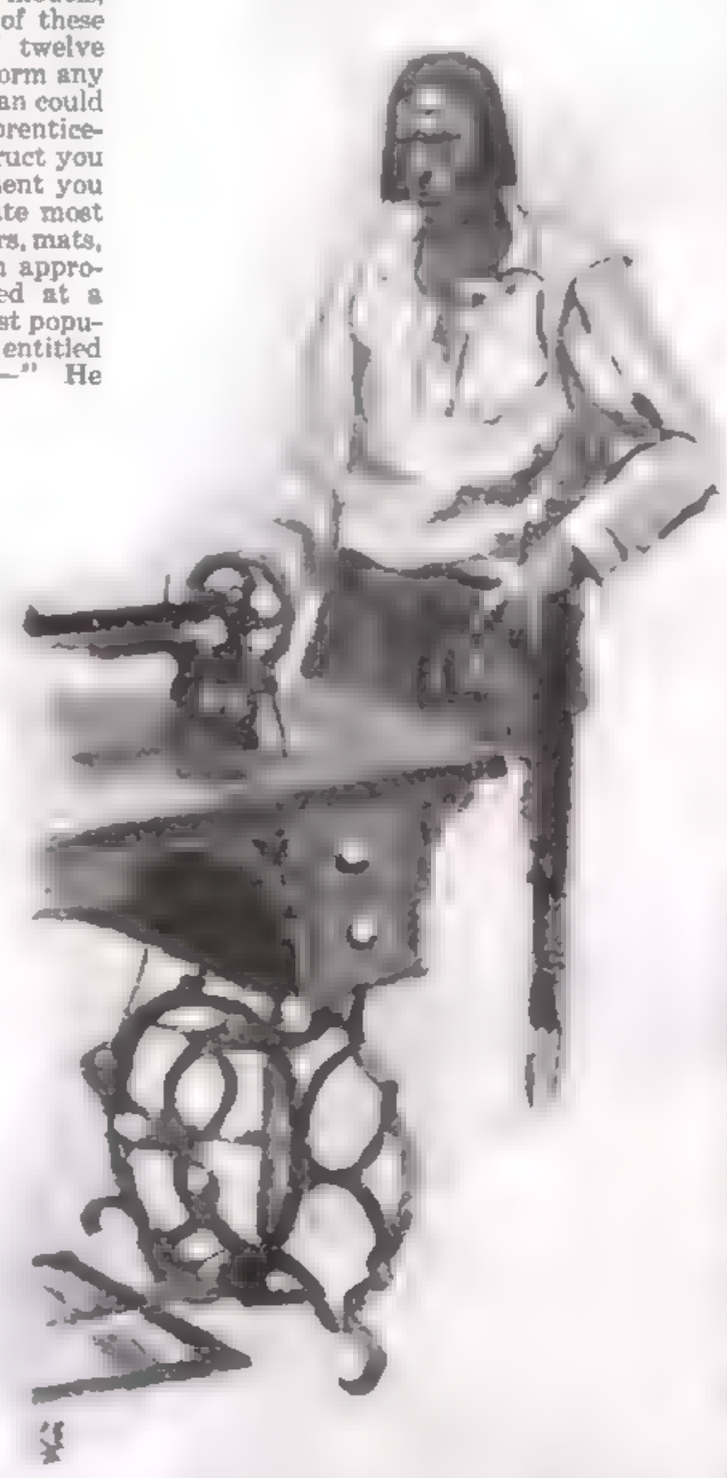
"No battle of our peoples," said he. "They will watch. But between us two it must be fought according to Indian custom. I am an unfortunate man. It will be very destructive."

He stalked down to the white beach, where he posed alone, with folded arms. Silently the other Indians gathered in a dark and waiting semicircle atop the low bank. The incoming canoes deflected to the left and landed about a hundred yards away. All their occupants but one debarked and swarmed down the bluff to take their places intermingled with the others. All seemed friendly enough as far as they were concerned. Here and there low brief greetings were exchanged, but shortly a complete and expectant silence fell.

"I don't believe I'm going to like this," whispered Betsy uneasily. "What are they going to do? Can't we stop it?"

"I don't know," muttered Anaxagoras gravely. "It looks like serious business. I don't believe we would better interfere, though."

"Let's get back in the boat, then."



"It is a Very Expensive Potlatch. I am an Unfortunate Man"

To this Anaxagoras assented. They arose. But at once the heavy-set man came across to them.

"You sit down," he commanded.

"I just go back to boat," explained Anaxagoras.

"No. You sit down," repeated the Indian. His appearance was in no sense conciliatory. They sat down. "Now you stay quiet," commanded the chief, and returned to his place.

Anaxagoras looked grave. Betsy paled.

The one man who had remained with the new-come canoes now thrust one of them from the shore and began slowly to paddle it down the beach. He was dressed in a ceremonial robe, and was of a large frame that had evidently earned him his name of Skookum Charley. The canoe in which he sat was large and heavily ornamented.

"He seems to be unarmed," said Marshall. "How do they fight, anyway?"

"I have no idea; looks like a bare-fist affair," replied Anaxagoras.

"Well, heaven help our friend in that case," observed Marshall.

Skookum Charley brought his craft to a point directly opposite his rival, stood up, and delivered himself of a harangue. To this the other replied at greater length.

"If it's a talking match, heaven help Skookum Charley," whispered Anaxagoras.

But now the rival thrust the canoe on the beach and stepped ashore. He and the young Indian with folded arms faced each other at ten paces. They stood motionless for some time. Then from the bank descended to them a robed figure wearing one of the huge and grotesque mask helmets. It carried an ax. This it presented to Skookum Charley, who seized the weapon and brandished it about his head.

"But this is murder!" cried Betsy. She half rose; but before she could make further demonstration Skookum Charley bounded forward with astonishing agility to the attack.

Only his onslaught was not upon his rival, but upon his own canoe!

Crash! The ax sank into the ornamentation at its bow. Whack! Crash! Whack! The blows followed one another in rapid succession. Chips flew, long slivers came away, splits opened. A dugout is made out of a solid log, and any log requires considerable chopping to reduce it to cordwood; but that is precisely what Skookum Charley did to his canoe. When he had finished he stood for a moment, panting heavily, amid the ruins; then cast the ax at the feet of his motionless rival.

Sheer astonishment had held the white spectators silent. Now they broke out into rapid conjecture. What was the idea? They could make neither head nor tail of it.

After standing in the same pose for half a minute, the young Indian moved. Up the beach he stalked to where lay the canoes of his people, selected one of them and brought it to the beach. Immediately two old men, one from each tribe, descended and examined it closely. They nodded and returned to their places. At once the young Indian picked up the ax and in his turn proceeded to demolish the canoe. He was neither so strong nor so skillful as Skookum Charley, but he did quite as complete a job. Then he, too, stepped back.

Skookum Charley once more went up the beach, got himself another canoe and returned. This, too, he chopped to pieces. There was, however, no more ceremony about it. His rival no longer posed on the beach, but disappeared in the crowd. As the day was warm and the work hard, Skookum Charley laid aside his ceremonial robe and came forth in an undershirt. Also he did less wild fast swinging of the ax, but went at it more like a woodsman putting up cordwood. Nevertheless the result was the same: a perfectly good canoe knocked into smithereens.

When he had finished he wiped the sweat from his brow, and went to sit on a rock, while the other paddled up his second canoe and set to work.

The crowd no longer held either its peace or its position. It circulated and chattered. Therefore the white visitors no longer felt obliged to remain silent.

"Of all the idiotic performances!" exclaimed Betsy. "Can you imagine what it's all about?"

"It looks to me like a poker game—trying to bluff the other fellow out," said Anaxagoras. "May be a sacrifice to the tribal gods, or something like that, before they begin the real trouble."

But at the end of his second canoe the young Indian came to sit beside them, while Skookum Charley began on his third.

"It is our way to fight," he explained in answer to eager question, "where two only wish to fight, by the custom of our people." He sighed. "It is very destructive. I am an unfortunate man."

"It seems a very silly way!" cried Betsy. "How long do you keep it up?"

"Until one or the other ceases." He arose. "It is now soon my turn once more. I must seek more canoes. I have none of my own, and must purchase from others."

There seemed to be some difficulty in this. The young Indian could be seen here and there in the crowd, arguing and pleading. After Skookum Charley had finished he stood for some time waiting. At length the other completed his negotiations, appeared with a fresh victim, and did his ax work. Skookum Charley, evidently much heartened by this evidence that his rival was weakening, had his fourth ready and waiting. The young man returned to his white friends.

"It is finished," he announced to them dully, but in a low voice not to be overheard. "He wins the combat. I can buy no more canoes to match with his."

(Continued on Page 94)

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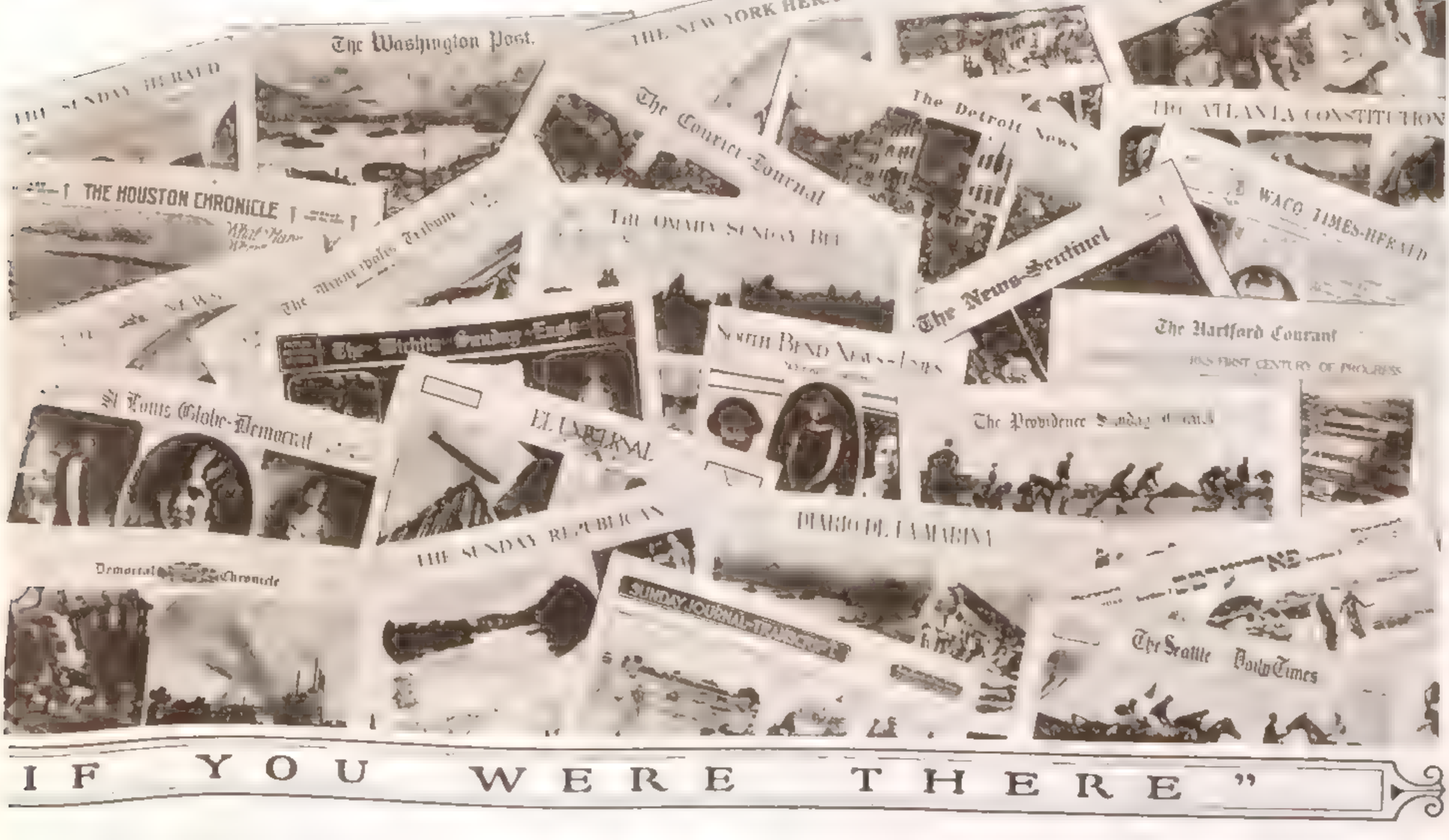

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DEALERS Write for this counter display

(Continued from Page 91)

"Must it be canoes?" asked Marshall.

"Oh, no; other things would be as good."

"Why not sewing machines, then?"

"They are not mine; they belong to the potlatch."

Skookum Charley, as though he scented victory, was nearing the stern of his canoe and was wielding the ax in a great burst of speed and energy.

"Offer them higher prices," advised Marshall. "Anyone will sell anything, if he gets his price."

"It is not price," disclaimed the Indian. "That I would gladly pay. They demand cash, and I have no more cash. I am indeed unfortunate. In bank I have still much money, but that is useless. They will not listen. My life is ruined, for I do not think I now care to live. My potlatch is useless. I am shamed in my people's eyes. No maiden will look on such as I have become."

Marshall stared reflectively on the perspiring and exultant Skookum Charley. Between strokes the latter was grinning malevolently in the general direction of his rival, and hence into the faces of the white spectators. Skookum Charley's countenance was broad and pock-marked, his eyes were close together, and his expression devoid of amiability.

"Do you know, I don't like that fellow!" said Marshall suddenly. "Sit tight, old sport, and be of good cheer!"

He dropped down to the beach, shoved off the dinghy, and rowed out toward the Kittiwake. So unexpected was this action that, though several arose as though to stop him, he was off before any effective movement in that direction could be made. His absence, however, was very brief. He popped in and out of the cabin and returned.

Skookum Charley had finished his canoe and stood triumphantly waiting. The younger Indian was making no move, but sat dejectedly, his arms hanging between his knees. Marshall dropped down beside him.

"Look here," he said rapidly. "You go buy canoes. Buy the whole blooming caboodle of canoes. Go get 'em! Here's the money right here; and more if you have to have it. But lick that cross-eyed slob! I don't like his looks."

He thrust a roll of bills into the Indian's flaccid hand and gave his shoulder a shove.

"Oh, benefactor!" stammered the young man. "How can I ever thank you! How can I ever repay you!"

"You can repay me from that alleged bank account. You needn't thank me," snapped Marshall. "Go! Get busy!"

The young Indian darted away.

"Do you expect ever to see your money again?" demanded Anaxagoras. "Do you really believe that pompous faker has anything in the bank; or if he has, that he'll repay you? Do you know what canoes are worth? Do you ——"

"No to all of it," interrupted Marshall cheerfully. "And I don't give a hang. I'm paying for a grand-stand seat at the best show I've seen in years. And I want the hero to get the girl. And I don't like the looks of Skookum Charley. Dog-gone it, leave me be!"

Anaxagoras looked at his face, young and alight with mischievous interest, and smiled to himself.

Marshall caught the smile.

"Yes, I'm a fool," he acknowledged. "And I like it."

"So do I," struck in Betsy.

The fantastic contest did not much longer endure. Skookum Charley's military estimate of the situation had been good. He had been quite well instructed as to the available resources of his antagonist, and had provided himself with an ample reserve over and above what would be needed. But he had not considered the possibility of reënforcements. Shortly he ran out of canoes, and had to do a little buying himself. On a cash and rising market he soon came to an end. His nerve held out to the last, and he attempted to ring in a small and weather-beaten flat-bottomed skiff. This the young Indian scornfully matched with a dilapidated old barnacled fish box. A ripple of laughter ran over the assembly. The appraisers went through the form of examining it—and nodded!

This was tantamount to an award of victory. Skookum Charley retired in confusion. The assembly began to move about and chatter excitedly. The young Indian, his face beaming, shook Marshall again and again by the hand, voicing his polysyllabic gratitude, and assuring the latter that check would follow by return mail.

"You shall have," declaimed the victor, "as soon as I can have it delivered, one of our Model 41 as a souvenir. It is superior to these; it is the best on the market. Its embroidery feature comprehends the ability to do work so fine as to deceive the expert into the belief that it is hand done. You will with it be able to sew anything, coarse or fine; sails of canvas or silken roses on your slippers. Furthermore, it shall be special. It shall not be stock model. It shall have its bright metal work like gold, and its enamel shall be of sky blue, and ——"

"But," interrupted Marshall, laughing at this lyric outburst, "what use would a machine be to me?"

"In your new household; when you are married." He turned to Betsy. "I will myself teach the lady gladly before the wedding day."

The accused gasped; but further embarrassment was cut short by a complete change in the orator's demeanor. His exultation went out like an electric light, his mouth fell open in dismay, his eye glazed, consternation came upon him. At the same moment the crowds stopped as though frozen, and a collective murmur of lamentation ascended.

"For heaven's sake, what's the matter?" cried Betsy.

"Pinched!" ejaculated the Indian hollowly.

VI

UNOBSERVED a small boat had approached the shore. Its occupant was now leisurely preparing to beach it. He was a small and insignificant-looking white man, dressed in a battered straw hat, a gray flannel shirt, and brown overalls held up by indifferent suspenders.

"Who is it?" asked Betsy.

"It is the Northwest Mounted Police," said the Indian.

Betsy stared. The Northwest Mounted Police! Where the stiff-brimmed sombrero? The natty red tunic? The neat blue breeches and shining boots? Where the ready revolver? No novel or movie had prepared her for this. And where the champing steed? At the moment the man was engaged leisurely in baling the champing steed.

"Are you sure?" she doubted.

"It is he. I am pinched," the young Indian assured her sadly. "Now I must go to jail and lose my sewing machines and be made to pay a large fine of money. And I have no potlatch, and my love is hopeless. I am an unfortunate man."

The policeman stepped ashore.

"Who's running this show?" He addressed the gathering. "Step out!"

The young Indian made as though to obey, but Marshall thrust him back, and himself descended to the beach.

"Hello, Foster," said he.

The policeman stared, then drew himself up and saluted.

"Captain Marshall!" he cried. "I am glad to see you! That's your yacht, eh? But I am glad to see you! The last time was when you caught that piece of H. E. at Vimy Ridge. You came through all right, sir?"

"Quite all right. But what's the trouble here?"

"Potlatch. I've got to take the giver in. Illegal."

"What makes you think this is a potlatch?"

Foster grinned.

"I know the symptoms. Sorry to spoil the show, but it's duty."

"You're wrong, Foster," said Marshall positively.

Foster looked doubtful.

"They've been having one of their absurd smashing-up duels, to be sure; but no potlatch."

"What are the goods laid out along the streets?"

"Come up and look at them," invited Marshall.

They mounted the little bluff.

"Sewing machines!" marveled Foster.

"Precisely. Now I ask you—did you ever hear of a sewing-machine potlatch?"

"I can't say I ever did. It's a new one on me. But that's nothing. There have been some queer ones. The last one I stopped was a phonograph potlatch; all going at once."

"These sewing machines," stated Marshall clearly, "belong to a friend of mine; a particular friend. He is agent for them, and has been for years. He has been cruising on this coast for the past few weeks, engaged in selling them. This is his display, his stock in trade."

"What's he got them here for?"

"I told you; he is selling them."

"To Indians!"

"To Indians, as well as white people."

Foster shook his head. "Come now, captain!" he pleaded.

Marshall turned to the young Indian, who had been hovering in the background. "Step here a moment, please. Will you show Mr. Foster any papers you may have to prove your profession—letters from your firm, order blanks, anything?"

This was a bold cast, and he held his breath. But his suspense was at once relieved.

"Certainly, sir," agreed the Indian. "If you will excuse me a moment I will procure them for his enlightenment."

"Well, I'll be damned!" ejaculated Foster, completely overset at this ebullition of language. He examined the invoices and order blanks in silence.

"So you see there is nothing to interest you professionally," said Marshall, looking him steadily in the eye.

Foster stared back. His left eyelid fluttered ever so little.

"If you say so, captain. But I'll just keep these papers to support my report."

"Now," said Marshall, "if you will just go aboard the Kittiwake, I will follow in a few moments. We will have a drink and talk over old times."

"I'll get my gas boat from the next cove first," amended Foster.

Marshall watched him well offshore.

"Now," he commanded the young Indian crisply, "you call over the chief, and anybody else who has any say-so with this gang. And you bring that girl. I've got something to say."

In three minutes he was confronted by the heavy-set man and the two older men. A pretty girl hovered in the back.

"Look here," said Marshall. "Potlatch finished. No good. Police stop. My friend want girl. He want to give potlatch, but no can do. All right. No sewing machine, no potlatch. Give money potlatch instead." He stared at the stolid and impassive countenances before him. "O Lord!" he gave it up. "Here, you tell them. Tell them the potlatch idea is evidently all off, but that you want to do the important thing. You can't give sewing machines or junk, so you'll give money instead. Tell them I'll furnish the money—but on one condition: that you get that girl, and that you get her now."

"Oh, sir ——" cried the young Indian.

"Tell them," snapped Marshall.

A long consultation.

"They say," the lover explained reluctantly at last, "that without feast and religion the potlatch is no good."

"You tell them," countered Marshall vigorously, "that without the Canadian Dominion Government they're no good; and the Canadian Dominion Government is going to be anchored in this bay in about ten minutes. And tell them I expect them to marry you and that girl right now, tonight. And that the wedding will give them all the feasting and religion necessary."

More long confabulation.

"They say, how much money?" the Indian translated at last.

Marshall threw back his head and laughed. "I thought so!" said he.

VII

FROM this point matters ran smoothly. In a half hour the dinghy was headed toward a belated lunch. For a dozen strokes no one said anything.

"Far be it from me to interfere with your aboriginal affairs," then said X. Anaxagoras softly, "or to be so impertinent as to question the extent of your financial outlay. But may I ask why you have risked what must be a considerable sum on a voluble stranger of both race and calling notoriously uncertain in meeting its obligations?"

"Lord, man!" cried Marshall. "For fun! A good gamble has always been my vice."

"And far be it from me to interfere in your aboriginal plans," said Betsy meekly, "but did it occur to you that the girl might like to have something to say about it?"

For a moment Marshall looked dashed. Then he waved his hand.

"Mere detail!" he said grandly.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of stories by Mr. White. The next will appear in an early issue.

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THE DANGER OF EUROPE

(Continued from Page 5)

his adherents against the bitter conditions of defeat which raised once again the standard of Islam and in Asia Minor gathered together an army which not only smashed the Greeks but broke to bits the whole structure of peace in the Near East which had been established by the Allied Powers. The withdrawal of the French at Chanak, when they left the British forces isolated, and the conflicting views of France and England, resulted in a humiliating surrender to Turkish claims which advertised to many people beyond the Turks that the peace treaties after the great World War are but scraps of paper which may be ignored by those who have the strength to ignore them. If one nation can violate them, other nations may—a dangerous and tempting precedent in the hearts of peoples who were never reconciled to the terms of defeat, or even to their share in the spoils of victory.

It became obvious to all clear-thinking people that militarism had not been killed by any new methods of diplomacy. From the beginning of the peace until now, France has refused to believe in any other argument than that of force, and has never concealed her contempt for idealists who believed that the League of Nations might substitute law and justice for armed power. When England demobilized, France maintained her army at full strength. When Germany was disarmed, France increased her aircraft. When the Washington Conference limited the number of warships, France started a big program of submarines. Faced with a dwindling birth rate, France redressed the balance of her armed strength by raising an immense reserve of black troops in Africa. At a time when the ex-enemy countries are so defenseless that they cannot police their own towns, France and her military allies of Poland and the Little Entente have greater standing armies than existed in the whole of Europe before 1914.

It is an assertion before the world that in spite of all lip service to the League of Nations and the war to end war, there is only one means of defense, and that is the power of the sword, or rather the power of gun, tank and aërial bomb.

Central-European Opinion

So we are back again, after wild flights of idealism and hope, to the ethics of the years before the war, to the ethics of barbarism. The idealists have been defeated, routed and dismayed. All those millions of common men and women who looked for some leadership which would give security to their homes and save the younger generation of youth, have been mocked by this new militarism, triumphant, and scornful of such weakness. There is only one God, and He is on the side of the big battalions and the bombing aëroplanes.

The most serious cause of danger in Europe and of this reaction to ideas of force is the sense of injustice which was perpetuated by the Treaty of Versailles and its sister treaties. There can be no allegiance to the cause of law and justice when great nations and proud races believe themselves, rightly or wrongly, to be under the yoke of injustice. There can be no appeal to international law through a League of Nations which is controlled by great powers and especially by one great power—France—who refuses to alter those treaties by any paragraph or comma while she has the strength to enforce them, justly or unjustly.

What fills me with the greatest uneasiness about the future is the absolute and passionate conviction in Central and Eastern Europe that the treaties imposed upon them are so unjust, so unnatural, so intolerable, that they must be broken somehow and anyhow by force of arms, when the first chance comes. The Hungarians with whom I have lately been have lost two-thirds of their ancient territory, all their salt mines, most of their forests, their most important industries, their richest districts. Frontier lines have been drawn across their railways and their waterways, and millions of Hungarians have been placed under the dominion of Czechs, Serbians and Rumanians, who are not treating their minorities with any courtesy. I spoke with many Hungarians who said, "This cannot last because it is not based on justice. Something must happen to give us back our folk and our property. One day it will happen. There will be a great movement and a red light in the sky. Every Hungarian, young and old, will take a weapon in his hand."

In Austria there is a sense of injustice. Though they are grateful for international aid which has stabilized their money and saved them from starvation, the Austrians are not reconciled to their present state with the great city of Vienna cut off from all its old resources as the capital of an empire. They, too, see great numbers of their people under alien governments in Italy and Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia. They are forbidden by the treaty of peace to link up economically or politically with Germany, and they know that without such a union they will be forever weak. They acknowledge defeat, they are willing to suffer the price of defeat—they have suffered in agony and starvation, in penury and humiliation—but they believe they are the victims of an injustice at which God himself must weep. Not forever will they tolerate its decrees.

Growing Bitterness Toward France

When I was in Vienna a few weeks ago I saw a procession of men and boys miles long through the streets which showed that even in Austria, most peace-loving, most easy-going, most good-natured of folk, there is a sense of growing indignation against what they believe to be injustice against the German race. They were Hackenkreuzler, wearing the sign of the Swastika or Hackenkreuz, as it is called in German, and they were demonstrating against the treatment of Germany by France. To a man and boy they are in favor of union with Germany, and to a woman they believe that Germany has not been given justice or fair play, or any decent chance of life by Poincaré and the French Government.

It was an Austrian lady, charming and gracious and beautiful, who suddenly flamed out to me in a passion of emotion: "France does not want Germany to pay. She wants the ruin and downfall of Germany. The more Germany offers to pay, the more France asks. They have no justice, no chivalry, no humanity. I should like to marry a Frenchman so that I could kill him!"

That hatred against France is rising like a tide from the Rhine to the Danube. It is not an augury of future peace. It is dangerous, not only to France but to Europe, for many countries beyond the frontiers of Germany—Hungary, the Balkans, Russia—are waiting on events before they move to take advantage of confusion.

It is the struggle between France and Germany that has retarded all chance of economic recovery in Europe for some time to come, and increased the danger of a new convulsion. Whatever may have been the right of France to seize the Ruhr as a pledge—and I am one of those who think it was a fatal error, wrong in policy and principle—it is clear now that the cost of passive resistance hurled Germany into a financial bankruptcy which was already approaching because of her wild gamble in the mad adventure of inflation. Whatever happens, it is certain that for some years to come Germany's purchasing power will be enormously reduced, thereby reducing the volume of trade in every market of the world. That is a serious outlook for all countries, and especially for England, whose life depends on foreign markets.

But worse fruit than that will be gathered from the Ruhr. It is only the blind, the deaf and the dumb who may now ignore the threat to European peace which has followed that episode in history. For a time Germany may surrender to France. For a time internal strife may disrupt her empire. For a time her people may submit sullenly to unemployment, starvation wages and social chaos, with spasms of rioting and bloodshed. But in every German heart from the Rhine to East Prussia there is the belief that one day, in some year to come, they will break the shackles which have been fastened on them by the Treaty of Versailles and smash their way to liberty and vengeance. In Germany, as in Italy, as in Hungary, there is a national dictatorship which is prepared to maintain order within its frontiers by an iron hand against all revolutionary forces and, having crushed those, to use its power and control to regain its national pride. In Germany, ready for pacifism, as I truly believe, for a little

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time after the last war, there is now beating up a tide of reaction which will work back to monarchy and to faith in force as the only way of escape.

Let us face this thing squarely, as Lord Grey has faced it in his recent letter to the world. "Recent events," he wrote, "have shown us with horrid clearness Europe sliding surely, though it may appear slowly, towards the abyss." There is still, in my belief, one last chance of safety and sanity, though a slender one, and in further articles I hope to show the inevitable consequences of the present state of Europe if that last chance is not seized quickly by those who have the power in their hands.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Sir Philip Gibbs. The views of Sir Philip Gibbs should not be confused with the opinions of the editors, which appear from week to week on our editorial page, but we believe that they do reflect the ideas of an important group of Englishmen.

WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN IN SPAIN?

(Continued from Page 16)

as of the Irish, to ally themselves whenever possible with the declared enemy of the predominant power.

But by the beginning of the nineteenth century the Catalan sense of special race was almost dead. It was revived about the middle of that century, like the Irish Sinn Fein, by literary men whose researches had fired them with enthusiasm for the national glories of the past. And it grew steadily, fed by a general resentment against the excessively centralized Dublin Castle-like administration of Madrid, consolidating itself into an ever more and more powerful political party which, just as Parnell's Irish Party did at Westminster, almost permanently held the balance of power in the Cortes at the capital.

During the war, when German money was poured in floods into Catalonia to hinder the production of munitions for France and to create a political lever for use if necessary against Spain, separatism received a great if artificial stimulus. Catalonia was bemused with the prospect of becoming—in the event of a German victory—once more an independent state, united with French Catalonia and comprising Marseilles within its territory.

But this was a possibility which, however much it fired the imagination of perfervid youthful Catalans, was very discreetly kept in the background by the Catalan political leaders, the chief of whom is Señor Cambó, a financial genius whose services have been of the greatest use to Germany since she lost the war. Señor Cambó prudently followed the traditional policy of the Catalan political party and used separatism as a pistol to put to the head of the Madrid government. Under the threat of that weapon he extorted, two years ago, that prohibitive import tariff for the benefit of the Catalan manufacturers which resulted in a tariff war between France and Spain, and which, under the pressure of France, England and the United States, coupled with the appeals of the agricultural exporters of Southern Spain, the last Spanish Government was rapidly modifying. Hence one reason for the fall of that government.

Some Secret History

Now there seems to be no doubt that Primo de Rivera's revolution was originally his own independent idea. He was appalled by the corrupt administration of the country and was resolved to clean it up. But he could not be quite sure of the support of the king, since in the last movement of the sort, that of the military juntas in 1917—likewise initiated at Barcelona—the king had been hostile to it and in conjunction with the Conservative minister La Cierva had very cleverly drawn its teeth. Accordingly he looked for alternative bases of support in case that which he preferred—the support of King Alfonso—failed him.

A week or so before the outbreak of the revolution—this is all very secret history—he had a secret conference with Señor Cambó, the all-powerful and real separatist leader, although he discreetly calls himself a regionalist, at Fontromeu in the Pyrenees and arranged with him that in certain eventualities the whole strength of separatism should be mobilized behind the military movement and that the army in the Fourth Military Region should proclaim an autonomous Catalonia. It may be presumed that General de Rivera intended to resort to this alternative only if his situation became desperate; it would certainly have meant civil war. Then Señor Cambó went for a cruise in his yacht to Constantinople to await developments.

Actually, the king, on quite another series of considerations—accepted, even perhaps welcomed a revolution that relieved him of a very serious danger had the Cortes met on October first, and the eventuality never arose. Primo de Rivera, assured of the royal support before he moved, promptly turned and crushed the separatism that might have been his ally. He incorporated a denunciation of it in his proclamation. The executive militant leader of the separatists, Francisco Macia, a deputy in the Cortes and an ex-lieutenant colonel of artillery, was conducted across the frontier—the man who did it is a personal friend of mine—on the first day of the revolution. The flying of the Catalan flag, the publication of Catalan propaganda, Catalan separatist demonstrations or activities of any kind were all summarily suppressed under the severest penalties by one of the very first of his decrees. In so doing he acted on a right instinct to identify himself with the aspirations of the entire country and not with the narrow and disintegrative dreams of a section of it. Had he not done so his revolution would have failed of the deep significance which makes it symptomatic of a general movement in the affairs of Europe, a reawakening of national consciousness, a consolidation as opposed to disintegration of national strength.

Carlism Not Dead

As far as separatism was concerned, therefore, he burned his bridges behind him. He has not done so without risk. True, he has allowed it to be understood that he proposes to restore the prohibitive tariff law to its pristine severity, which will please the Catalan industrialists; but if there is any force in this stubborn racial hostility, which has been a curse to the Spanish Government ever since Ferdinand and Isabella, he has earned for himself a deep and bitter hatred not the less formidable because for the moment it is necessarily silent.

The Catalan people is feeling the benefit, like the rest of the Spanish people, of the reforms imposed by the dictator—drastic measures with profiteers, prompt and clean justice, honest municipal administration—but the race-obsessed, politically conscious minority, which after all drives the mob, will be even more ready than it has always been to give the government at Madrid a push towards destruction. The Catalans show no signs of being satisfied with the new regionalist system of administration which Primo de Rivera, after due consideration and working out of the details, proposes to inaugurate for the whole of Spain.

The second alternative which Gen. Primo de Rivera kept handy was, surprisingly enough, Carlism, or Jaimismo, as it is now generally called in Spain, after Don Jaime de Bourbon the Pretender—there is something reminiscent of the old Stuarts in the entire business—to the Spanish throne. I say surprisingly enough, for, inside and outside of Spain, Carlism is generally supposed to be comfortably dead. Twice in the nineteenth century, from 1834 to 1840 and from 1872 to 1876, Spain was ravaged by wars fought on the principle of mutual extermination accompanied by the most appalling atrocities between the supporters of Don Carlos, brother of Ferdinand VII—died 1833—and later of his son on the one hand and the supporters of the rights of the daughter of Ferdinand and her descendants on the other.

In 1876 liberalism won. When finally Don Jaime accepted a pension from the civil list of Alfonso XIII, promised never to attack the present dynasty so long as it should be accepted by the Spanish people, and agreed never to marry and therefore to have no heir, it looked as though the calamity which had almost ruined Spain in

(Continued on Page 101)

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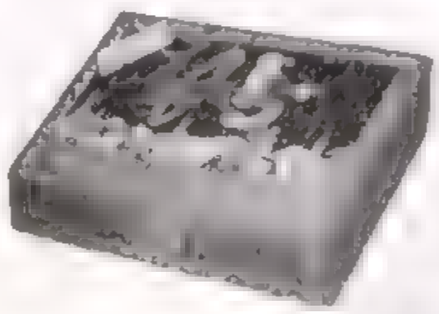

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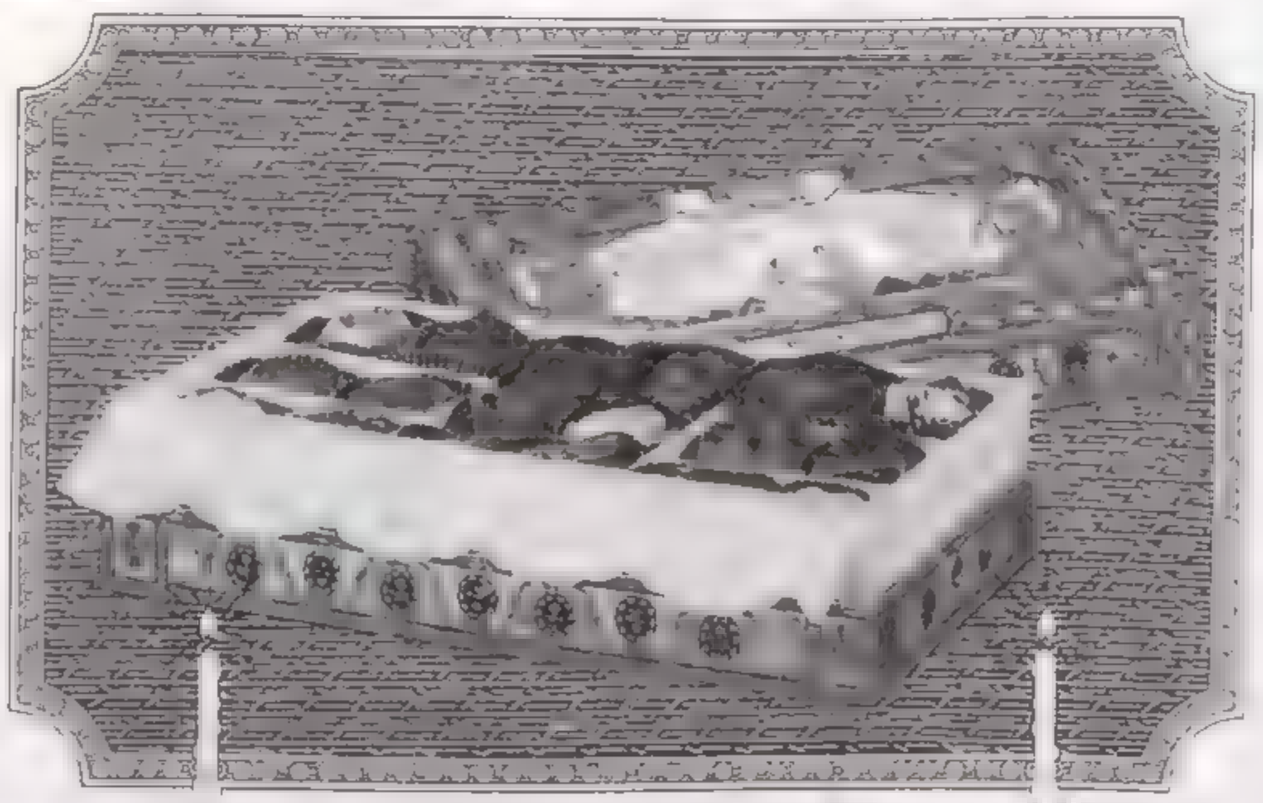

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(Continued from Page 98)

the nineteenth century was conjured away forever.

But there are some things which die hard. At any rate this is more secret history, but exact—General de Rivera considered Carlism a force sufficiently formidable to be looked to for support and presumably grateful enough for its chance to acquiesce in those reforms which were the sole motive for his action. Accordingly, for the week preceding the revolution, Don Jaime, the exiled pretender, was staying under an assumed name at that hotel in Barcelona where I write this, and was in close communication with General de Rivera. Had King Alfonso refused to sanction the military movement, Don Jaime would have found his justification in the claim that King Alfonso was no longer supported by the Spanish people and that the only way to save Spain from chaos was to revive the ancient rights of Don Carlos—conceded to him by Ferdinand VII.

But King Alfonso, as already stated, very cheerfully accepted the aid of General de Rivera to rid himself of a political system whose appalling corruption had long made it obnoxious to him, and which had now made itself liable for a very imminent crisis that threatened the existence of the dynasty within the next three weeks. And so Don Jaime once more crossed the frontier. But the Carlists, though they say nothing, are naturally not very pleased at being thus thrown aside at the last moment, and their resentment may be calculated upon to show itself if the opportunity offers.

The policy of the Carlists for many years has been to foment wherever and whenever possible the excesses of their worst foes, the reds, in order to justify an ultimate claim that only a strong autocratic Bourbon government of the old school can save Spain. They never openly show their hand, of course, but for the last forty years the outrages—anarchist, communist and syndicalist—which have made Barcelona notorious can be attributed not a little, directly or indirectly, to their suggestion.

The Red Movement

It is this red movement, whatever its intricate and obscure background of derivation, which is the third great hidden force with which Primo de Rivera has to count. Possessing nucleuses wherever there is an industrial agglomeration in Spain, Barcelona is its headquarters and chief citadel, with Bilbao and Saragossa competing for second place. Its history is a long, complicated and often fascinating story; too long to be narrated here in more than succinct summary.

Briefly, the red movement in Spain is quite independent of the red movement in Russia or any other country. It was born long before them; in fact, it may be regarded as their parent. During the middle years of the nineteenth century political idealists of the bomb-and-revolver brand—a perverted craving for startling destruction was their only common link—fled to Barcelona as to a city of refuge—at that time political conditions in Spain were more picturesque than stable—from the unappreciative governments of their native countries, chiefly France, Germany and Russia. They were considerably reënforced by the survivors of the Paris Commune in 1871. From Barcelona—dignifying themselves with the then new title of anarchists, a theory which proclaims the iniquity of any form of government—they proceeded to make themselves unpleasant to all the governments of Europe. From the '80's till the end of the nineteenth century, outrage after outrage by pistol or dynamite bomb made anarchism as familiar a bogy to that generation as Bolshevism is to ours. It was probably all the anarchists ever hoped for; they were merely weak-minded perverts with criminal instincts, craving a fame which they certainly could not have achieved by any legitimate activity. And presently the governments of Europe had enough of them. They combined forces and hounded the anarchists out of existence—except in Barcelona.

There the theory and practice of anarchism still flourished, more or less fitfully, but from roots that had struck deeply into the soil. They were behind every one of the recrudescent troubles in Barcelona, and finally behind that sanguinary and abortive revolution in 1909, provoked by the refusal of the Spanish troops to embark for the war in Morocco. And then the stern reprisals of the Spanish Government practically wiped them out. Those that were left lay very low. There was comparative peace in Barcelona until the outbreak of the war.

Here begins the second chapter. The French Government sent immense orders for munitions of all kinds to the Catalan factories. The German Government took immediate counter measures to prevent their delivery. They were measures familiar enough to Americans during the years 1914-1917, but in Catalonia they were undertaken with a thoroughness impossible in the United States. The first object, of course, was to paralyze production. The German Government had no use for the theories of anarchism, but it had a very urgent use for the surviving anarchists. They were fitted out with unlimited funds and a new social theory—syndicalism—and told to go to it. They did so with a will, and now terrorizing, now cajoling the workmen, they linked up all the inoffensive and perfectly legitimate trades-unions into one formidable Sindicado Unico. Strike followed strike, murder followed murder; and if they did not by any means stop the flow of munitions into France, they certainly diminished the quantity and increased the price. All this is ancient history that is scarcely worth digging up again—and it is a piece of history over which most Spaniards jealous of the honor of their country prefer to draw a veil. The Germans had powerful protection on their right hand, as well as the ex-anarchists on their left.

Forced Contributions

With the sudden end of the war begins the third chapter, a chapter so confused and intricate in its story that it would take a book to elucidate it completely. The Catalan manufacturers were left with huge stocks on their hands. The Catalan workmen, by this time only too familiarized with terrorist violence, saw themselves menaced with a cut in wages. The secret-service people and the ex-anarchist workmen's leaders, suddenly deprived of money from Germany, saw themselves stranded and penniless. But not for long. It became apparent that here was a situation to be exploited. The employers desired a general strike that should be an excuse for temporarily shutting down their works. The men had earned wages which, scandalously low though they still were, yet represented an enormous advance on prewar days; their appetite was whetted and they were ready to believe that persistent strikes would get them still more. Within limits the Spanish Government was not averse to trouble in Catalonia as a means of paralyzing the separatist movement; at least, some of its highest representatives in Catalonia behaved as though that were its secret policy.

The secret-service people and the ex-anarchists wanted money. They got it. Under terror of assassination that only too often happened, practically every workman in Catalonia was not only forced into the Sindicado Unico but compelled to make a contribution to a fighting fund over and above the ordinary benefit fund. That fighting fund ran speedily into millions of pesetas, and was mostly spent by the syndicalist leaders—they had long dropped their anarchist label—in wine, women and song in Barcelona after handing out a heavy percentage to certain corrupt high officials in the Spanish administration, who shall be nameless. The employers got the strike they really wanted and the men got the strike they thought they wanted.

It was a strike, or rather an interminable succession of strikes, that speedily became embittered; and a section of the men, exasperated by their privations and supplied with weapons from a fraction of the fighting fund, began to shoot the employers. This was going beyond a joke, and the Federación Patronal—the employers' association—arranged with their friends the syndicalist leaders—many of them formerly high in the German secret service—to put a brake on this violence that was getting out of hand. These men, of course, lived on trouble; and the way they did it was to form within the Sindicado Unico an inner gang of gunmen who would and did murder the syndicalists who had murdered an employer. And then the syndicalists murdered another by way of revenge. So, in a vicious circle, the murder habit was firmly established in Catalonia. Within the three years after the Armistice more than five hundred employers were shot dead, and an unknown

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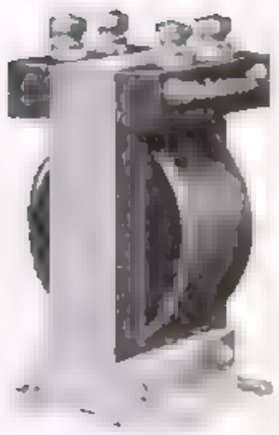

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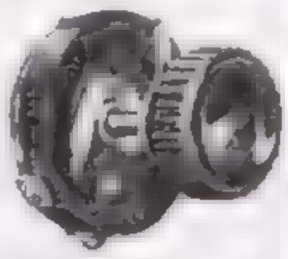

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number of workmen—perhaps two or three thousand. Not a day passed without its five or six assassinations.

Then came Martinez Anido, now intrusted by General de Rivera with the maintenance of order all over Spain. He summarily terminated the complicity of certain police and other officials with the syndicalist leaders, and he put down this orgy of murder with an iron hand. His methods were crude, illegal, brutal, but effective. For every murder the syndicalists committed, two syndicalists happened to get assassinated, and they were always among the most prominent. For this purpose a rival sindicado, the Sindicado Libre, was formed under government patronage, though nominally independent.

When Gen. Martinez Anido—he was then civil governor after being military governor—received an anonymous letter informing him that he was condemned to execution he immediately had twenty of the most important syndicalists brought before him. He informed them that it was quite possible that he himself would be assassinated, but that he had already taken measures to insure that all the twenty should be dead within two hours of his demise. Thus it happens that he is still very much alive. He finally knocked the heart out of the business by capturing the real and possibly sincere genius of the syndicalist movement and having him shot in the street on the usual pretext that he was attempting flight. The German ex-secret-service men began to drift off to other and less dangerous fields of activity, several of the more notorious syndicalists asked to be put in jail—and a comparative peace reigned in Barcelona.

Finally the Spanish Government, unable to countenance these drastic measures, recalled Martinez Anido, and once more the murder gangs crept out of their hiding places. Once more assassination and counter assassination became a feature of Catalonian life, though not with the frequency characteristic of the days before Martinez Anido. But they continued until General de Rivera stepped into supreme power, when they suddenly stopped and the Sindicado Unico publicly announced its intention of dissolving itself. It had no doubt of what Gen. Primo de Rivera was proposing to do to it if it did not disappear.

Opposition of the Reds

These murders are only the surface symptom of a very serious and deep-seated trouble among the working classes of Spain. There is no doubt that in general they are scandalously ill paid and exploited. There is equally no doubt that the Spanish workman, left to himself, would infinitely prefer to do an honest day's work at a fair wage than to risk his life in revolutions. But he is not left to himself. At his side there is always the syndicalist-communist organizer, showing him the glint of a half-concealed automatic and asking for a subscription to the fighting fund. And, of course, if you continually pay subscriptions to a fighting fund you expect to see some fighting. The reds have plenty of money; but contrary to the usual belief, little or none of it has come from Russia. It is all of Spanish origin and mostly extracted from the Spanish workmen.

Now the reds, although ostensibly they have prudently ceased their activities—I have this from very well informed secret-service sources—are working hard against the military dictatorship of Primo de Rivera. They are making every effort to unite in one common front the four factions into which labor is divided—the syndicalists, immensely the strongest and chiefly localized in Catalonia; the communists, getting stronger every day, whose headquarters has hitherto been in Bilbao; the somewhat academic and futile socialists, of small account as far as the manual-labor classes are concerned; and the veteran remnant of the anarchist old guard. When they achieve this common front they hope for an opportunity of a revolutionary movement, coupled with a general strike, that shall paralyze the arm of the government, in which General de Rivera shall disappear.

In the meantime they are collecting the money—a million pesetas a month from the Catalonian syndicalists alone, and an unknown amount from the communists—with which to finance themselves. Also, they have embarked on a vigorous and murderous campaign of robbing banks in the smaller towns of Catalonia. Apart from this, their activity is chiefly directed to intensifying a long-since-originated propaganda among the troops, playing on the universal hatred of service in Morocco, emphasizing that the proletariat is composed of their fathers and brothers, and alleging that the ultimate aim of De Rivera is the enslavement of the workman. The walls of the chief cities were stenciled before the dictatorship with the exhortation: "*Obrero, no votes; soldado, no mates*"—"Workman, don't vote; soldier, don't kill." Now the workman has for the moment no opportunity of voting, but the latter half of the exhortation remains in all its manifold-repeated potency of suggestion. If a day comes when the troops are ordered into the streets to shoot at the troops of a rival general or at the people in revolt, the reds—syndicalists, communists, and anarchists alike—regard that day as theirs.

Such a day may never come, but the possibility of it is one of the most dangerous possibilities which threaten Primo de Rivera's government. And once more it is that war in Morocco, so fatal to Spain, which would probably unlock the trouble.

National Pride Involved

Morocco presents Gen. Primo de Rivera with a very awkward dilemma. The desultory war in which Spain has now been engaged practically without cessation for nearly thirty years—since 1895—has cost her many thousands of lives, many milliards of pesetas, the military and often the personal reputation of every general who has commanded there, and the prestige of nearly every one of her governments during that period. In exchange for all this she holds precariously the territory that her troops actually stand on in the environs of Melilla, and the quite separated western zone from Tetuan, behind Tangier, to Larache.

It is the eastern zone around Melilla—which fortified base she has held for centuries—that provides the worst of the trouble and the chronic disasters. The Spanish people passionately hate the very word "Marruecos," particularly those poorer classes which, unable to pay the one thousand pesetas which exempt a recruit from service in Morocco, have hitherto seen their sons snatched away from them for three years' unrelieved and desperate hardship in a land where they have no interest and whence a large percentage never return. All classes except one—and that one is peculiarly important to General de Rivera—would be delighted if some formula could be found by which Spain could abandon the whole business without national humiliation. It must be remembered that, in spite of all her disasters, Spain still cherishes a sensitive, almost morbid, national pride that probably has no equal in Europe.

That one class which is opposed to the abandonment of this interminable campaign is the class of professional army officers—and it is precisely this class which alone supported General de Rivera in his revolution and which, up to the moment of writing, keeps him in his dictatorship. To that large class—there is said to be one officer to every seven men in the Spanish Army—the abandonment of Morocco would be a disaster. In the first place, there is the natural professional pride of an officers' caste which resents the humiliation of confessed defeat. In the second, the Moroccan war means promotion, as a consequence of the steady tale of casualties, and alas! only too often opportunities for illicit and shameful peculation at the expense of the unfortunate troops.

Very few Spanish officers have private means. They are recruited from the middle classes and they live—more or less—on their pay. Morocco to them for the past thirty years has meant the sole chance of professional distinction and a little more money in their pockets. If General de Rivera should order an evacuation he can count on the bitter hostility of practically every officer in the army.

Even as it is, there is a fraction of the officers' corps which is jealous and discontented. There are alleged to be whisperings of conspiracy among the colonels and subordinate officers, led by one or two dissatisfied generals who have been left out in the cold and who are assured of at least the surreptitious support of the ostracized politicians. The ground of their complaint is that this is a revolution made by generals who are not eagerly concerned with improving the status of their juniors, and an

(Continued on Page 105)

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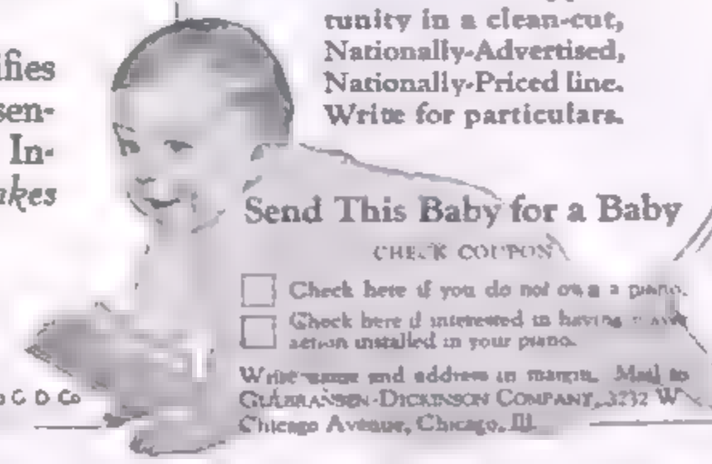

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Over a period of thirteen years, this high grade, perfectly built product has proved its reliability and effectiveness as a motor car heater. This winter, over half a million owners of Perfection-heated cars will drive in warmth and comfort even on the coldest days and nights.

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Don't drive a cold car another day. Any garage or service station will install a Perfection Heater for you at a very small cost. And remember that the first cost is the only cost, for the Perfection Heater uses only a portion of the exhaust heat from the engine.

Perfection Heaters are made by the oldest and largest concern of its kind in the world. Each unit is individually tested and guaranteed to be free from imperfections.

FOR CHRISTMAS *Can you think of a more desirable Christmas gift for a car owner—or one that would be more welcome? Any dealer will supply you with one of the Perfection Heater models shown at the left*

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National
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Pilot
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(Continued from Page 102)

early decree of General de Rivera's which slowed down the rate of promotion for lieutenants and captains provides them with a concrete grievance. If those discontented officers should seize an opportunity, such as would be provided by the announcement of a withdrawal from Morocco, to make a counter *pronunciamiento*, General de Rivera's position would immediately be very grave. He would have to order the troops out to suppress the disaffected officers—and what would the troops do? The one thing which every political leader in Spain—except those recklessly eager to produce social chaos—is terrified by is to have the troops ordered out into the streets. At whom would they shoot?

The attitude of the rank and file of the army is, indeed, the crux of this situation. And it is an enigma whose probable answer is full of menace. It is not a professional volunteer army, but a conscript force recruited, thanks to the thousand-peseta and the two-thousand-peseta classes of comparative exemption, from the poorest and most ignorant classes of the population. They have, unfortunately with considerable justification, very little respect or love for their officers. Their one dominant mental state is an ever-present terror of going to Morocco. When it is remembered that in the campaign which closed with the disaster of Monte Arruit, to take one notorious instance, their rations—owing to the peculations of certain highly placed officers were often putrid, that the military capacity of the officers, on which their lives depended, was demonstrably nil, that they were exposed to such hardships and brutality that the revelations of certain foreign ex-soldiers who had been induced to serve under the Spanish flag caused an international scandal in which foreign embassies intervened, that the hospital arrangements for the poor wretches who were sick and wounded were dreadful in their inadequacy—when all this is remembered, it is not surprising.

For the past twenty years or more there has been mutiny after mutiny among troops ordered to Morocco. The last was just before General de Rivera's *pronunciamiento*. At the end of August the troops in Málaga who were under orders to embark broke out in revolt, ran amuck in the town and killed an officer. They were eventually suppressed by the Guardia Civil. The ringleader, responsible for the death of the officer, was tried by court-martial and sentenced to death. He was reprieved by royal prerogative, not because the king wanted to but because of the urgent supplications of the politicians, panic-stricken lest the carrying out of the sentence should provoke a general revolt of the troops.

"That," said General de Rivera, "was the last straw. I just had to make my revolution. Spain could not continue to exist under a régime where soldiers were allowed to murder their officers with impunity."

Simultaneously with the outbreak at Málaga there were other mutinies at Seville and Cadiz, among other regiments under orders for Morocco, all mention of which was suppressed by the censorship.

The Censorship Eluded

Now it is possible that if General de Rivera declared for the abandonment of Morocco the rank and file would support him against a counter *pronunciamiento* by rebellious officers. It is obviously not a contingency he would care to have to face. Much more probably, in the dissolution of discipline which would ensue, the reds would get the chance they are craving for. At any rate, only the reds are optimistic.

General de Rivera himself has long been known to favor cutting the Spanish losses in Morocco, and the solution of the problem which he would prefer would be to effect an exchange with England of Gibraltar for Ceuta and the Moroccan hinterland, with those mines in the Rif Mountains which were the original cause of all the trouble. That solution would so amply satisfy the honor of Spain that the officers' corps could obviously have nothing to say against it; but it is a solution which he knows is out of the question. Great Britain would never even consider it.

The alternative solution, which there is every reason to believe he has adopted, is a short, sharp and decisive campaign against the Moors which will produce a resounding victory—and then, pointing to the precedent of England in the Transvaal, to proclaim an independent Moroccan republic of the Rif—in the hope of keeping France out—and evacuate the country. It is perhaps the best solution he could adopt, but it all depends on that resounding victory. If, instead of victory, there is a defeat, then in all probability King Alfonso will go to join the now numerous colony of monarchs who have retired from business.

And those dispossessed politicians of all parties, whose "collective responsibility," proclaimed De Rivera, "we punish by that complete ostracism to which we condemn them"—are they meekly resigned to their fate? They are silent. But there has been at least one very significant symptom of their line of thought. On October fifth, the Heraldo de Madrid, one of the typical politician-inspired newspapers, and one of the most important, came out with a heavily headlined leading article which occupied half its front page. It was headed:

THE ANNIVERSARY OF PORTUGAL

HOW OUR SISTER COUNTRY KNEW HOW TO OVERCOME ALL THE OBSTACLES BETWEEN HER AND LIBERTY

THE CRUEL AND STERILE ADVENTURE OF SIDONIO PAES

A YEAR OF IMPLACABLE PERSECUTIONS AND INEFFICIENT DICTATORSHIP

The pretext for the article was the anniversary of the proclamation of the Portuguese Republic, but the article itself was entirely taken up with a quite irrelevant and bitterly hostile account of the much later régime of Sidonio Paes and its ultimate termination. The significance of the article, which—since it did not so much as mention the word "Spain"—apparently escaped a not-too-subtle military censorship, lay in the very striking parallel between Sidonio Paes and Miguel Primo de Rivera.

The Portuguese Parallel

Whatever the high ideals which had inspired the birth of the Portuguese Republic in 1910, by 1917 it was one of the worst-governed countries in Europe. Hordes of political placemen—just as until recently in Spain—were borne on the pay sheets of every ministry. Administrative corruption was cynical in its open shamelessness. Justice was a farce. And gangs of rival assassins—ex-members of the Carbonaro organization which had brought about the fall of the effete monarchy—fought each other for control of the governmental machine.

Sidonio Paes, who was a professor of mathematics and a major in the artillery and at one time Portuguese ambassador to Germany, felt, like Primo de Rivera, that his country could be saved only by resolute and drastic action; and, placing himself at the head of a military conspiracy, he effected a sudden coup d'état in 1917. He encountered more opposition than Primo de Rivera; there was fighting in Lisbon and two hundred and fifty people were killed. But he triumphed, just as completely as the Spanish dictator. And he embarked on a program of cleaning up which was strikingly like that now in course of prosecution in Spain.

He dissolved the old corrupt Cortes and replaced it later on with another from which the old politicians were excluded. He cleaned out the sinecurists from the public offices. He arrested the worst and most notorious of the assassins and, instead of wisely shooting them as they richly deserved, sent them into exile—and conspiracy—in penal settlements. He set the machine of government working with an efficiency which Portugal had not known for centuries. He had faults, of course—very serious ones; but speaking from the experience of a personal and searching investigation into Portuguese politics on the spot, I can testify that to this day every respectable person in Portugal looks back to the rule of Sidonio Paes as to a kind of Golden Age. And on December 15, 1918, Sidonio Paes was assassinated by an emissary of the displaced politicians.

In the twinkling of an eye everything went back to the Portuguese normal. The assassins returned from the Far East. The sinecurists rushed back to put their names again on the public pay sheets. The politicians rushed back to resume the intrigues and the murderous revolutions against one another which were only terminated less than two years ago by the accession of the present Portuguese premier to his office. He has achieved a record in tenancy, thanks to a very high degree of personal skill. Everything became once more just as it was in Spain until the advent of General de Rivera—only rather worse. The moral of

"Now this is what I call a common-sense shoe"

Spoken by a real, old-fashioned shoemaker who makes shoes to measure, to a man who wears Glove-Grip Shoes:

"I couldn't make you a better-fitting pair of shoes myself. These Glove-Grip Shoes of yours fit perfectly because they are cut to follow the lines of the foot.

"Notice the way the instep of the shoe hugs the arch of the foot. That helps to support the arch and gives the shoes a comfortable feeling of snugness. It makes them look better and wear better, too, because a well-fitting shoe holds its shape longer. Yes, this is what I call a common-sense shoe."

The shoemaker was right. There is no magic secret about Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes. They are made as any shoe ought to be made. But no other shoe is like them because the Glove-Grip feature is patented. Lacing a Glove-Grip Shoe lifts up the arch instead of pressing it down.

With all the comfort in Glove-Grip Shoes, there is no sacrifice of good looks. They are carefully made of the best materials and workmanship, and fashioned in all the newest shapes and leathers. There are models for both men and women, most of them priced from $9 to $12.

Ask to see the Panama, illustrated below, at the nearest Arnold dealer's. If you do not know his name, write for it. We will also send a booklet of shoe styles for both men and women.

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Men's Shoe
The Panama
P-467

Women *do* envy your beautiful ankles

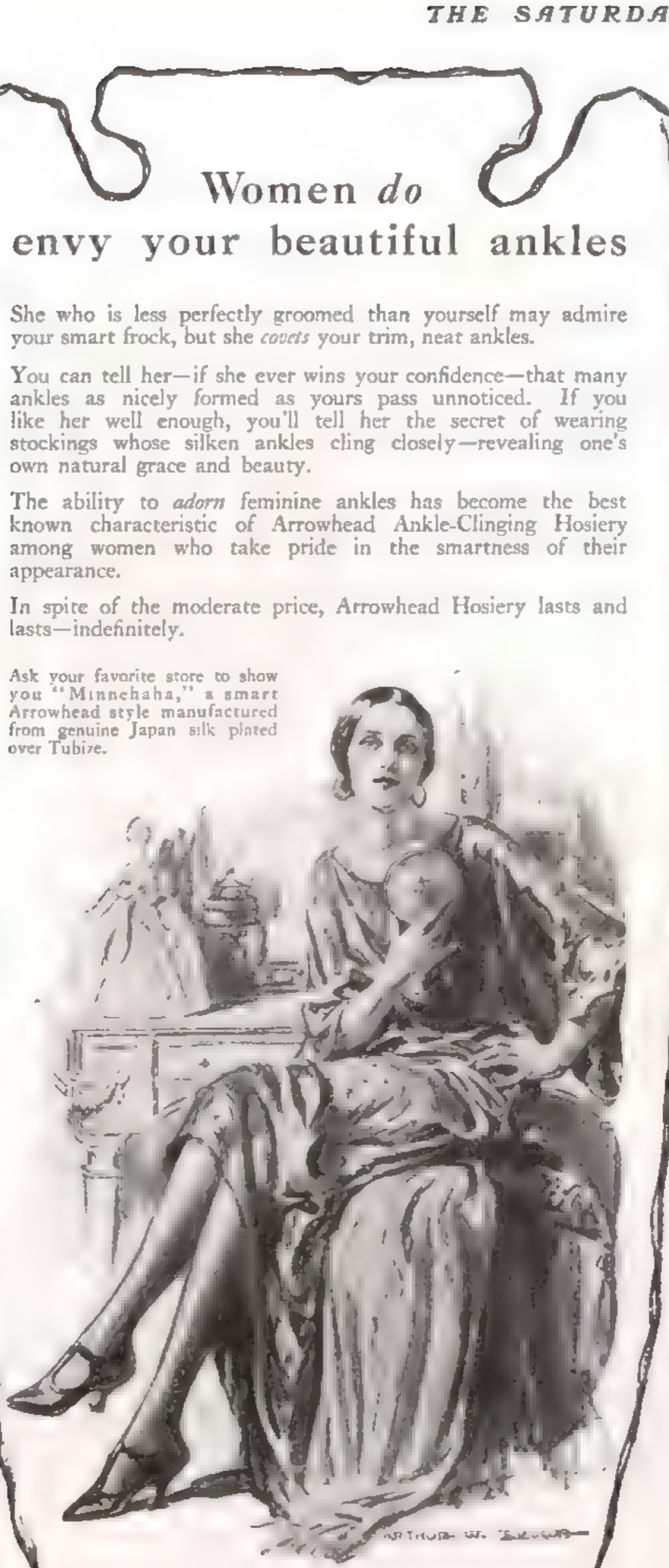
She who is less perfectly groomed than yourself may admire your smart frock, but she *covets* your trim, neat ankles.

You can tell her—if she ever wins your confidence—that many ankles as nicely formed as yours pass unnoticed. If you like her well enough, you'll tell her the secret of wearing stockings whose silken ankles cling closely—revealing one's own natural grace and beauty.

The ability to *adorn* feminine ankles has become the best known characteristic of Arrowhead Ankle-Clinging Hosiery among women who take pride in the smartness of their appearance.

In spite of the moderate price, Arrowhead Hosiery lasts and lasts—indefinitely.

Ask your favorite store to show you "Minnehaha," a smart Arrowhead style manufactured from genuine Japan silk plated over Tubize.



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FOR ALL THE FAMILY

that suggestive article in the Heraldo de Madrid was obvious to everyone in Spain except the rather obtuse military censor. It was—in its headlines alone—a direct incitement to murder. Will Gen. Primo de Rivera suffer the fate of Sidonio Paes? There are many Spaniards who think so.

This is the debit side of the Spanish dictator's balance sheet. I have set down all the forces hostile to him, with some analysis of their potentialities. Will they prevail? There is the other side. With every day that Gen. Primo de Rivera's government continues there is progressive and well-marked vivification of that great body of the Spanish nation on which politicians and sinecurist functionaries have alike been merely parasites. That Spanish people, preoccupied with the necessity of earning its daily bread as its first interest, had grown accustomed to watch the malpractices of its political masters with an apathy that had passed from hopelessness into cynicism. It had lost faith in the possibility of better things. And when General de Rivera announced himself as the savior of the nation its attitude was, "Well, let him try. In any case, things cannot be worse." It was far from the thoughts of the Spanish people to offer any opposition. They were only too glad to be relieved of their discredited politicians, to see anyone bold enough to undertake the purification of an administration corrupt to the point of being intolerable; but they did not coöperate. They merely looked on, with more curiosity than confidence.

Gambling Suppressed

But now they are beginning to see results. The old political system seems to have vanished like a bad dream. The bureaucratic sinecurists have disappeared, and the public functionaries that are left function. Justice is obtainable in the law courts with a celerity and an honesty unknown before in all the history of Spain. Honesty, too, is beginning to reign in the markets. In Madrid, for instance, all the market officials, market policemen, market toll collectors were suspended on the first day of the new dictator-nominated municipal administration for connivance in the fraudulent practices of the dealers. Many articles of food are cheaper in the fear of the summary prosecutions and penalties which have already been visited upon venders guilty of the shameless profiteering which was only too common.

The universal gambling which was the curse of Spain—it is an index of General de Rivera's sincerity that he himself was a notoriously ardent gambler—has been utterly suppressed. The streets of the great Spanish cities offer an almost uncanny spectacle of freedom from promenading vice which certainly cannot be paralleled in any other country in Europe, and which most certainly was not characteristic of them before September thirteenth. Never was Spain so free from crimes of violence. Whispers are beginning to circulate of the extraordinary increase in the public revenues, state and municipal, since the taxes and the customs duties are no longer subject to interception. Spain is beginning to see a prospect of her annual deficit of a thousand million pesetas vanishing of itself. And Spain is beginning to smile. A month or two more to show that all this is not a mere flash in the pan, but a new order of things that might very well continue, and only the assassin's bullet will be able to remove De Rivera. The Spanish people will themselves indignantly repress any sectional attempt to overthrow his government.

From Eloquence to Competence

"That which is born of force perishes by force" a hundred times I have heard it from the lips of Spaniards who are sufferers by the new régime—"and so will perish the military dictatorship." The truth of the aphorism is indubitable. But in this case it does not apply. General de Rivera's revolution, though made with the threat of force, was not made by force. Had he attempted to apply it social chaos would probably have been the result. The only force which made General de Rivera's revolution possible was the moral force of the universal loathing of the Spanish people for all classes and all parties of their politicians. It was because the politicians were so conscious of this that they made not the slightest attempt to defend themselves. It was perhaps a merely negative moral force, but with every day of good government that General de Rivera gives Spain that force is being converted into a positive one. The moral is to the physical as the reality to the shadow; one produces the other. And underneath this moral force which is being awakened by the momentary actualities of the Spanish situation, there is another and deeper, more powerful moral force which is moving throughout Europe and of which the Spanish dictatorship is merely one of the symptoms. It is perhaps a breakdown of the nineteenth century principle of democracy. It is in any case a revulsion from eloquence to competence as the prime qualification of that ruler of a country to whom democracy, under any form of government, must of necessity delegate its powers. If no accident happens—to the army in Morocco or to himself—not merely two months but a year hence may still see Gen. Miguel Primo de Rivera dictator of Spain. In that case it will be a Spain almost unrecognizably changed and reinvigorated.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr. Austin on the Spanish dictatorship.

A Winter Scene in Yosemite National Park, California

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Give

The Apollo CHOCOLATES

They're different

SHE lifts the dainty wrappings. Row upon row of the most tempting chocolates ever grouped together feast her eyes.

Little exclamations of surprise and delight warm your heart and compliment your good taste as a connoisseur in candy.

Of course she is pleased! Every girl knows the message of Apollo, "Only the best is good enough for *you!*"

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Twenty-six years ago the founder of this business pledged himself to make only the very finest chocolates.

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When you want only the finest, take her Apollo.

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Merrie Christmas and an Ingersoll Watch for Each Member of the Family

New Improved Yankee

More men and boys use the Ingersoll Yankee than any other watch. Sturdy, reliable, good looking, it carries a sound guarantee.

Canadian Maple Leaf, $2.00 $2.00

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For women, girls and small boys. Guaranteed movement. [illegible] (With Radiolite dials $4.25)

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"The best watch $5.00 will buy." In the Yankee family in the 6-0 A [illegible], 12-size watch that combines a sturdy with style. (With a Radiolite dial $6.00)

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The Ingersoll you give now will be ticking Christmas Greetings every day throughout the year.

Your dealer can show you Ingersolls to fit every purse and purpose. Sizes for men, women, boys and girls. Radiolite dials that tell time in the dark. Jeweled models in nickel and gold-filled cases. Prices from $2 to $10.

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[illegible] the same size as in regular, thin model, but [illegible] into the pocket in a flat case. A dependable timekeeper. In every way [illegible] watch people are proud to carry.

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$3.50

Reliance

[illegible] made by the [illegible] only company that [illegible] the [illegible] jewel watch made in America.

In Canada $9.00

$7.00

THE LANTERN ON THE PLOW

(Continued from Page 19

remember that only a few weeks before he had taken this woman for a dried-out bit of human harness.

XVIII

EUNICE dated resurrection from the moment the judge had led her to see herself as the emotional shuttlecock between two battledores. Never would she forget that drive back alone from town in the noontide heat of the day, with the reflected sun scorching her from without and shame searing her from within. Before she got home, however, the incandescence had passed, leaving her burned clear of slag. Scales fell from her eyes, so that she saw herself not only with distinctness but in proportion to the people and things about her. Only now did she realize the extent of the vague oppression under which she had labored since Warner's death.

In what that oppression had consisted she did not know; but as the horses paused of their own accord in the deep shade which embowered Rattling Run it seemed that the coolness entered actively into her body, sought out her fevered soul and appeased it with a thoroughness which made the doctrines of conversion and of love at first sight seem suddenly quite natural consummations. The woman who drove out of the dip of Rattling Run was not the woman who had driven into it moments before.

There is no more persistent illusion than the belief in abrupt reversals of the intricate mechanism of spirit and body which goes to make up oneself. As a matter of truth, the course of a life may turn upon an event as definitely as a stream splits upon a rock; but that within us which endures before and after flesh, as a single link in an endless chain, does not turn or change except by the gradations of the evolution of the individual soul. Thus with Eunice. Nothing cataclysmic had occurred to her from without; but the current of her being had swerved radically, though to her imperceptibly, on the event of Warner's death. With his passing a simple but momentous thing had happened: The forces of passion, which unbeknownst to her formed the keynote of her being, had become released. Through their workings she had approached the moment of transformation in the dip of Rattling Run as normally as a bud arrives at the miracle of a sudden blooming, and her rebirth was none the less real because neither she nor those about her could perceive what was transpiring.

All rebirth presupposes youth; and though youth had not come back to her in all its outward manifestations, it was stirring, it was on its way, and the mere starting of its sap had been enough to unseat her own serenity as well as that of William Alder, even while, for some involved reason, it seemed to have sidetracked Tryer Mattis and left him, for the time being, in the lurch. Why? Eunice did not know, for the mind that turns a corner and attains to clarity of vision is seldom interested retrospectively in how it got there; it is too busy. Arrived at the house, she stared at the abode which had harbored her for nearly half her life as if she had never before seen it.

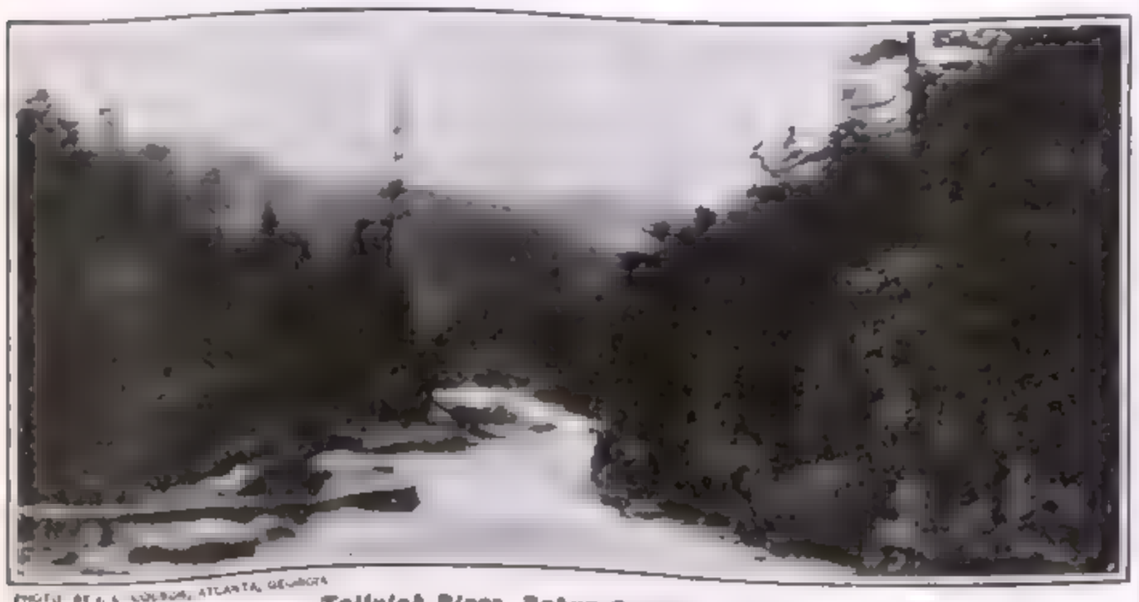
The thing that struck her as most astounding was the fact that she had permitted the front room to remain hermetically closed for fifteen years, in accordance with the custom of the country. How had it happened that she had submerged from a college graduate into a kitchen-bedroom dweller without even realizing her descent? She looked back to the day of her coming to Rattling Run Fields, to the first week, the first month, the first year, and immediately all her course became clear, understandable, inevitable. She had done what she had done by no volition, but in obedience to an inexorable demand. She had succumbed not to permanency and tradition alone, but to these factors backed by an overwhelming burden of unlovely labor. Well, that day was gone. She drove in, stabled the horses in a frenzy of haste and actually ran to the house.

Even with the aid of a heavy hammer it took her half an hour to open all the windows, raise them and prop them up before she could give her attention to the front door. It creaked, but swung so easily on its hinges that she almost stumbled out into the chasm between the threshold and the warped flight of wooden steps. Old Ben, the half-blind dog the judge had found lying there weeks before, was there again today. As on that other occasion of disturbance, he did not move except to thump his tail.

Yielding to a sudden impulse, Eunice knelt on the floor, leaned out and patted his head. For a surprised instant his tail suspended its beat while his cold nose investigated; then the thumping began again, but with a clumsy rapidity which had breaks in it as if choking on the expression of too much joy. Eunice laughed, and it was quite a new laugh, one that she had not heard for years.

The children, returning with Tom, found disorder without the house and chaos within; but when they heard the laugh, which Eunice herself had not heard for years, ringing out to meet the dazed surprise in their faces, and then their mother's voice, a strangely changed yet familiar voice, calling to them to come and help, they rushed to her with an impetuosity out of all proportion to an occasion of mere house cleaning. Even Tom was affected. He hastened to care for Alexander and do his chores so that he also might surrender to the unfailing magnet of the light heart. Sensing that Rattling Run Fields was entering upon a new epoch, he said in a solemn aside to his friends, Drake and Io, "There's days when sunrise happens along toward evening."

The proof that Eunice had passed through a transition, and not merely entered a mood, accumulated as days and weeks passed, each bringing with it some new venture into life as a happy pilgrimage. In agreement with the judge, she sold stock and equipment until there remained only the minimum of farm paraphernalia. She let out the harvesting on shares and promptly forgot the fields. She made a definite arrangement with Tom Bodley which established him as factotum between her and all trouble outside the four walls of the house. She bought a new cookbook and a new sewing machine, bolts of material and a sheaf of patterns. Never had her days been more busy; but with a difference as sheer as the division between darkness and light. Now she was doing those things which she loved to do. The burdens of housekeeping became amazingly light through the passing of the crushing need for parsimony, and none but the starved can measure the elation with which she turned from more homely duties to the



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He may have a favorite style, color of binding, locking device or some other feature, but these two things must come first. These two things do come first in National Loose Leaf Ledgers. They are "bears" for wear, and it is a joy to write on any part of the page. National "Emerald" Ledger sells at a popular price. National "Royal" is the finest ledger made.

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fashioning of soft fabrics or to leisurely twilight hours with Drake at her side and Io on her knee.

After the children went to bed she had hours to herself which developed astonishing tendencies. Never would she forget the night when, with shutters closed and curtains drawn, she was performing her ablutions and noticed the fine texture of the skin in the hollow of her arm. Whose arm was it? Her very own? It looked like Vic Teller's; could it be Eunice Sherborne's, too? Almost like Io's—smooth as satin, with shadowy blue veins beneath the protected surface. She had read somewhere that joy does extraordinary things to the body. Was it true? Could happiness, mere content, perhaps set one's pores to breathing and lend brilliance to a fading eye?

So occupied was she at this time with her intimate and household affairs that she scarcely noticed the apparent defection of Tryer Mattis or the less noticeable aloofness of the judge. The latter still came to Rattling Run Fields with great frequency; but only in the rôle of observer, guardian, general companion to the family and particular playmate to the children. Had she taken the trouble to study him as interestedly as she had been viewing herself she would have discovered that he was in a continual state of controlled excitement due to the fact that he knew what had come over Tryer Mattis.

On the night of the very day when Eunice had entered Judge Alder's house upon an obscure impulse, and rushed from it burning with shame at the self-revelation she had brought upon her own head, Tryer had gone there in a highly nervous state and forced an entrance. It was natural that the judge should have connected the visit with that of Eunice, and he braced himself for an ugly scene as Tryer brushed by the housekeeper-nurse and burst into the library. It was some moments before he could readjust his mind to the fact that the man who stood before him was not Tryer Mattis, jealous breaker of women's hearts, but Tryer Mattis, contractor pure and simple, from the soles of his feet to the crown of his shock of hair.

"Bill," he began, "it's no use my trying to play double with you on this Rattling Run deal and I'm not going to. One reason is that I couldn't if I wanted to. Every time I read over that blasted contract you got my name to I know all over again that your head was set in this newfangled reenforced-concrete foundation before the process was invented. You got me cold, fixed up to the knees, and the only way I can pull out big and pull everybody else out big with me is for you and me to be friends."

"Tryer," interrupted the judge, "I don't know what you're talking about. Sit down. Take a cigar and start from the beginning. What has happened?"

"Sit down!" cried Mattis, throwing his hat on a chair. "I don't want to sit down. I feel as if I wasn't never going to have time to sit down again. Bill, you know Jake Werten as well as I do. Queer bird. Sort of a cross between a ferret and a clam. He made a chemical analysis for me some time back, and I thought perhaps he was just trying to please me, and perhaps his foot slipped. But this noon, by the morning mail, I get figures the same as Jake's, only from the city laboratory. Even at that, I couldn't believe it; so this afternoon I made Jake do it all over again with me standing over his shoulder. Not that I'm a chemist; but somehow I had to see. Well, we just finished, and I come straight here without my supper, because if I haven't got time to sit down I haven't time to eat."

He threw out one big hand in a backward gesture toward Rattling Run Fields.

"That out there—I took samples from the face of the cliff, three on 'em, sixty feet apart, and they show 75 per cent carbonate of lime."

He paused climactically.

"Well," asked the judge presently, "what about it?"

"What about it?" shouted Tryer. He calmed himself by an effort, swept his hat to the floor, sat down and began to talk to the judge as if he were addressing a primer class. "Listen!" he said. "Seventy-five per cent is just about perfect for cement. If there was 3 per cent more we'd have to throw in our strippings to pull it down. If there was 5 per cent less we'd have to import lime rock. As it is, it's perfect; do you get that? Why, even the strippings are going to be so thin they won't much more than fill a hat, and I can use enough on our gradings to bare all the rock we can chew up in three years! Now listen, judge! We ain't found a deposit of cement stone so much as a gold mine. All we got to do is to blast off the face of the cliff, grind it, burn it and sell it a lot faster than we can get it ready. There's two or three pits up in Warren County has what we got here; but nobody has nothing better than what we have inside a thousand miles, and just as soon as the railway puts in a spur ——"

"Wait a minute," interrupted the judge again. "You're traveling too fast for me, Tryer. Long before we get to the railroad end I'd like to know what you want from me."

"Why so much money?" he asked.

"It's funny," said Mattis after a thoughtful pause, "how important you lawyer folks think money is. In a way, you're right; and then again you ain't. Making cement, making most anything, even at a loss, is cleaner and bigger than the average run of money. But let that ride. The first reason I got to have a lot of money is I want to scrap the whole Cedarton plant. Judge, did you ever know the rights of that deal?"

"No."

"Well, the Cedarton people started out just like you think I ought to, with a couple of hundred thousand too little. Even at

In All Her Years at Rattling Run Fields Her Feet Had Never Trod That Spot

"I want so much from you," said Tryer, making a movement as if he were fighting off bees, "that I don't know rightly where to begin. I want a twenty-year lease, with a renewal clause. I want two hundred thousand dollars more than what I've got borrowed already, and I want you should make the dicker. I want you for counsel on a retainer to handle others the way you done me. Them's some of the things I want, Bill."

"Two hundred thousand!" exclaimed the judge, and asked ironically, "Do you think you could pull through on that?"

Mattis considered for a moment.

"No, I don't," he answered; "not by half; but I figure that by the time that is spent we'll have plenty to show on to borrow more. That part of it will be easy."

The judge ceased to jeer; he saw that Tryer was in dead earnest; and Tryer in earnest was never ridiculous, nor even farfetched.

that they would of pulled through if they had been able to show enough rock. They weren't. They failed, and, knowing what I did about Warner's place, I bought the whole outfit at a sheriff's sale when no one was looking, and at scrap-iron prices. I didn't pay a tenth, nor a twentieth, of what the plant cost; and listen! I wouldn't of paid that if it hadn't been all new stuff, erected only two to three years ago. Do you know what that means?"

"No," said the judge again.

"Well," continued Tryer commiseratingly, "it means the difference between ugly, it means the difference between heaven and hell, sea and land, night and day; the difference between set kills and rotary kills."

"Do you mean kilns?" asked the judge.

Tryer eyed him impatiently and then shrugged his broad shoulders.

"If I was writing, I'd put it like you say; but I ain't writing. I'm talking, one man to another; and when men talk, kilns is kills. I'm trying to tell you that I can move the Cedarton plant if I have to, and turn out three hundred and seventy-five to four hundred barrels of cement a day, crushing one hundred and twenty tons of rock; but you listen to this: It's a holy shame not to give the very best there is to what we got handed to us by God in the way of a quarry. Why, judge ——"

He broke off and let his hands fall as if he despaired of making another see that which was so overwhelmingly plain and important to his own eyes.

"But I can't do it without two things," he continued doggedly. "I got to have an extension on the lease or an option for renewal. That's the first thing before I sink into one hole all I've got and all of me, and all I can squeeze out of the banks and any others with money to lend. The other thing is this: I got to have you for a partner instead of a watchdog keeping just one jump behind the seat of my pants."

Some men in the judge's place would have thought that they were being offered a bribe, but he made no such miscalculation.

He knew that he was looking upon Tryer at his very best, a sublimated Tryer who was of one mind, of one powerful body, and as direct as is every expression of the creative force in action. This was Tryer the builder, in the grip of a clear vision, as big a man in himself alone as one could hope to find in a long day's march. The judge felt more kindly toward him than ever before; but even under the expansive impulse he realized that he divided Mattis the man of business sharply from Mattis the man of pleasure.

"Tryer," he said presently, "don't go off half cocked at what I'm going to say. Hear me through and listen with your brains as well as your ears. There isn't going to be any extension of the lease until Drake Sherborne can sign it, so just drop that out of mind. On the other hand, the last thing I want to do is to fight you. The interests of the Sherborne family are your interests, and, just so we'll all be in the same boat, I'm going to make them mine. I mean I'm going in with all my cash and a good deal of my time as soon as I've checked up on what you say. Now, are you ready to take in my first bit of advice?"

Tryer nodded and flipped one hand in a noncommittal and unenthusiastic gesture.

"It's this," continued the judge: "We'd better borrow money at a high rate, in any form we can pay off, than get it for nothing at the expense or even the threat of outside control."

"Just so," said Tryer, his eyes narrowing; "and will you tell me who is going to lend it against a short-term lease, as such things go?"

"Leave that side of it for a minute," said the judge, unruffled. "I believe with all my head and heart in starting small to end big. The itch for perfect equipment is a praiseworthy ambition. It looks fine and it is fine. But here's a funny thing, Tryer: In all my experience I've found that perfect equipment has ruined five factories to every one that lost out through the lack of the latest gadgets. In other words, any plant that can't take care of the business offered to it is in a normal and healthy condition. Be honest. Am I right?"

"I'll say it looks that way," admitted Mattis grudgingly; "but it oughtn't to be. What I mean is, everything that's proved ought to go in on a new plant. It's the knowing of what's proved and what ain't proved in machinery and money that fools the best of us. And even that ain't what I'm trying to say."

"I know what you mean, though," put in the judge. "You mean that everything hangs on reading right the balance of money and machinery, on sinking a little less in effort, money, plant and raw stuff than you take out in net cash; on figuring twenty lines of profit and loss back to one central point so you can face any point of the compass of a business and know where you stand. One man is a crack at finance and a sucker at production; another reverses the order. To make a business successful, take one of each and join them up on an eccentric."

"That's it!" ejaculated Mattis, his eyes brightening. "You've said it now, Bill! You picked my mind!"

"I'm going to pick it some more," said the judge. "If I should say to you 'Tryer, forget to dream. Double all your gangs. Put two on stripping, two more on foundations and grading, two more on moving the

(Continued on Page 114)

What! A whole pound of that aged in wood tobacco.

Thank you. Thank you very much.

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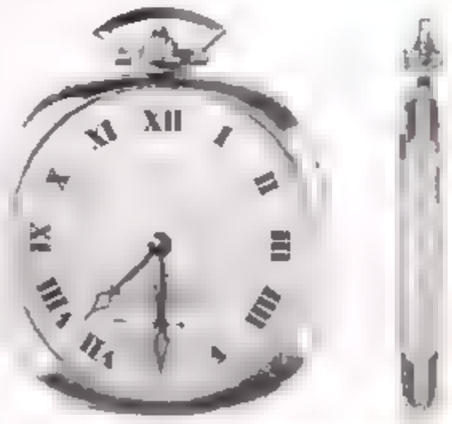

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(Continued from Page 110)

Cedarton plant, just as it is, in double-quick order. Put three shifts on construction, beginning with hoist and crusher; but before you do anything else, persuade the railroad to start in with a spur. Don't think about money; just wipe it from mind and go to work.' If I could say all that, and mean it, how would you feel?"

"Drunk," said Mattis, rising to his full height, holding out his open hands and staring down into them. "Roaring, happy drunk!"

For an instant the judge was swept out of himself by the imagery and symbolism of the unconscious gesture. Those great hands held at the level of the big contractor's hips became instantly a source of power, of labor and of conquest by the sweat of other men's brows—a profound pool, twin reservoirs of dreams in terms of stone, iron, coal and concrete.

"How long between now and production?" he asked.

Tryer's staring eyes promptly narrowed to the two slits through which he was accustomed to make his famous snap estimates of men, costs, time and women.

"Seventy days, with or without luck."

"And with luck?"

There was a rush of color to Tryer's already florid face as he swung toward the judge.

"Don't ask that," he snapped. "Leave me show you."

"All right," agreed Judge Alder, also rising. "I mean it, Tryer. Hit the line hard. Swing in with all you've got in the way of a punch. By a week from now, if your figures check right, I'll show you an agreement between Bill Alder and Tryer Mattis that will make us walk the same plank; and I don't have to tell you it will leave the Sherborne interest solid at the rental of three thousand flat and two cents a barrel on sales. There'll be room enough for you and me outside of that, if all you say is true."

"There will," agreed Mattis.

He stooped with surprising suppleness for a man of his bulk, picked up his hat, turned and held out his hand. They shook, not as friends, but as men who seal a bargain. Tryer started toward the door, only to be halted by the judge's parting admonition:

"Set your foundations so we can double the plant at the drop of a hat."

"Still picking my mind," muttered Tryer as he walked out.

SCARCELY four weeks passed before Mattis issued a formal invitation to Eunice through the judge to witness the first blasting. In all that time she had not once seen him. At first she thought that his absence was due entirely to her sharp command to stay away from the house and keep his boy Jimmy away too. But as day followed day, and Jimmy came occasionally to play with the children as though nothing had happened, and more frequently to persuade them to cross the fields and the pasture to the edge of the quarry, without his father ever appearing, she began to wonder. It was not like Mattis to pay much heed to a woman's denial.

Except for a vast increase in the number of men at work on the site of the new plant, the group was exactly the same as had gathered there fortuitously on the eventful day when Eunice had doubled a corner and found herself. Instead of driving to the quarry by the main road, which paralleled the spur from the railway already in process of construction, the judge went first to the house. Eunice had not yet completed her work, and, quite innocently, he suggested to Tom that he go ahead with the impatient children. Thus it happened that Tryer Mattis, turning from giving last orders to his foreman and the quarry manager, looked up to see Eunice arriving alone with the judge. They had passed the lethargic Alexander, who was only now turning the point of the low hill.

A look shot through Tryer's eyes and face as if there had been a quivering of the muscles answering some commotion beneath the surface of the flesh; but it passed so swiftly that it left doubt in the mind of Eunice as to whether her imagination had not tricked her. She perceived that a change had come over Mattis since last she had seen him. Although still bulky, he looked like an athlete at the top of his form. He was one of those florid persons who do not tan; but the color in his cheeks and on the back of his neck had deepened to the stain of wine; health radiated from all his hardened frame. Today he seemed not so much a spider at the center of the web of other men's endeavors as a giant with hundreds of tentacles, each endowed with a brain subject to his brain.

They climbed to the platform at the top of the hoist. Tryer stood in the forward corner of the rough railing, with Eunice and the judge at his side; behind him were the children, with Tom Bodley, puffing heavily, on guard. He had his hands full, for Drake was by nature, training and name an explorer, an adventurer, an inquirer, prehensile as a monkey and elusive as an eel. Whatever he did or attempted, Io was sure to be at his heels with her breathless cry, of "No, Drake, no!"

It was just her way of asking him to wait for her; but, often as he heard it, old Tom was never to get over the impression that she was calling on her brother to abandon some temerous enterprise. Never was man more consistently deceived, and many were the times Tom found himself too late to arrest Drake and in a quandary as to what to do with Io, turned suddenly into a writhing spitfire in his restraining arms.

At such moments, if Eunice was present, she would say calmly, "Let her go, Tom. It's better she should break her neck than strangle."

Tom would obey, his deep-set eyes grown round and his lips murmuring fuzzily through his beard, "The strength of her, ma'am, and she no weight at all! The heat in her little body! Burns you! Burns my hands and inside my chest. There's something there can't be stopped. Bigger than me and you, bigger than anyone, bigger than her." Then he would frown darkly and rumble "There's fillies that will never wear a bridle," even while his eyes followed Io's darting form with a mild wistfulness that took the sting from his prognostication.

No perturbation ever came to him through Jimmy Mattis, whose boldness was limited to teasing Io by nudging her, pulling her hair and daring to lay hold of her skirts when Tom was embracing her writhing form, and suffering agonies from her toes and heels, beating a devil's tattoo on his shins. As to recklessness of other sorts, Jimmy followed Drake only at a distance and displayed much shrewdness in finding a way around hazards. Nevertheless, he was no coward; what his father told him to do he would attempt without a whimper.

To any who knew the Rattling Run Cement Company, makers of the Rattler Brand, as it appeared in 1916, taking fourteen blast holes, each five inches in diameter and a hundred and fifty feet deep, along the length of its towering face, and flinging forward sixty-five thousand tons of rock at a single shot, it is almost impossible to reconstruct the puny scene which made Tryer appear a giant in his own estimation and in the eyes of those about him. How go back from the roaring thunder of roll crushers; of a battery of six kilns nine feet deep and a hundred and forty feet long; of another battery of six Bentley Goliath mills, three for the raw stone and three for the clinker; of still another of twenty tube mills, divided eight and twelve; to say nothing of the rattle and bang of giant coolers, of T & S conveyers and of a dozen other adjuncts of an output of five thousand barrels a day?

How go back from all that to Tryer, standing on a homemade hoist with his back to a picayune gyratory crusher, waiting to give the word for a blast of six two-inch holes, none of them over sixteen feet deep, which, owing to the irregular edge of the quarry, could not be expected to throw out over three hundred tons of rock? Or to Tryer, taking immense pride in his half-erected power plant of an engine, two boilers and a small generator? Or to Tryer, figuring with frenzied brain on the capacity of his two sixty-foot rotary kilns backed by four ball and four tube mills, two dryers, a Tupper mill to grind his coal and a modest compressor?

It was the difference between the prospect of a hundred and sixty thousand barrels of cement for the entire season of 1902 and of two hundred thousand in the single month of April in 1916. And yet it is confidently asserted that Tryer Mattis was a greater man when he raised his arm in signal for the first of a thousand blasts than he had ever been before, and perhaps than he would ever be again, with the possible exception of a single hour, far in the future. No one in the group about him was competent to measure the magnitude of what he had achieved since the night he and the judge had struck a bargain, the night Mattis had declared he felt he would never again have time to sit down or to eat.

Some things the judge knew. He could not help but be informed, for instance, of the development of an almost maniacal regard for economy on the part of the big contractor, once he had become reconciled to making use of the Cedarton plant. He seemed to be holding his mania for new inventions in abeyance by sheer will power, as though he were shrewdly laying the foundations for a claim against every cent he saved to back his demands in the future. He would show the judge, he would show himself! By the great Lord Harry and the blazing Zenith, he would show the world, and Vic—Vic Teller! He sublet every contract he had and camped on the job at Rattling Run. He dug plans, specifications and future requirements out of unsuspecting experts and adjusted them to his own needs. By absorption, he was architect, builder, contractor, quarry manager, gang boss, foreman, carpenter and bricklayer rolled into one. He was the avenging angel and the hosts of the mighty of an ancient tradition: he was atomic energy before it had been discovered or named, let loose in a time when bricks cost three dollars a thousand and a laborer was glad to get a dollar and ten cents for a ten-hour day.

XX

TO THE ignorant in matters pertaining to cement and construction in general, chaos reigned supreme about the tower of the crusher chute; but an expert would have traced the trail of a powerful hand of genius in every direction. All disorder was moving hectically toward centralization and eventual order. The stripped but untouched stone, the cleverly placed hoist, the waiting jaws of the crusher, the mill in process of assembling, and even the railway spur, striding in to link the plant with materials and market at an appointed hour—all were climbing steadily toward a single apex of completion.

The hoist was erected on level ground not three hundred feet from the foot of the low cliff toward which a narrow-gauge track had already been laid. The deposit of cement rock had been stripped for a short distance, and to a fixed line, of the thin layer of loam and gravel which had covered it. Perforce, the fixed line was waved. At some points it rose only three or four and at others sixteen feet from the flat floor. Above it was the clean cut of the stripping; below was the irregular low mound of the bared rock, blackish gray, and looking in the sunlight as if it would be soapy to the touch. Tryer's lifted arm drew the attention, not only of the judge and Eunice but of the children. There was a moment of silence and suspense. The arm fell. A dull roar. Two hundred tons of rock heaved outward and shot forward fanwise, leaving behind a great square hole, as smooth at the sides and back as if it had been cut with a monster knife.

"No, Drake, no!" shrilled Io's voice; but before the words were out of her mouth Drake had slipped under the rail and leaped from the platform to a heap of sand twenty feet below. She tried to follow, but her cry had given warning. Tom, throwing himself on his stomach, was just in time to seize her by one ankle, while Jimmy, true to habit, clutched her skirts. She dangled in air for a moment, and then was dragged ignominiously back. In the meantime Drake was running, stumbling and staggering, toward the quarry.

"Hey, you! Drake!" roared Mattis. "Come out of that! Come back!"

Drake kept on, and Mattis first made a move as if to leap from the platform himself, then turned with quick decision to the skip, which had been drawn to the top of the hoist for safety. He uncoupled it, gave it a push, leaped in and went hurtling down the incline. By good fortune the car kept the track, and before it lost its impetus was well ahead of the blindly stumbling boy. Tryer jumped out, seized him, and instantly was attacked with unbelievable strength and fury.

"Leave go!" cried Drake so hoarsely that his voice sounded like that of a grown man.

"You little fool!" gasped Tryer, dragging the struggling body closer to his own and striving to imprison arms and ankles as well as to protect himself from Drake's teeth. "You can't go over there! There's maybe another shot ——"

(Continued on Page 117)

One thing seemed to stand between her and marriage—a thing she didn't even dare mention to him.

"Could I be happy with him in spite of *that*?"

SHE had announced her engagement to him. Her friends were beginning to be quite curious as to when the wedding would occur. And he, more insistent than any of them, was pleading with her to set a definite time.

One thing seemed to stand in the way—something she didn't have the courage to talk to him about—something, she feared, might interfere with her happiness.

She simply didn't know what to do.

* * * * * * * * * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis. You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

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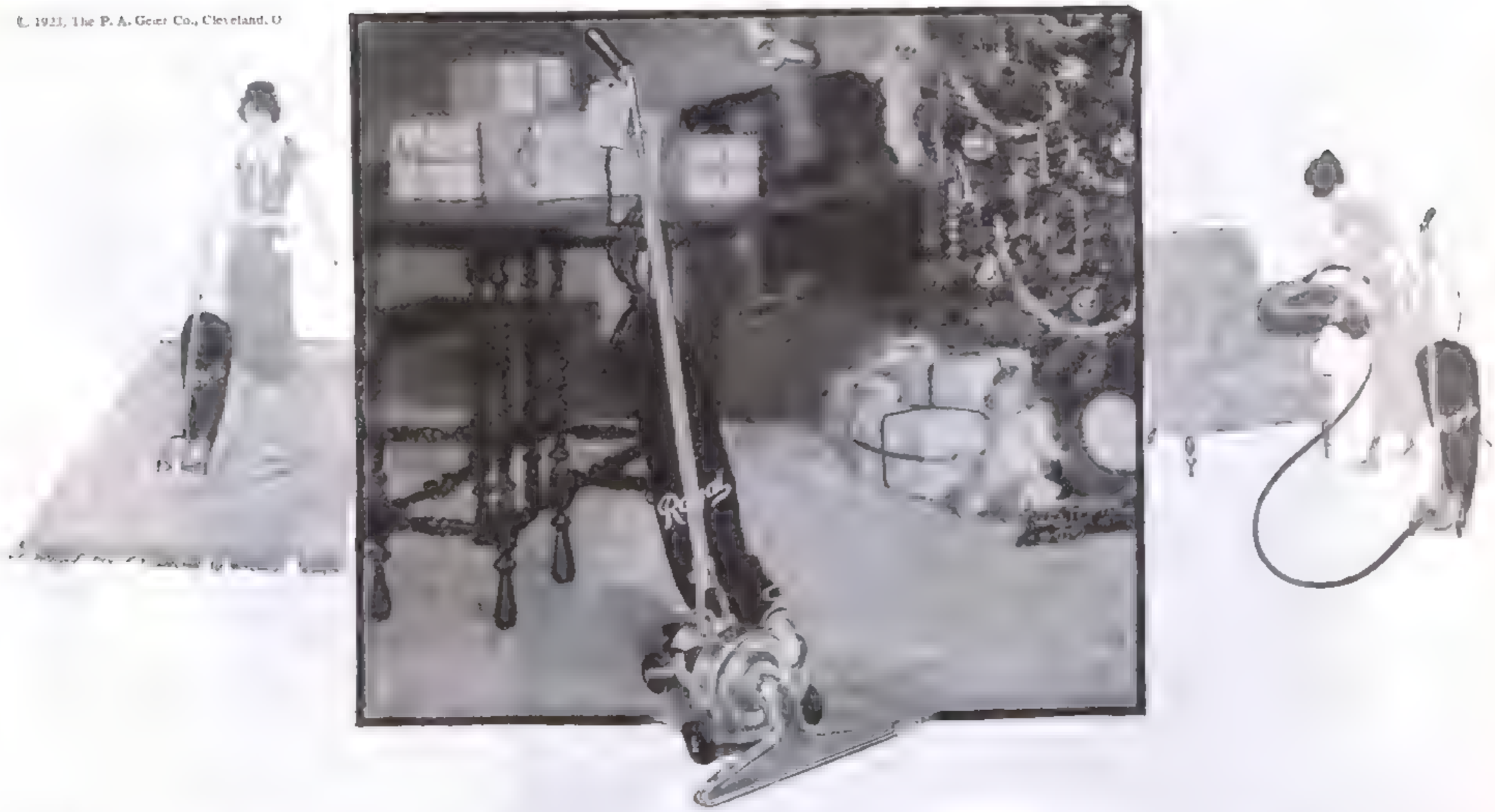


Bring new cleanliness to your home this Christmas with the Royal

IT'S an ideal Christmas present—the Royal Electric Cleaner—one that will bring *real cleanliness* and comfort into your home for many years to come.

For no home can be kept truly immaculate with ordinary cleaning methods. They remove only the surface soil and litter from your rugs and drapes.

The worst dirt, the most dirt, is deeply embedded and hard to take out. The Royal jar-of-water laboratory test shown here proves how much more dirt is *in* your rugs, than *on* them.

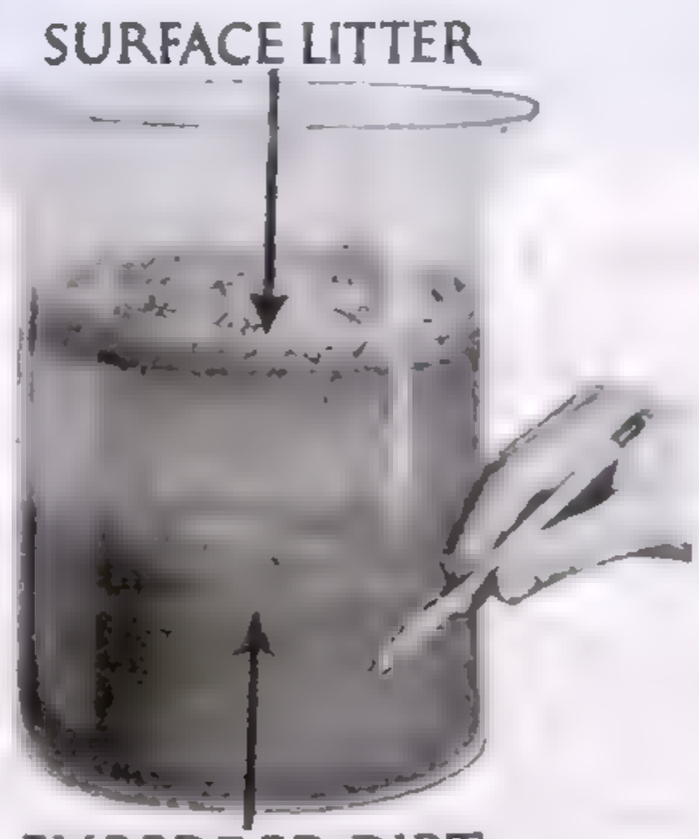
This embedded dirt is constantly being stirred into the air by footfalls and draughts. It is musty and unwholesome—full of germs. No room can be thoroughly clean until it is taken out.

Removing the embedded dirt

There's one way in which it can be effectively removed—with the Royal, the Electric Cleaner that gets ALL the dirt. The Royal cleans *with powerful air suction, scientifically applied.* It lifts the rug, opens up the nap, and sucks the embedded dirt as well as the surface litter, into the bag. The wide Royal nozzle with its long, protruding end gets into the corners and out-of-the-way places and does a thorough cleaning job. It will even clean hardwood and linoleum floors. It cannot harm your rugs;—it cleans by air alone.

Ideal for all cleaning

With the convenient Royal attachments you can clean upholstered furniture, mattresses and hangings just as easily and thoroughly. So versatile are these attachments that with them you can also quickly clean fireplaces, registers, drawers, and inside of automobiles.



A laboratory test—dirt, taken from a rug by the Royal [illegible] of water. Note the much larger portion of EMBEDDED DIRT [illegible] how thoroughly the Royal [illegible]

Easy to use—and built to last a lifetime

The Royal takes the drudgery out of housework. It won't tire you out. It is light and easy to carry or roll around. The convenient trigger switch on the handle saves stooping to turn the current on or off

And so sturdily and simply is the Royal built that it will last a lifetime. Every part is guaranteed. It is practically troubleproof.

For Christmas

The Royal is a gift that any wife or mother will appreciate. It makes possible the cleanliness she wants for her home, and lightens her housework for years to come. And it protects your children from breathing germ-laden dust as they play on the floor with Christmas toys. See the Royal before Christmas. It will give you a new conception of real cleanliness, freshness and sweetness in your home. Any Royal dealer will gladly arrange for a demonstration. If you don't know the Royal dealer in your city, write us.

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Manufactured in Canada by
Continental Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto
Also manufacturers of Royal Vibrators, Hair Cutters and Royal Dryers, and Royal Clothes Washer

ROYAL

The Electric Cleaner that gets ALL *the dirt*

(Continued from Page 114)

While the warning was still in his mouth there came a lesser dull roar. He threw himself forward with Drake under him. Splinters of rock flew over their heads and heavier pieces rolled almost to their feet. When the commotion ceased, Tryer arose and gladly released his prisoner.

"What come over you?" he demanded, mopping his bleeding cheek with a great silk handkerchief, none too clean. "Wanted to get yourself killed, eh?"

Drake's small chest was heaving, but he regarded Mattis with a steady, wide-eyed stare. Eunice came hurrying, holding Io by the hand and closely followed by the judge and Jimmy; but not by Tom, whose barrel-like figure atop the hoist looked like a water tank against the sky. The group gathered around Drake

"Speak up now, you little bobcat!" Tryer was saying. "What come over you?"

The boy stared at his mother and at the judge, then turned his eyes toward the quarry where the great hole had been widened by the blast which had hung fire. His face was immobile, like a mask; but his body quivered through all its length with almost imperceptible vibrations. Suddenly his fixed expression broke; his eyes fell and a vivid flush mounted to his cheeks.

"I don't know," he murmured, ran to Eunice and hid his face against her breast.

XXI

APPARENTLY the incident of his incomprehensible behavior on the occasion of the first blasting passed rapidly from Drake's memory; but the seed it had planted in three minds was not destined to die. From the day Tom Bodley wrapped up his whips in waterproofed paper and stowed the bundle away, Eunice's children had absorbed him to a ridiculous extent; he was become an old woman, a spineless nurse, and secretly gloried in his downfall. He was one of the three who pondered over Drake's strange outburst, though he had seen it only from afar. The two others were Judge Alder and Eunice Sherborne, each of whom had better sources from which to draw their deductions than had the ex-Whip Man.

Tom was merely curious, the judge was interested in what appeared to be evidence of occult phenomena; but Eunice, remembering Warner Sherborne's adamant allegiance to the soil, was subtly alarmed, and hurried Drake away from the quarry. During the progress to Tom's carriage her awakened sensibilities noted another intriguing development. The great demand for labor at the new plant had brought not only a horde of outsiders to Rattling Run but had called forth an unusual proportion of natives.

Many of these who had never spoken to Eunice as a neighbor now twitched their hat brims as she walked by, and addressed playful words to the children.

Within a week half a dozen women stopped at the house on one excuse or another to see her. They were at some pains to make their visits appear even more casual than the ordinary run of such country calls; but so hidden was the location of Rattling Run Fields that Eunice knew they could not have happened along without definite intent. As the first of them drove away she was conscious merely of surprise; but with the coming of the second, and then of the third, she allowed herself moments of bitter reflection, which soon readjusted itself to a sane measure of the sincere motive behind the awkward and nervously brusque advances. These women were not snobbish, nor were they unkind; furthermore, they had never meant to be unkind.

She looked back over the fifteen years of their neglect and found ample justification for it; first in the position of the farm, neighborless on a rough and little-traveled road; then in the crushing poverty amid more fortunate landholders, a poverty so drastic that she had never once cared to raise her eyes from it to give a chance for a friendly nod from any passer-by. No; she had not wished friendship, companionship or intercourse of any kind. During all the dragging supplice of her life with Warner she would have resented passionately any intrusion, and these women had merely had the sense to know it. They were not like that man, that station agent, whose eyes had plainly called her mad.

Church! Why hadn't she gone to church, taken the children to Sunday school? She had—once. She remembered the occasion now; and at the recollection, even after two years, a vivid blush stained her cheeks; then her eyes crinkled at the corners and she laughed clearly, ringingly. The children abandoned their play and rushed to her side.

"Mother, what is it? What made you laugh?"

"Tell us, mother. Please! Please!"

"Nothing," she answered; "nothing that you would understand just now; but I'll tell you, Io, on your thirteenth birthday. Don't forget to ask."

They were satisfied, never pausing to sum up the long list of things which they were to have explained when Io should be thirteen. Not every inconvenient question was thus sidetracked, however; for Eunice believed that what she failed to answer would eventually be asked elsewhere, and perhaps from a less able guide. Incidentally, it was a question of Io's that had precipitated the visit to Sunday school.

"Mother," she had asked, with the eternally surprising precociousness of many a girl of five, "what is it when there are no more days?"

How explain infinity in less than a lifetime? How better start than with a religion, with the symbolic church, or even with a Sunday-school lesson? Eunice patched the children's clothing, scrubbed it and them, and then led them in due course to the portal of the old stone meeting house almost three miles away. An attempt was made to separate Io from her brother, but without avail.

"Well, for today only," the superintendent had finally conceded in an embarrassed whisper, casting a look at Eunice which made her wish she had not come. "You see, they haven't even learned their verse."

She lingered in the backmost seat, watching the children and worrying over the fact that Drake was murmuring incessantly in his sister's ear and Io as constantly was nodding her head solemnly in assent.

"Let us pray," declared the superintendent from a stand beneath the pulpit, closed his eyes and waited almost tyrannically for the total subsidence of every sound. The pause lengthened and lengthened, as though the empty seconds were piling up to add importance to the speaker and portent to his words. Eunice felt the weight of their injunction and bowed her head. Had she not done so, she would have seen Drake nudge his sister and Io arise, fluff out her skirts, and ——

"I may not throw upon the floor
The crust I will not eat,
For many hungry little ones
Would find it quite a treat."

In the stillness the treble voice had the peculiar penetrative powers of a corkscrew; it twisted through the unexpectant ear with a revolving stab which reached every lobe of the brain. Io, bravely declaiming the only verse she had ever learned, wrecked the laboriously prepared silence far more effectively than if she had exploded a bomb. In fact, the superintendent's eyes and face flew open with an action absurdly like the bursting of an overbaked potato.

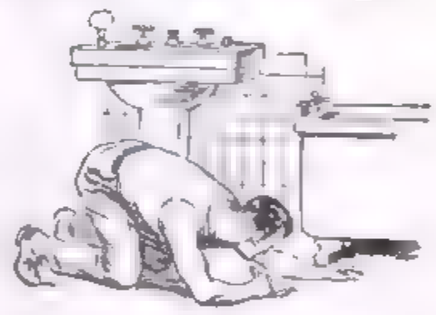
Io, poor Io, so single-hearted, so unafraid, so confiding and so treacherously betrayed by him whom she most trusted and loved! Violent hands seizing her fluffed skirts and pulling her to a seat with a bump! Dismay! Gasps! Drake choking, biting his fists! The rush and flurry of her mother coming down the aisle! A snicker! A chuckle! A single loud guffaw! Her hand seized. Drake's hand seized! Ignominious retreat, with toes touching the floor every three yards! Outside, in the middle of the highway, sudden shame, burning tears, and then overwhelming rage, with little feet stamping the devil's own tattoo in the soft deep dust!

After two years Eunice could laugh. After two years! But she knew that it was not the passage of time that had accomplished the restitution of humor. She considered that she was a different woman, and smiled. She remembered Drake, leaping from the hoist, and frowned. She thought of the women callers, and reflected that she was not ready for them. Summing up these diverse ponderings, she packed what was necessary and with the children abandoned Rattling Run Fields, leaving the care of the homestead to a disconsolate Tom Bodley, and consigning the upper reaches of the farm to the judge and Tryer Mattis, backed by his alien hordes, his scoop shovels, blasting powders and the iron jaws of the thunderous mills.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Can you do this with your Shaving Cream Cap—

or do you do this?



YOU know how loose caps will slip through your fingers just when minutes are most precious. You can't lose the Williams' cap. It's always on—*hinged* on. And the tube hangs up.

Time-saver though the hinged cap is—it is a detail for speed compared with the lather. Williams' Shaving Cream bulks *instantly* into rich, busy lather—not suds. This lather so softens and lubricates your skin that the razor seems to "glide" the hairs off. And besides being a faster beard-softener, it has a decidedly beneficial effect on the skin.

Williams' is white and absolutely pure. It contains no coloring matter whatsoever. Truly, you will find it the perfect cream in the perfect container.

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COMMON SENSE AND THE CONSTITUTION

(Continued from Page 25)

"conservative"—justices that ever sat upon our national Supreme Bench, David Josiah Brewer, thus described the true and helpful state of mind toward the Supreme Court itself:

It is a mistake to suppose that the Supreme Court is either honored or helped by being spoken of as beyond criticism. On the contrary, the life and character of its justices should be the objects of constant watchfulness by all, and its judgments subject to the freest criticism.

The time is past in the history of the world when any living man or body of men can be set on a pedestal and decorated with a halo. True, many criticisms may be, like their authors, devoid of good taste, but better all sorts of criticism than no criticism at all. The moving waters are full of life and health; only in the still waters is stagnation and death.

This quotation is from an uncommonly thoughtful and carefully prepared address by Justice Brewer—on what subject, do you think? On Abraham Lincoln! And the gentle reference to bad taste in some critics and criticisms was applied to those who were intemperately assailing the Supreme Court at the time Justice Brewer delivered his oration. Rather liberal minded, was it not, for a "judicial autocrat"?

Or take this brilliant statement of the same truth by Professor Felix Frankfurter, of the law faculty of Harvard University:

A steady stream of enlightened and disinterested professional criticism must play upon the work of the Supreme Court if its transcendent function in exercising a virtual veto power over national and state action is to be saved from destructive obscurantism.

So the complaint about the judiciary and criticism of the Constitution which we hear today are not wicked; and merely to pour vituperation upon the critics only feeds the fires of discontent. The sole question for just minds to consider is: What is the best thing to do about it if anything at all should be done about it?

Shifting of Judicial Votes

Of course the Supreme Court of the United States itself could quiet this agitation. By far the strongest force that gives the movement life and power springs from the five-to-four pronouncements of that tribunal of which there have been more in the last half decade than in the preceding one hundred and twenty-nine years of our history.

When a decision upholding an Act of Congress carrying out a great, settled, national public policy is reversed because one justice suddenly changes his mind, the average man and woman are mystified. And yet that is what happened in the celebrated Income Tax Case.

When by a vote of five to four the Supreme Court overthrows an Act of Congress putting into effect the determination of the country—reached after years of discussion—the public mind accepts such a decision with reluctance. Yet that was done in the first Child Labor Case.

The decision of the Supreme Court overthrowing the minimum-wage law added to the general dissatisfaction with five-to-four nullifications of Acts of Congress embodying a public policy. Though Justice Brandeis did not sit in this case, it is well known that he as ardently believes the law constitutional, as do Chief Justice Taft, and Justices Holmes and Sanford.

The shifting of judicial votes in the historic Legal Tender Cases was well-nigh grotesque. When the first of these celebrated cases came before the court it was composed of only eight justices, because Congress had reduced the number to prevent President Andrew Johnson from filling vacancies. Four justices thought that the Act was unconstitutional and three were positive that it was constitutional. The eighth Justice, Robert C. Grier, at first thought that the law was constitutional and thus the Court was equally divided. Justice Grier changed his mind, however; but before the decision could be rendered he resigned. Thus by a vote of four to three the Legal Tender Act was held to be unconstitutional.

While this decision was being announced President Grant appointed two new justices to fill the places on the Supreme Bench, which Congress restored the moment President Johnson's term expired. One year later, the Legal Tender Act was again considered and, since the two new Justices thought that the Act was constitutional, the preceding four-to-three decision was reversed by a five-to-four vote.*

Read the majority opinions in these cases and then read the minority opinions; any lawyer can tell you where to get them. You will find them interesting—very interesting indeed.

Cases like these, most of them recent, have been conspicuous and of dramatic character; and it is these five-to-four decisions that the opponents of the Supreme Court have seized upon and used so effectively with the average citizen.

Congress is powerless to change this practice. The bills—a notably conservative senator has publicly announced that he, too, will introduce such a measure—to require the concurrence of seven out of nine justices in order to declare an Act of Congress unconstitutional are futile. If Congress could do that it could require a unanimous agreement of all nine justices; or it could say that a minority may so nullify an Act of Congress; or it could say that the Supreme Court should not pass at all on the constitutionality of Acts of Congress.

What the Court Can Do

Congress has no more right to make rules of procedure for the Supreme Court than that tribunal has a right to make rules of procedure for Congress. If such a bill should be passed the President would veto it; if he approved it the Supreme Court would ignore it, of course. So Congress cannot modify the five-to-four practice.

But the Supreme Court itself can. For instance, it can adopt a rule for its own guidance requiring six out of the nine members of the Supreme Court to agree that an Act of Congress is unconstitutional before so deciding. If the Supreme Court would adopt such a rule and publicly announce it the movement to destroy its power over unconstitutional legislation would soon come to a standstill.

It is a matter for the Justices of the Supreme Court to decide for themselves and it involves statesmanship of the first order. It is a question of policy, not power, of good sense and sound judgment rather than abstract right or wrong.

Once before, after similar assaults upon the Supreme Court, the justices made public a rule of that kind. Public complaint had been made that important state legislation had been nullified by a majority of a quorum of the Supreme Court, which majority of a quorum was, in fact, a minority of the whole court; and the public was far more irritated by the unreasonableness and unfairness of such alleged judicial action than it was by the striking down of the unconstitutional but popular statutes.

So Chief Justice John Marshall, who was a greater statesman than he was a lawyer, publicly announced that the practice of the Court was that the Court would not, "except in cases of absolute necessity," decide cases "where constitutional questions are involved" unless by a majority of the whole court.

This destroyed the ground for the criticism that vital constitutional decisions had been made by a minority of the court.

So today the Supreme Court can destroy the ground for the criticism that vital constitutional decisions involving the settled public policy of the nation are made by a bare majority of one justice. Is this unreasonable?

It is an axiom of constitutional interpretation that the Supreme Court will not overthrow any law as unconstitutional unless that law is such an undeniable violation of the Constitution that there is no doubt about it. In a memorable opinion the late Justice Harlan, then one of the most powerful members of the Supreme Bench, thus stated the rule:

"Legislative enactments should be recognized and enforced by the courts as embodying the will of the people, unless they are plainly and palpably, beyond all question, in violation of fundamental law of the Constitution."

Scores of like statements have been made by the Supreme Court itself.

A Two-Thirds Majority

But when five able and learned justices think one way, and four equally able and learned justices, all on the same bench, think the other way and express their dissent in powerful argument, sometimes with warm feeling, is it not obvious that the law in question is not such a plain infraction of the Constitution as to be unconstitutional "beyond all question"?

But if the decisions of the Supreme Court declaring Acts of Congress to be unconstitutional were made by a majority of two-thirds of all the justices—six out of nine—instead of by a majority of one—five out of four—the average citizen would accept it more willingly. Even those who do not like the decision itself would acquiesce with less grumbling. They would say: "Well, if six judges out of nine are sure that that law violates the Constitution I suppose they are right."

That is only human nature. It is absurd to say that those who object to the five-to-four practice will be just as much dissatisfied with a two-thirds decision on constitutional questions. Common experience proves the contrary. One might as well say that the minority of the people accepts the close and doubtful result of an election as readily as it concurs in an overwhelming verdict at the polls.

It is said that to require more than a bare majority to declare an Act of Congress to be unconstitutional would put the party attacking the law at a disadvantage, since he would have to convince six judges that the law was unconstitutional, whereas the party upholding the law would have to convince only three judges that the law was constitutional.

(Continued on Page 121)

*A brief statement of these cases may interest and be helpful to the reader.

The Income Tax Case (157 U. S. 429 and 158 U. S. 601) was thus: Until 1894 an income tax was generally regarded as an "emergency tax" to be levied only when vitally necessary, as in war. Such a tax had been so levied for that purpose, and when questioned, the power of Congress to impose such a tax had been sustained. In the Wilson-Gorman Tariff of 1894 an income tax was made a general and ordinary source of revenue. The Supreme Court rendered two decisions. In the first, by a vote of six to two (one Justice then being ill and absent) the tax on income from real estate in the form provided by the law was held to be unconstitutional—upon incomes from other sources the Court was evenly divided. So a reargument was ordered and a new decision rendered. But Justice George Shiras, Jr., who at first thought the tax constitutional on other incomes than from real estate in the form provided, changed his mind; and by a five-to-four vote the entire tax was held to be unconstitutional.

The first Child Labor Case (247 U. S. 251) was this: Tens of thousands of children from five to fourteen years old were at work in mills, mines, factories and sweat shops—and still are. Such labor during these tender years wrecks them physically, morally and mentally. Also, aside from the inhumanity of this, is the economic phase—business men and manufacturers in states that forbid child labor have to compete with those in states that permit child labor.

To end this, Congress passed an Act prohibiting child-made goods from interstate commerce, as had been done with many other things. The Supreme Court, by a five-to-four vote, said that this law was unconstitutional. In the second Child Labor Case an Act of Congress to tax out of existence employers of child labor was declared unconstitutional by an eight-to-one vote—practically unanimous. The most earnest and informed friends of the oppressed children were as satisfied with this decision as they were dissatisfied with the five-to-four decision in the first Child Labor Case. Of course taxation cannot be used for the express purpose of destroying a specific business.

The Minimum Wage Case (261 U. S. 525) was this: After prolonged and minute investigation of the wages of women and children in Washington City, it was found that they were not paid enough wages with which to buy food, clothing and shelter; and that from this state of things certain alleged conditions resulted. To end this in the nation's capital, Congress passed a law fixing a minimum wage for women and children in the District of Columbia. By a five-to-four vote the Supreme Court overthrew this law on the ground that it interfered with the liberty of contract.

The Legal Tender cases (8 Wall. 603 and 12 Wall. 457) involved the constitutionality of the Legal Tender Acts of Congress during the Civil War which made the Treasury notes of the Government legal tender for the payment of debts. The Constitution gives Congress the power to "coin money," and it was said that since the issuing of "greenbacks" was not the coining of money, creditors could not be forced to accept these Treasury notes in payment of debts, especially those contracted before the enactment of the law. Upon the constitutionality of the law the Supreme Court rendered decisions as stated in the text.

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(Continued from Page 119)

But this objection would seem to be insignificant compared with the vital circumstance that a law passed by a majority of the Senate and House and approved by the President is to be stricken down or upheld.

Attack upon such a law is not merely a controversy between the two parties immediately before the court; it is also a dispute between the plaintiff on the one hand and the legislative and executive power of the nation on the other hand.

Moreover, the defendant of record is not the only real defendant. The thousands, perhaps scores and even hundreds of thousands, of persons whose sad condition the law was meant to relieve are also defendants in fact. The other day a powerful corporation lawyer and ultra-conservative wrote me on this very point, that "the burden of overthrowing such a law should rest heavily on the party who attacks it." So we see that the plain common sense and sheer justice of the proposition appeal to "the attorney of the interests" quite as much as to the "tribune of the people."

In short, an effort to overthrow an Act of Congress is not a private case exclusively; it is also a public case. Indeed, "the public interest" involved in anything whatever could hardly be greater than in such a controversy.

To say that more than a majority of one Justice means decision by a minority is, perhaps, as inaccurate as the other extreme assertion that such a majority means that a single man nullifies an Act of Congress. Of course neither of these statements is wholly true. The fact that an Act of Congress is involved modifies the first, and the fact that some power must decide modifies the second. The whole matter is one, not of rigid logic which seldom composes any deep human complication, but of reasonable expediency by which most large affairs of this life must be handled.

The other familiar argument in favor of the five-to-four rule is that ours is a government by majorities, and that to change this as to the Supreme Court would be violative of a fundamental principle of our institutions.

Is not this unconvincing in view of the fact that impeachment of national officials must be sustained by two-thirds of the Senate? Or that in jury trials verdicts can be reached only by unanimous vote? Or that two-thirds of Congress are necessary to pass a bill over the veto of the President?

So we see that the majority principle does not "permeate" our institutions after all. And consider the two-thirds rule in Democratic national conventions.

The Fundamental Law

The "majority principle!" In overthrowing an Act of Congress by a five-to-four vote in the Supreme Court, the majority of the Senate and House and the judgment of the President are all nullified. Not only that, but the majority opinion of the country is also overthrown, since the law thus invalidated presumably expresses the will of the majority of the people.

When so distinguished a lawyer and determined conservative as Frederic R. Coudert, of New York, asserts, as he does in a meticulously careful book, that "few if any industrial-reform measures need have been construed as contrary to the Constitution," is it not plain that objection to the five-to-four decisions in such cases is not confined to impatient "radicals"?

If something is not done about it, is it not probable that the movement to take away altogether this power of the Supreme Court to invalidate Acts of Congress will continue to gather strength?

This rule of procedure—that the Court will not declare an Act of Congress to be unconstitutional unless six of the nine Justices concur—would not, of course, apply to the acts of state legislatures, since a different principle governs the consideration of such legislation. This is the principle of the relation of state to nation. Mr. Justice Holmes, of the Supreme Court of the United States, in one of his profoundest and most learned legal essays points out the elemental difference between the power of the Supreme Court over Acts of Congress and that over State legislation.

What now about the movement itself? What are the merits of the proposal so to amend our national Constitution as to withdraw from the Supreme Court its duty to invalidate unconstitutional Acts of Congress?

A great deal has been written on both sides of this basic question; but though learned and able, these writings have been perhaps too technical and involved to interest the average man and woman. This is especially true of those who have defended the Court. So let us try to examine this elemental question in popular language.

What is the Constitution? It is the people's fundamental law, written for the people, operating directly on the people and adopted by the people themselves.

The historic convention at Philadelphia that framed our Constitution may be likened to a committee to work out a plan of government for the people, to be submitted to the people. The deliberations of that committee were secret, because it was then touch and go whether or not a national government could be established at all.

But when the Constitution was written it was given the utmost publicity; and the people themselves at the polls elected delegates to conventions in each state for the express and exclusive purpose of discussing the Constitution, and, after such discussion, ratifying or rejecting it.

So we see that our national Constitution is the people's law—their basic, fundamental, permanent law. By that basic, fundamental, permanent people's law our present Government was created, and by that basic, fundamental, permanent people's law, and by it alone, our Government now exists.

Constitutional Protection

It assigns to each governmental department its field of action and usefulness, puts specific limitations on state powers, and guarantees elemental rights to be enjoyed forever by the people, and by each one of them.

Among other duties which this people's basic, fundamental and permanent law requires the judiciary to perform is to interpret that Constitution; and also to interpret statutes passed by the people's temporary representatives in pursuance to the Constitution—that is, only such laws as the Constitution permits.

Suppose the people's temporary Congress enacts a statute which the people's permanent law forbids Congress from passing; and suppose a citizen, in order to protect himself, takes the question to the court and finally to the Supreme Court. What are the courts to do?

If they uphold the statute they strike down the Constitution. That is, if the court recognizes the Act of the people's temporary representatives, the court must ignore the people's permanent law. On the other hand, if the court upholds the people's permanent law, then the court must of necessity strike down the unconstitutional Act of the people's temporary representatives.

Of course if Congress or state legislatures may pass any law they please, regardless of the Constitution, that charter of our rights and security disappears—we have no Constitution.

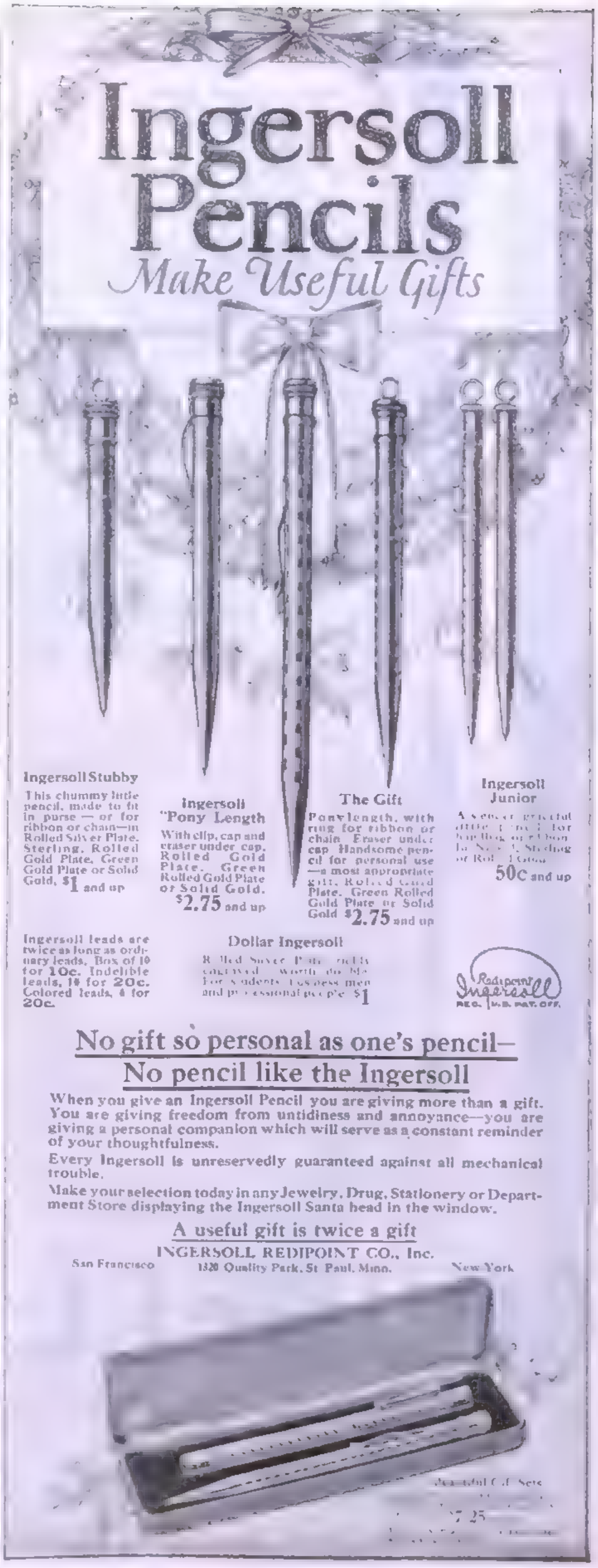
Take specific examples. The only crime defined in the Constitution is treason; and the Constitution says just how it shall be proved. The accused person cannot be convicted except "on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court." Moreover, the Constitution limits the punishment for treason.

There were dramatic as well as profound reasons for this vital provision. In all other countries at that time—and even now—what is called the law of constructive treason existed, by which persons could be, were, and still are convicted of treason upon circumstantial testimony, sometimes of the flimsiest nature. Under this law innocent men and women had been put to death after the most horrible torture.

Suppose that, in a time of public frenzy—and it is only at such times that people are accused of treason—Congress should pass an Act declaring treason to be something entirely different from the crime described in the Constitution—it was proposed in the Constitutional Convention to give Congress the power to do that very thing—or that treason may be proved by the testimony of one witness or by circumstantial evidence.

Suppose that a citizen should then be indicted, tried and convicted—and appealed to the Supreme Court for protection. What ought the Supreme Court to do? What must the Supreme Court do?

Should not, and must not the Supreme Court obey the Constitution? If so, must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not the Supreme Court say that the citizen shall not be put to death or imprisoned for life under an Act of Congress that is in violation of the people's Constitution?

In interpreting this very provision of the people's basic, fundamental and permanent law, Chief Justice John Marshall forever overthrew the brutal and unreasonable European doctrine of constructive treason, and forever established in the United States the humane and reasonable American doctrine of personal and actual treason.

Cautious writers on the subject have estimated that Marshall's judicial opinions on treason have saved many thousands of lives of innocent men and women, which otherwise would have been sacrificed to popular passion. During the Civil War, for instance, the number who would thus have been made the victims of abnormal suspicion, groundless rumor and even personal spite would have been very large.

Similar examples of constitutional guaranties of personal and property rights to be safeguarded by the courts against assaults from any quarter will appear to anybody who will take the trouble to read the Constitution. For instance, security from being twice put in jeopardy for the same offense, the prohibition of export taxation, the privilege of peaceable assembly and petition, the sanctity of free speech and press, the security from unreasonable search and seizure without warrant, the right of religious liberty, the stability of contract, the inviolability of property—all these and many other guaranties could be destroyed if Congress could disregard them at will. Many times Congress has tried to ignore several of them, and the Supreme Court has saved them.

Some Famous Cases

That tribunal has often rescued citizens from unreasonable search and seizure without warrant; and has even denied the executive department of the national Government the right to use as evidence papers seized in violation of constitutional guaranties.

Time and again the Supreme Court has protected citizens from ex post facto laws. It has prevented citizens from being tried twice for the same offense.

Those who attack the Supreme Court assert that it has been hard on labor, and some five-to-four decisions sustain the charge; but the Supreme Court has been far harder on capital. Witness the many great antitrust pronouncements, such as the dissolution of the Northern Securities Company, or the numerous decisions upholding the Interstate Commerce Act. Witness the long line of cases in which the police power of states has been sustained, even when extensive property rights and vast business interests have been seriously injured; such, for example, as the famous Granger Cases and the Slaughterhouse Case. Witness, especially, the recent decision in the Wyoming Carbon Case.*

* Again a brief explanation of these cases may aid those readers who are not lawyers.

The Granger Cases (94 U. S. 113) were: When Chicago had become the great grain-distributing center of the country enormous elevators were erected in which the grains of various owners were received and mixed and for which charges were made by the elevators as they saw fit. Serious evils to the farmer resulted, to end which a provision of the state constitution supplemented by state statutes provided, among other things, fixed charges for elevator service. The Supreme Court upheld this law as a rightful exercise of the state's police power.

The Slaughterhouse Case (16 Wall. 36) was this: To safeguard the public health the Louisiana Legislature passed a law incorporating an abattoir company and requiring it to build a great plant at which all slaughtering by everybody must be done in New Orleans and surrounding territory. For this service the company was authorized to make a fixed charge. The Supreme Court upheld the law as a proper exercise of the state police power.

The Wyoming Carbon Case (254 U. S. 300) was this: That state has a limited supply of natural gas. A large plant was erected which used some of this gas to make carbon black, from which ink is manufactured. This process greatly exhausted the state's supply of natural gas. To end this the legislature passed a law forbidding the manufacture of carbon black from natural gas. The Supreme Court upheld this law as a correct exercise of police power.

The police power is that of safeguarding the health, morals and well-being of the community. It is preëminently the social power. Only the states have this police power, except as to the District of Columbia and territory belonging to the United States over which Congress exercises police power.

In each of these cases tremendous investments were seriously affected, and capital earnestly protested. Indeed, the dissatisfaction with the decision in the Granger Cases was exceedingly sharp.

These are only three examples of a very large number of cases where the Supreme Court has upheld acts of state legislatures which greatly and adversely affected capital. The truth is that for every decision of the Supreme Court of which labor makes complaint there are many more decisions of the Supreme Court offensive to capital.

The Supreme Court has even approved the delegation by Congress to administrative boards of judicial, legislative and executive powers over the weightiest matters affecting capital; as, for example, the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Federal Trade Commission. Moreover, the Supreme Court, in a very recent litigation, the Tenement House Case, actually upheld a law which overthrew certain contracts because they were against the public interest.

The Supreme Court of the United States has been far more liberal than state supreme courts. For instance, the appellate judiciary of a certain state in less than fifty years has stricken down more than one hundred and fifty legislative acts and municipal ordinances, whereas the Supreme Court of the United States has invalidated less than one-third that number of Acts of Congress during a period nearly three times as long. The same is true, in varying degrees, of many other states.

Also, when state laws have been attacked the Supreme Court of the United States has sustained over ten times more such statutes than it has disapproved. Though the appeals to that tribunal to overthrow state legislation, because property rights have been taken without "due process of law" or vested interests have been denied "the equal protection of the laws," have been excessively numerous, few of these appeals have been successful.

The truth is that the public is never told of Supreme Court decisions repelling attacks upon state and national legislation; whereas the public always is clamorously informed of exceptional rulings nullifying laws, most of which decisions were plainly right, only a few being doubtful, and none wrong beyond question; the very fact that they were made by a majority of the Supreme Court proves that many able and honorable persons think them to have been right. Let us not be dogmatic.

Law a Progressive Science

That the American Constitution is vital and grows with fundamental and permanent social and industrial changes is due to judicial statesmanship. Take these two, out of well-nigh countless official statements of the kind, by the Supreme Court itself:

"The law is a progressive science. Methods of procedure which, at the time the Constitution was adopted, were deemed essential to the protection and safety of the people, or to the liberty of the citizen, have been found to be no longer necessary; while certain classes of persons, particularly those engaged in dangerous or unhealthy employments, have been found to be in need of additional protection."

Or this:

"To hold that 'precedent' is essential to due process of law would be to deny every quality of law but its age and to render it impossible of progress and improvements. It would stamp upon our jurisprudence the unchangeableness attributed to the laws of the Medes and Persians."

These quotations from majority opinions of the Supreme Court express the spirit in which that tribunal usually considers the philosophy of lawmaking and constitutional development. As Mr. Coudert points out, the Constitution is constantly changing through judicial interpretation in accordance with fundamental changes in industrial and social life. So it comes about, as stated by Professor Charles Grove Haines, whom nobody will call a "reactionary," that "the Supreme Court of the United States has, with very few exceptions, sustained radical labor laws"; and that "the future of social and industrial legislation is encouraging."

Why then should anybody want to take from the Supreme Court this beneficent power and this vital duty?

An argument vigorously advanced by those who seek to destroy judicial review of

(Continued on Page 125)

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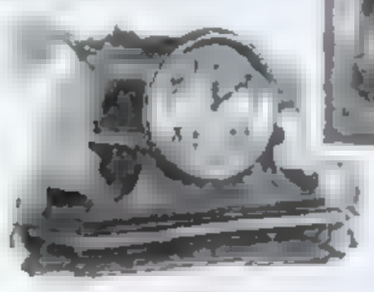

The clock shown in the main illustration is Seth Thomas "Chime Clock No. 73." Authentic replica of Old English design. Cabinet mahogany [illegible] hand-pierced gold dial. Resonant, musical West minster Chime [illegible] the quarters and striking the hours on mellow tone-rods. Price, $120.

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(Continued from Page 122)

legislation is that senators and representatives in Congress also make oath that they will support the Constitution; and that they, as well as the justices of the Supreme Court, can be depended upon to observe the nation's fundamental law. This may be true in theory, but all of us know—and history proves it—that it is not true in practice.

Generally speaking, our state and national legislators try to conform to what they think is the immediate—the present—desire of a majority of their constituents. This is not only natural; perhaps it is right, since it carries out the idea of popular representative government and gives expression to changing public opinion. But this transient public sentiment which our legislators reflect may be, and sometimes is, contrary to the settled determination of the people as fixed in the people's basic and permanent law, the Constitution.

Moreover, is it not possible that many members of legislative bodies are not intimately familiar with the Constitution, and the historic and vital reasons for every provision in it? Some have even questioned, perhaps unjustly, whether all our senators and representatives have read the Constitution from beginning to end much less made a study of it.

If this is so is it not obvious that lawmakers thus unequipped with necessary knowledge will, with the best possible intentions, try to get laws enacted without thinking whether those laws are forbidden by the Constitution?

It has been charged that the tendency to elect such well-meaning but uninformed legislators has been growing for a long time. Whether this is true, it is certain that for some years past the practice has prevailed among our lawmakers, state and national, to pass on to the courts the responsibility for unconstitutional legislation. So the saying has grown up among our legislators: "Oh, let the Supreme Court settle the constitutionality of this law; that is its business, not ours."

As the late Frederick N. Judson observes in his scholarly lectures: "The enormous volume of legislation has been marked by a progressive deterioration of that legislation," accompanied by "a growing disposition to disregard the constitutionality in legislation on the ground that such matters can be 'straightened out' by the courts."

Possibly this may explain to some extent the increase of Acts of Congress which the Supreme Court has been compelled to declare unconstitutional.

Just here comes in the most important point of all in practical effect—and the most interesting point of all: The kind of men appointed to the Supreme Court determines the public confidence in that tribunal; and the continuance of its powers rests upon the regard of the people, and upon that alone.

Supreme Court Timber

Destroy popular faith in the Supreme Court and its powers will soon be taken from it. Yet those powers constitute the keystone to our whole system; if they are withdrawn everything falls, and we shall have to build anew.

So the character of members of the Supreme Court is vital to the permanence of American institutions—not their moral character alone, of course, but also their intellectual stature, their vision, their outlook on life, their knowledge of history, their familiarity with present conditions and developing tendencies, their sympathetic understanding of human nature and its reactions.

One of the weightiest and most far-reaching constitutional duties of a President of the United States is that of selecting Federal judges, and especially justices of the Supreme Court. To place a man upon the bench because of friendship or personal obligation or to appoint a judge for reasons of partisan politics or thus to elevate the leader of a political faction is not only dangerous but morally culpable and well-nigh unpatriotic. Such appointments, even of good lawyers and conscientious men, impair public confidence in the judiciary.

What sort of men should be made judges of any court, but above all, justices of the Supreme Court of the United States? This is a vital public matter; indeed, no other equals it.

To be sure, a judicial appointee must be a good lawyer—the best to be found. But he must be much more—he must also be a publicist of the first order. He must have the qualities of statesmanship. Indeed, it is as important that a Chief Justice of the United States shall be a statesman as that he shall be a lawyer—even more important—since he must interpret laws affecting profound national policies as well as pass upon questions raised on the record of mere lawsuits. And this is true also, of course, of every justice of that court.

He must understand the philosophy of the law—that principles must be adjusted to developing society. For instance, the right to private property is a principle. But not all kinds of property are alike. Railroads, tramways and public utilities are private property, but very different from other private property. Even automobiles are not the same kind of private property that household furniture is

In former times walking on hot plowshares was "due process of law." As used in our Constitution, "due process of law" cannot now be precisely defined so as to fit perfectly every possible concrete circumstance, but must be applied to the particular facts of each case. A large number of decisions of our Supreme Court, with exceptions as infrequent as they are regrettable, would seem to indicate that "due process of law" covers "wanton" and "arbitrary" interference with liberty or "spoliation" of property.

Yet it is this guaranty of "due process" in the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments to our national Constitution by which our Supreme Court is now most frequently required to measure legislation. Obviously that phrase does not mean the same thing today that it meant when first formulated centuries ago. The epigram of Justice Holmes has already become famous: "The Fourteenth Amendment does not enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's Social Statics."

Keeping Up to Date

We see, then, how inappropriate—indeed how meaningless and hurtful—would be out-of-date definitions of "due process of law" applied to a state of things to which those definitions had no reference whatever. And this obvious truth holds good as to other vital features of the Constitution. For instance, even ultra-conservative writers have pointed out that modern industrialism has destroyed the equality of employer and employe and that the ancient individualistic conception of contract "evolved before the rise of corporations as the main factors in the business world is not always justly applicable to present conditions."

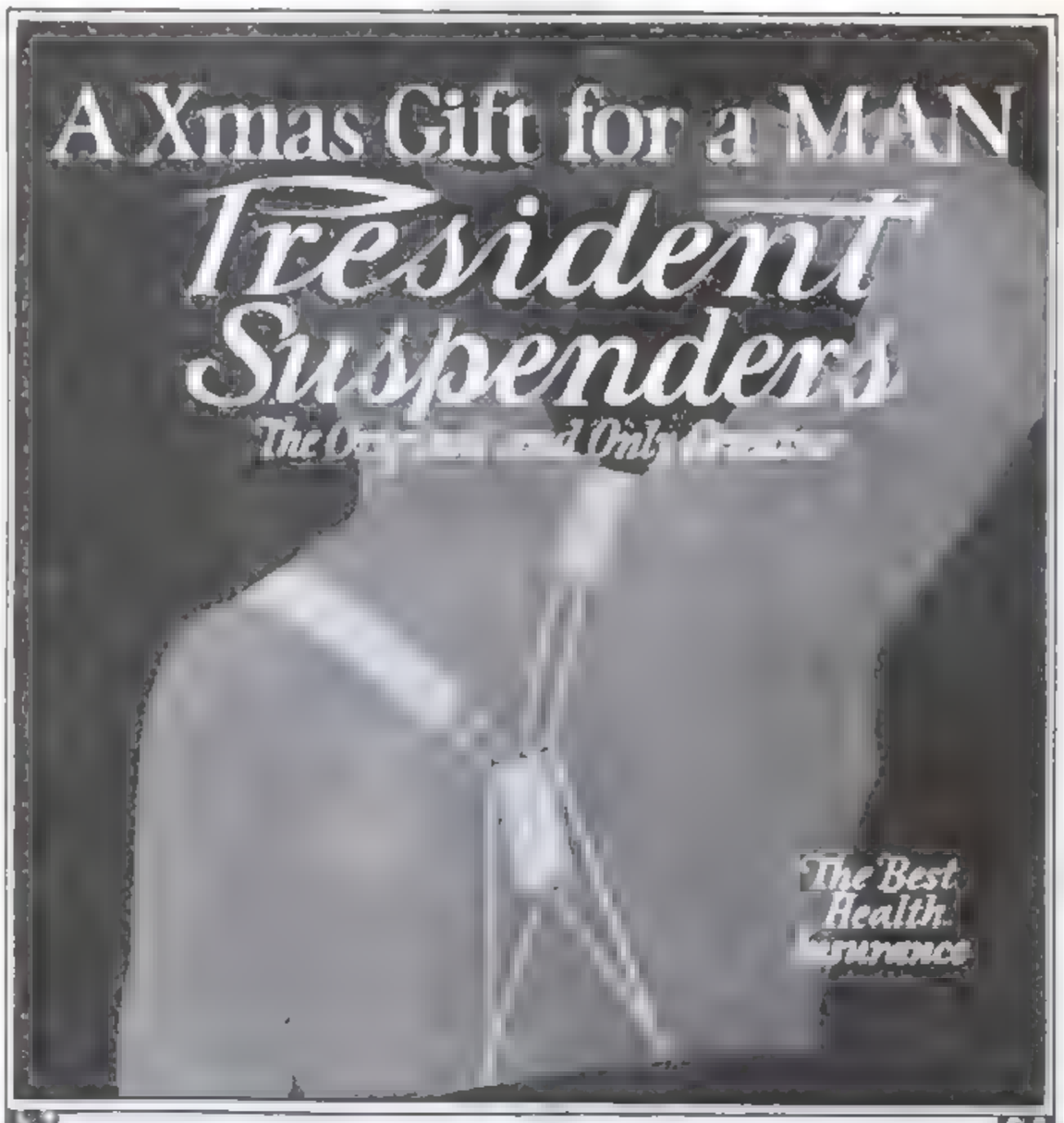
A judge must realize all this. He is no more fitted to be a judge merely because he is a lawyer exclusively, than a man is fitted to be Secretary of the Treasury merely because he is a banker exclusively. I repeat that he must be the ablest of lawyers, but also he must be even more of a statesman.

He must have the contemporary mind; it must not be pickled in precedents. He must use precedents instead of being used by them.

In short, he must have such qualities as will strengthen public confidence in the courts, and not such qualities as will weaken public confidence in the courts. In his thoughtful and comprehensive study of the judiciary, Prof. George Gorham Groat well describes the supreme task of the judiciary: "The largest work that a court can do, and it is a work that must be done by someone, is to keep a constitution up to date."

Here is the true judicial attitude as stated by one of the ablest of living jurists, as much admired abroad as at home, Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, of the Supreme Court of the United States, whose intellect is as vigilant and strong on the bench at the present time as his conduct was gallant and glorious on the field of battle in the Civil War. In delivering the unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, when he was chief justice of that eminent tribunal, Justice Holmes said of himself and his associate justices:

"We do not forget the continuous process of developing the law that goes on through the courts, in the form of deduction, or deny that in a clear case it might be possible even to break away from a line of decisions in favor of some rule generally admitted to be based upon a deeper insight into the present wants of society. But the improvements made by the courts are made, almost invariably, by very slow degrees and by very short steps. Their general duty is not to change but to work out the principles already sanctioned by the practice of the past."



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A judiciary made up of the kind of men I have tried to describe causes the average citizen to feel that the courts are far better equipped to decide the validity of legislation than are representatives and senators, even though sworn to support our fundamental law and, in theory, supposed to understand it.

In addition to these plain and conspicuous practical reasons that Congress is not so competent to determine the constitutionality of laws as is the Supreme Court of the United States is the fact that the people's fundamental law gives that court the exclusive power and makes it the particular duty of that court to be the final arbiter in conflicts between mere legislation and the supreme law of the land.

Indeed, it is not too much to say that this power of judicial review is the most important function of the nation's highest tribunal. As John Fiske says, "it was absolutely indispensable" that the courts should be given this power. So vital is this fact that those who would take this authority away from the Supreme Court see in that fact the first formidable obstacle to the accomplishment of their purpose.

Therefore they deny that the Constitution gives the Supreme Court any such power. They assert that the Supreme Court usurped that authority; that in the convention that framed the Constitution the proposal was made several times to give the Supreme Court this very power; and that, after extended debate, the convention rejected that proposal every time it was made.

If this is true it is of capital importance. So let us go into the facts as carefully and thoroughly as is possible in this necessarily brief sketch.

What really happened? The question of giving the Supreme Court the power to declare Acts of Congress unconstitutional was never presented to the Constitutional Convention; no resolution of the kind was offered in that historic body.

What was proposed was that the Constitution should provide for a "Council of Revision," to consist of the President and a number of justices, to examine and pass upon laws before they went into effect; and to negative those laws if this "Council of Revision" considered them unwise, impolitic, injurious to the public interest—or for any reason whatever.

Court and Congress

It was upon the question of adopting this "Council of Revision" that all the debate occurred in the Constitutional Convention which so much as touched upon the power of the Supreme Court to declare Acts of Congress unconstitutional. On this particular point the debates were brief and scanty; in fact they can scarcely be called debates at all.

Some of the more weighty members of the convention gave as their reason for opposing this "Council of Revision" that it was unnecessary, because the Supreme Court would, of course, invalidate any Act of Congress which violated the Constitution. Others opposed this "Council of Revision" upon the ground that to adopt it would give the courts too much power, because in any event it would be their duty to nullify unconstitutional Acts of Congress; and if they were also given the additional power as members of the "Council of Revision" the Supreme Court would have a double negative on legislation.

One or two delegates—who, by the way, were not among the ablest members of the convention—said that they did not think the courts should have the right to pass upon Acts of Congress. Only one man of importance, Benjamin Franklin, seemed to take this view; but he made the statement only once, and then quite casually.

The fact is that the convention thoroughly understood that the Supreme Court would have the power to invalidate unconstitutional Acts of Congress—thoroughly understood that such power was inherent in the Supreme Court and in the Constitution which created it. If this had not been so it is certain that every one of the many able and learned lawyers who were members of that convention would have formally proposed to give the Supreme Court this very power in express terms.

Years before the Constitution was framed and adopted the supreme courts of some of the states had stricken down state laws because those laws violated state constitutions, and generally speaking, these judicial actions of the state courts were well known to the members of the convention that framed our national Constitution.

All historical scholars who have written on the subject agree that it was the consensus of opinion in the Constitutional Convention that the Supreme Court would have this power as a matter of course. Even historical scholars of decidedly liberal, not to say radical, views state this to have been the fact.

For instance, that accomplished scholar, Prof. Charles A. Beard, who is an eminent example of the so-called "radical" type of American historical scholarship, states that "it cannot be assumed that the convention was not aware that the judicial power might be held to embrace a very considerable control over legislation and that there was a high degree of probability (to say the least) that such control would be exercised in the ordinary course of events."

And Professor Beard thus gently rebukes those who assert that if the convention had meant to give the Supreme Court power to annul Acts of Congress the convention would have said so in express terms: "To say that the convention must have passed definitively upon every inference that can logically be drawn from the language of the instrument that it adopted would, of course, be absurd."

When the convention had framed the Constitution it became the sole topic of discussion among the people until it was finally ratified by popular conventions. The debates in these conventions were public, and, to this day, have not been surpassed and seldom equaled in this or any other country. During these debates this very question was occasionally referred to; and every time it was said that, of course, the courts would necessarily have power to invalidate unconstitutional legislation.

John Marshall's Views

For example: The debate in the Constitutional Convention of Virginia was far and away the ablest and most extended discussion of the Constitution that ever occurred. Patrick Henry there led the assault on the Constitution. Of the numerous reasons he gave against ratifying it, a minor reason was that, whereas the Virginia courts had bravely struck down unconstitutional state statutes, the national judiciary might not do the same thing with unconstitutional Acts of Congress.

John Marshall, also a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention—no one then ever imagined that years afterwards he would be Chief Justice of the United States—made the two principal arguments on the judiciary; and, in answer to Henry, declared that, of course, the national courts would declare null and void any Act of Congress that violated the supreme law of the land. This same statement was made several times in other state constitutional conventions; and nobody asserted the contrary.

Concerning the judiciary the Federalist carefully and clearly explained that of necessity the courts would have the power to invalidate any Act of Congress that violated that fundamental law.

So we see that when the Constitution was ratified by the people of the several states nothing in that instrument was or could have been more perfectly understood than this very power of judicial supervision of legislation. Indeed, so generally accepted was the existence of this principle in the Constitution that there was less debate upon it in the state conventions than upon any other phase of the proposed plan for national government.

For fourteen years after the Constitution was adopted the Supreme Court had no occasion, except incidentally, to assert its power to invalidate unconstitutional legislation. But several times justices of the Supreme Court, when sitting as circuit judges, positively declared that the courts had, and of necessity must have, this power of judicial review; and during that time none of these statements was denied or even criticized.

We are told that this usurpation began with the famous opinion of Chief Justice John Marshall in the celebrated case of Marbury vs. Madison. With the historical facts above summarized in mind, let us see just what that case was, how it arose, and why the Supreme Court decided it as it did.

Every great human event has its origin in history, and we cannot begin to understand any momentous public question without knowing the historical sources from which it sprang.

Continued on Page 129

MAH-JONGG

Its Authentic Source

By JOSEPH PARK BABCOCK

Originator of the Game as First Introduced Into America and Author of the Rules

To Mr. Joseph Park Babcock, the American public is indebted for the thrilling game of Mah-Jongg.

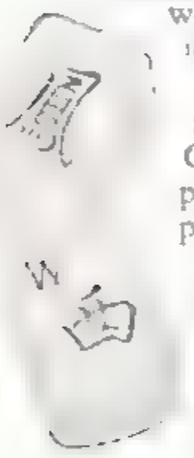
In the following article he tells of its authentic source.

Mr. Babcock's message follows

* * *

DURING the past ten years I have spent a great part of my time traveling in the interior of China, where I was dependent almost entirely on the Chinese for my recreation. Speaking the Chinese language, I became interested in a game played by the Chinese, with attractive tiles of bamboo and ivory, brightly decorated in the inimitable Chinese colors and typical of Chinese art. I was immensely impressed, not only by the entertainment, but by the cultural features of this game.

It seemed to me that, if properly introduced, it would appeal tremendously to Americans and Europeans.



For a number of years, I made a special study of these Chinese tile games as played in the various provinces of China. I found that the fundamental game was known by a variety of names in the different provinces, and that it was played, in almost every case, in a different way.

I sought rule books but found that the Chinese learn these games as children, and consequently, feel no need for a book of instruction or rules.

I saw that it would be necessary, therefore, for me to write rules of my own and devise my own terminology, as practically all of the terms used by the Chinese in playing had no meaning to foreigners when translated. In fact, some of the terms used were colloquial merely, and had no equivalent Chinese character in the Chinese written language. Such terms as "chow," "bamboo," "characters," "dots," "dragons," etc., now used by all players in the United States and all countries foreign to China, were given to the game by me.

In editing my rules, therefore, I have embodied the best and most interesting features of the various Chinese tile games, as played in the many sections of China, and have developed one game which is adapted to foreign thought and usage, with various sets of rules.

My first edition is fundamental, but is for beginners primarily.

In my second edition I have given variations of play as well as Chinese versions for the advanced scholar. In subsequent editions I shall elaborate more on additional variations as well as examples of possibilities and chance.

My thought was to incorporate in my first edition a set of rules that one could play easily or one in which skill without limit could be employed.

One of the greatest problems I had to face in introducing the game abroad was the necessity of having all the tiles read the Chinese characters in order to understand the significance of the tiles, for people who could not read Chinese could not learn to play.

I overcame this difficulty by inventing what I call "index playing symbols." These are the English letters and numbers in the corners of the tiles which appear on all sets used in the United States today.

To designate the game as I developed it with these English indices and with the codified and standardized Babcock rules, I applied the word "Mah-Jongg" (pronounced Mah JHONG), trade marked it in the U. S. Patent Office and applied it also to my book of rules which I had copyrighted. I then presented it to the American public as well as to foreigners in China.

This is the source of Mah-Jongg the authentic source.

I happened to be the first to introduce Mah-Jongg, and if I have given pleasure and a new and valuable game with many thrills and all the age-old mystery of China in it, to thousands of people—in so doing I am well rewarded for my efforts.

I make this statement at the request of many friends and readers who have asked me to give them the true story of Mah-Jongg.

J. P. Babcock

To learn to play the *real Mah-Jongg* you must follow Babcock. You must play largely as the *Chinese* do and as Babcock teaches.

In every well-known men's and women's club the approved *Mah-Jongg* is played with a genuine Mah-Jongg set, according to the authentic Babcock rules. The American Club, the Columbia Country Club and the Union Club (an organization of Americans, British and Chinese) of Shanghai, China, have adopted Mah-Jongg sets and Babcock rules.

Men and women of high mental attainments play with these sets and rules.

The Mah-Jongg Association of America, whose President is former Senator Frank P. Flint of California, has adopted Mah-Jongg sets and Babcock rules officially. I [illegible] Mah-Jongg Association of China.

We believe that you, too, wish to play as these clubs and Associations do.

That's why we offer you a copy of Babcock's fundamental Red Book of Rules with our compliments. See our offer in the column to the right.

Mah Jongg, made in China, is decorated individually by hand in the true celestial colors by native Chinese [illegible]

TO MAH-JONGG PLAYERS EVERYWHERE

We are Sending Babcock's Authoritative Red Book of Rules *at Our Expense*

麻雀

The Mah Jongg Sales Company of America wishes everyone to enjoy the advantage of playing according to the *authentic rules* and fundamental principles of Mah-Jongg, regardless of the type of set employed.

No one can decide any important point *authoritatively* in this game of almost infinite possibilities, without referring it to Babcock, whose research work and exhaustive study of the Chinese methods have enabled him alone to give the final answer to all questions that arise.

So we are offering Babcock's Book on How to Play Mah-Jongg—the original and complete rules of Mah-Jongg—in ten attractive forms, to anyone who mails coupon below. This is the same book, identically, that has been included with every set of *genuine Mah-Jongg* tiles, packed in a Beautiful Cabinet of Chinese Manufacture on which is Engraved Mah Jongg.

This book is *basic* and *necessary* if you wish to know and play the *real Mah-Jongg*.

All the fascinating mystery of the Chinese mind in the invention of a series of combinations which are simple in arrangement, but which may score, in a winning hand, from twenty-two (22) points up to more than twenty million (20,000,000), is delicately woven thru these rules, with true Chinese artistry and skill. So this master game, while permitting ease in the selection of the lower counts, becomes increasingly and fascinatingly more scientific as the counts rise toward that seemingly almost unattainable high peak.

You will want to give authentic Mah Jongg sets packed in cabinets on which "Mah Jongg" is engraved, and second edition Babcock Rules with Optional Scores as Christmas presents, too. They are the vogue in Christmas gifts this year. They solve the gift problem in the correct and fashionable way.

Babcock's Second Edition is sold by leading stores. If your dealer cannot supply you send $2.50 to address below and we'll send the book direct postpaid.

The Babcock first edition Red Book of Rules is furnished with genuine Mah-Jongg sets only, in boxes stamped Mah Jongg.

[illegible]

If It Isn't Marked

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[illegible] Joseph Park Babcock's [illegible]

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Street

City

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Who wants to pay for the other fellow's tire abuse?

How would you like to get a letter through the mail from your tire dealer some fine day reading something like this:—

"In the days of Mileage Guarantees"

One of the prize pictures submitted in Old-Time [illegible] you get mileage in proportion to the care you give your tires.

DEAR SIR:

As you know we guaranteed to you this year a specific mileage from your tires.

Our special coöperative plan was to adjust all tires on which there were any kicks, and divide the cost of these adjustments equally among all of our patrons at the end of the year.

Only one in ten of our patrons demanded any adjustment this year, but we have paid out an amount which averages $3.00 on every tire sold.

You did not receive any adjustments, but our records show that you purchased three 34 x 4 cords this Spring, which brings your share of the general adjustment expense to $9.00. Enclosed is a bill for that amount. Please remit.

Isn't it a grand and glorious feeling to know that you are bearing the other fellow's burden?

Yours truly,

MILEAGE GUARANTEE DEALER

WOULDN'T you enjoy giving that misguided benefactor of careless drivers, calling himself a dealer, a run for his money? Would he get it? . . . .

"What do you take me for," you'd remark, "why should I pay the other fellow's tire bills?"

"But," he comes back, "it's fair, isn't it, to everyone? We guaranteed so much mileage. If your tires had gone bad you'd have got an adjustment. What's your kick?"

"Gone bad!—Say, how do you know those tires deserved an adjustment? How do you know they weren't abused—driven flat, scraped against curbs, bruised one way or another? Why, yesterday I saw my neighbor lock his wheels and slide all the way down his steep driveway on wet macadam. Do you call that 'gone bad'? Why should I pay for his careless driving? I take decent care of my tires and I get good mileage. That's why I don't need adjustments, and I won't pay any part of the other fellow's."

You'd win on that. You'd tear up the bill and walk out.

But what if the charge had been added to your first price—$3.00 extra on each tire bought? With the other fellow's bill buried in yours you wouldn't have had a chance to kick.

That was the situation on tires before 1922. The cost of the unfair adjustments of the one driver in ten had to be absorbed in the general cost. It was charged in advance. It was an unjust burden on user and manufacturer both.

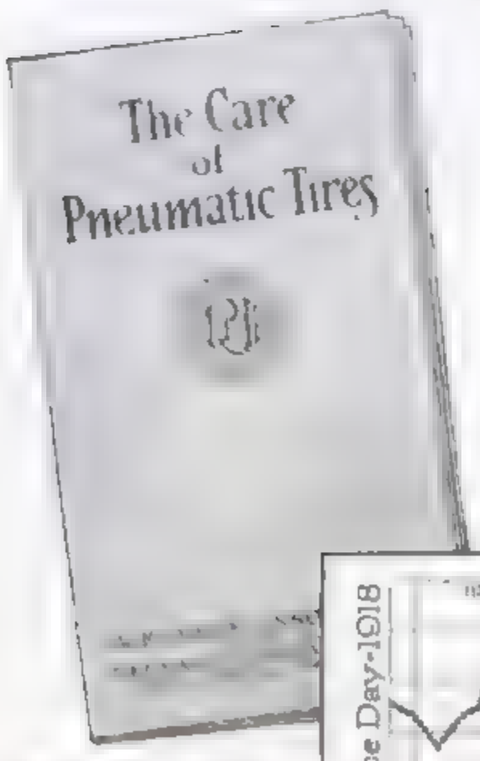
The specific mileage guarantee was eliminated by the responsible tire manufacturers in January, 1922, and the fairer and more business-like Warranty was adopted—"against defects in material and workmanship."

That action, loyally supported by most manufacturers and dealers, cut the adjustment bill in half during 1922, and it will be even less this year.

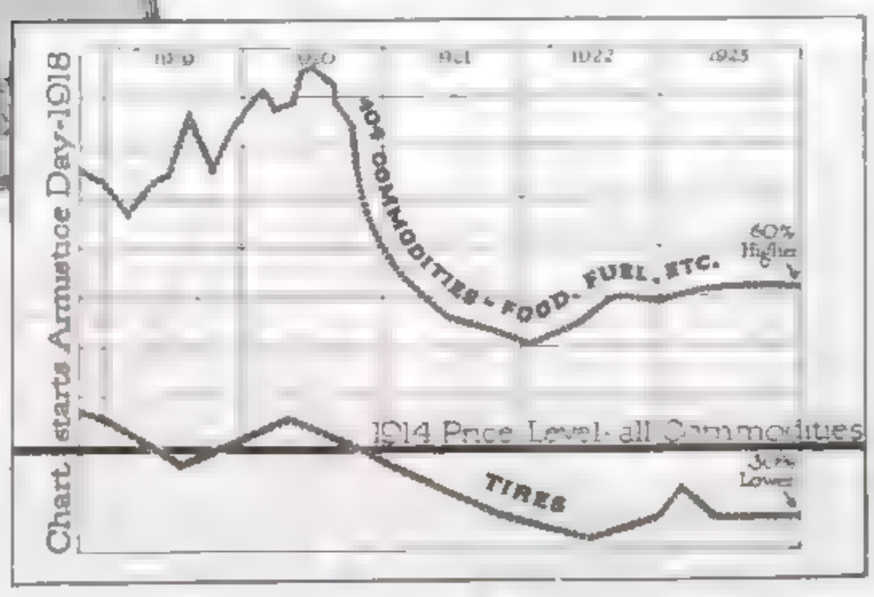
Another year, perhaps, will see adjustment costs reduced to a logical minimum, and the burden of adjustments lifted off all careful drivers—forever.

Then the one driver in ten who is still asking for a mileage guarantee and still haggling over adjustments will only penalize himself.

Why should anyone pay for the other fellow's tire abuse, by asking for mileage guarantees?



Send for a free booklet. It will show you how to get full value from your tires. Address the Rubber Association of America, Inc., [illegible] W. 57th St., New York City, or ask your dealer.



The records show that the elimination of the mileage guarantee was a big factor in bringing about the lower prices for tires that we are enjoying today—30% under the pre-war level. Curves based on chart prepared by National Industrial Conference Board.

The Standard Tire Warranty, approved by the Tire Manufacturers Division of the Rubber Association of America, Inc., has been adopted by all leading tire manufacturers in the United States.

(Continued from Page 126)

The French Revolution, which began immediately after our Constitution was adopted, created exactly the same reaction then that the Russian Revolution has created now. The doctrines of the French Revolution, which were, at first, practically the same as the doctrines of the Russian Revolution, were advocated everywhere in America.

As a result the conservative Americans of that time grew very much alarmed. While the spell was on them the party then in control of the Government passed the first law ever enacted by Congress to suppress verbal attacks upon and even criticisms of the Government or public officials; and also to give the President power to deport undesirable aliens.

These statutes were the famous Alien and Sedition Laws of 1798. They were bitterly resented by the great majority of the American people, who believed that these offensive laws were an attempt to suppress free speech and to give the President autocratic power, which, indeed, was true.

Thereupon Thomas Jefferson, one of the cleverest politicians, in the large sense of that word, the world has ever seen, instantly seized upon these Alien and Sedition Laws as a club with which to attack the party then in power that had passed it. Jefferson was then the leader of the minority party, which was the radical party of that time, and he wished to overthrow the party in power, which was the conservative party of that time.

So Jefferson wrote certain resolutions, which he had a lieutenant introduce into the Legislature of Kentucky and which were promptly passed by that body; and he also had James Madison write and introduce similar resolutions into the Legislature of Virginia, which that body also promptly passed. These are the celebrated Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions.

The Campaign of 1800

Speaking by and large, these resolutions declared that the Constitution was merely a contract between the general government and the various states, and that when the general government violated that contract by enacting a law not authorized by the Constitution, it was the right and the duty of any state to refuse to obey that unconstitutional Act of Congress. Thus, more than sixty years before the Civil War, the philosophy of secession was formulated and announced.

Kentucky and Virginia then sent these resolutions to the other states, asking each for a reply. Only a few states refused; those that did answer denied the Kentucky and Virginia doctrine and asserted that the power to pass upon the constitutionality of Acts of Congress was exclusively in the judiciary and finally in the Supreme Court of the United States.

Thus the issue was framed: Where does the American Constitution lodge the authority to declare, with finality, what is and what is not law? One side said that this power was in the states; and some went so far as to say that it was for the citizen himself to decide. The other side said that this august authority was in the judiciary and, definitively, in the Supreme Court of the United States.

This was one of the principal issues of the presidential campaign of 1800. The question was discussed in every newspaper and debated upon the stump throughout that political contest. Largely because of the people's hostility to the Alien and Sedition Laws, and especially because of the tyrannical manner in which Federal judges enforced those laws, the radical party of that time elected a big majority in both House and Senate; and Thomas Jefferson was made President.

Immediately after this new radical Congress convened a motion was made to repeal a law passed by the conservative party just before it went out of power. This led to one of the greatest debates in all parliamentary annals, the historic judiciary debate of 1802.

During this debate, which lasted day in and day out without interruption for an entire session of Congress, every argument was made that has since been advanced for and against the power of the courts to declare Acts of Congress unconstitutional. But there was no manner in which Congress could set that question at rest definitively.

Such was the situation when the Supreme Court of the United States was called upon to decide the case of Marbury vs. Madison. The facts in that case were: The last official act of President Adams was the appointment of forty-two justices of the peace for the District of Columbia. The commissions of the appointees were properly executed, but they had not been delivered when, a few hours afterwards, Jefferson became President.

He directed that certain of these commissions should not be delivered. Four of the appointees thus deprived of their commissions brought suit in the Supreme Court of the United States to compel James Madison, Secretary of State, to deliver them. One of these men was named William Marbury. So the title of the case was Marbury vs. Madison.

The Supreme Court unanimously decided that it had no power to issue this order, because the Act of Congress authorizing the Supreme Court to do so was unconstitutional; that statute gave the Supreme Court a power which the Constitution said that tribunal should not have. So the justices said it was null and void.

That is all there is to the case of Marbury vs. Madison—all there is to the assertion that the Supreme Court "usurped" a power that does not belong to it. Even Jefferson, the leader of the opposition to judicial review of Acts of Congress, made no complaint of this "usurpation" of that power by the Supreme Court until many years after the decision in Marbury vs. Madison had been rendered.

The Final Argument

Little or nothing was said of "usurpation" by a "judicial oligarchy" until Marshall, many years later, handed down those tables of American constitutional law which have made us a nation and given to Marshall his undying fame—such, for example, as those in McCulloch vs. Maryland, and Cohens vs. Virginia. The objection to those opinions was that they destroyed "states' rights."

The final argument for taking from our Supreme Court its power over legislation is that in no other country do courts have this authority. But this is not so of Canada. It is not so of Australia. It is not so of Czecho-Slovakia. The tendency of the modern world is to adopt this American idea. Even in England the more advanced thinkers regret that their highest tribunal does not have this very power.

It cannot be said that democracy has yet had its ultimate test in that country with its unwritten constitution. Macaulay and many subsequent writers have pointed out that heretofore, in England, property, liberty and the rights of minorities have been safeguarded because of the restraint, foresight and moderation of her traditional statesmen. But, as everybody knows, the influence of these men, though still dominant in foreign affairs, is rapidly passing and will soon be extinct in domestic legislation. When it is and when the will or whim or caprice of the temporary majority is instantly registered by Parliament in a law which courts cannot touch, we shall see what happens to private property, individual liberty and rights of minorities.

In former times the more eminent men who denied the authority of the Supreme Court to overthrow unconstitutional legislation afterward changed their minds. Chief Justice John B. Gibson, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, is a conspicuous example. In a celebrated opinion he made a powerful argument—perhaps the strongest ever made on that side—against the authority of courts to annul legislation. Twenty years afterward he declared that he had "changed that opinion . . . from my own experience of the necessity of the case."

Lincoln himself, criticizing the Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court, said that he "bowed to it," but that he would do all he could to get it reversed.

With these examples in mind, is it too much for us to expect that the able and patriotic men who just now want to denature the Supreme Court of the United States will after some years of further experience and observation also change their minds as did the great men of former times? May we not reasonably hope that they, too, will finally come to stand for all American institutions of which the master stone is an independent judiciary with power to maintain the people's basic, fundamental, permanent law when violated by some ill-considered Act of their temporary legislative representatives?

A Real Luxury that Becomes an Economy

CHASE VELMO, although it is among the costliest of upholstery fabrics, is the most economical. It will resist hard service for years without showing noticeable signs of wear. It never fades. It is in itself cleanly and easily cleaned; it is indescribably lustrous in appearance and luxuriously rich to the touch. Wherever upholstery *must* withstand unusual service and where beauty and richness are the first thought, the favored fabric is Chase VELMO.

When buying new or re-covering old furniture ask your furniture dealer, decorator or upholsterer for genuine Chase VELMO. The name and trade mark are stamped on the back of every yard.

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SANFORD MILLS, Sanford, Maine
The World's Largest Weavers of Mohair Velvet and the Oldest in America

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L. C. CHASE & CO., BOSTON
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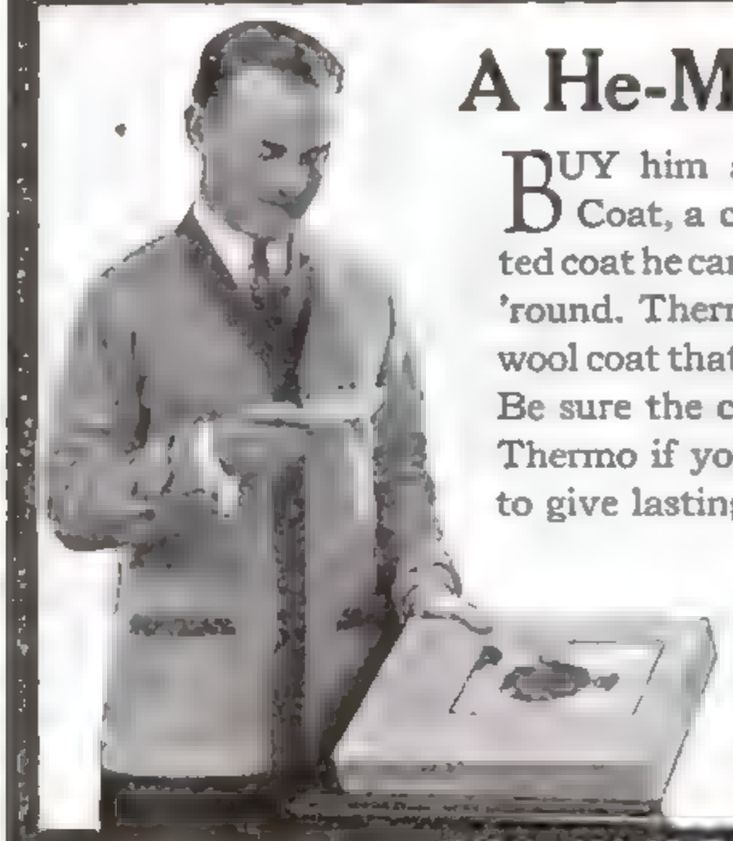
Buy the Coat with a Double Guarantee



A He-Man's Gift

BUY him a Thermo Sport Coat, a comfortable knitted coat he can wear all the year 'round. Thermo is the all virgin wool coat that is easily washed. Be sure the coat you buy is a Thermo if you want your gift to give lasting satisfaction.

Two pocket coat, illustrated Retails for $7.50

REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.

Thermo
Knitted Sport Coat

Every Thermo Sport Coat carries a printed guarantee that plainly states:

1 Thermo Sport Coat is guaranteed all virgin wool.

2 If for any reason due to faulty workmanship or imperfect material, this coat does not give the wearer satisfaction, return the coat with this guarantee ticket to us and a new coat will be sent free of charge.

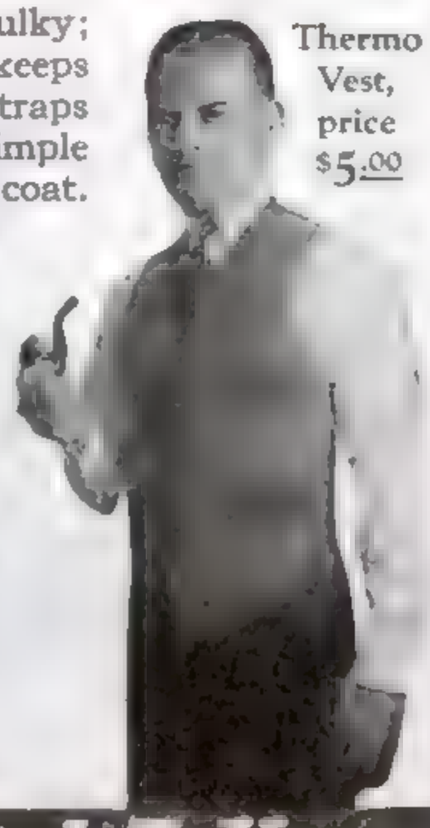
for Xmas
for sports
for outings
for motoring
for bowling
for office or
for home wear
for all the year 'round

YOU take no chances regarding quality when you buy a Thermo.

Thermo is the king of comfort coats for home, office, work or play. Elastic knitted, virgin wool fabric; not bulky; can be worn under suit coat; keeps its shape and fine appearance; straps at wrist for loose or tight cuffs; simple washing instructions with each coat.

Thermo Sport Coats in Scotch Grain and heather mixtures retail at $7.50 to $10.00; Thermo Vests $5.00.

For your protection be sure to see the Thermo Virgin Wool hanger in the neck of each garment. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us and we will see that you are supplied.



Thermo Vest, price $5.00

Send for copy of "Virgin Wool vs. Shoddy" an authoritative booklet on this subject.

THERMO MILLS, Inc.
Dept. M, 349 Broadway, New York

"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

FRINGES OF FINANCE

(Continued from Page 17)

Tony admired Mr. Service with an extravagance appropriate to these tips. Since much of this story centers about Tony, it is proper that he should be introduced at this time. In the first place, his name was not Tony, but Giuseppe, which is the Italian for Joseph. However, he was always called Tony and I shall so designate him. He was about twenty-one years of age when I first met him in the office of Service & Co., Inc., and he had some sort of arrangement with the building superintendent so that he was the only bootblack permitted to cruise through the place in search of trade. His complexion was clear white, his eyes coal-black, like his bushy hair, and his teeth were beautiful. He had the smile of a cherub. A more simple-hearted, wholesome spirit could scarcely be imagined.

Tony had arrived in this country only a few months before he took up his trade of blacking boots. In Italy he had lived on a farm and he spoke of that life with poetic fervor. I asked him why he did not seek the country here, and he told me with a wry face that he had done so without success. It seems that he had traveled some thirty miles into New Jersey and an equal distance into Connecticut without seeing anything but factories. Through all the years I knew him he never visualized the size of this country. His idea of distances remained that of an Italian peasant boy; he once said to me years later that in his boyhood, when he first came to this country, he had traveled very widely, seeing the greater part of the country. He was referring to his explorations in New Jersey and Connecticut. Factories appalled him so he was glad to take up bootblacking. If he had come to our building two months earlier he might not have liked it, but with the changes then going on, his work was nearly as remunerative as my own. Some months it was perhaps more so.

Tony interested me because of the thoroughly workmanlike manner of his polishing. The shoe that received the ministrations of his brushes had to be splendid before he gave it the light pat which indicated the job satisfied him. When shoes of a strange color appeared he would study them with the eye of an artist, then go in search of precisely the right shade of paste. Once he decided he had made a mistake in shades when giving a pair of my shoes their first polish, so he returned that afternoon with a new paste more to his liking, scrubbed my shoes with soap and water and did the job over again. When business was slack he would wander down to Battery Park with a handful of putty and make a model of the bust of Verrazano which adorns one of the bedraggled lawns there. Sometimes Tony would go to the fashionable Catholic churches of Manhattan or Brooklyn and make models of the images of the saints, later executing them in plaster of Paris at his home.

The Unhitchable Chair

One day he complained to me that the cheaper wines which he felt he could afford were of poor quality and asked me at great length about the grapes which this continent affords. The following week-end we explored Long Island and he found grapes that promised better results. Thereafter he made his own wine. Tony's favorite extravagance was the Metropolitan Opera House, where he went frequently. The excellence of its performances affected him deeply. It was not alone the music to which his artist soul responded. Though I am not so musical as Tony, once I had been persuaded to see a performance I returned at intervals of a week or ten days because of the delight it gave me to see anything so well done, whether music, masonry or accounting.

Within six months it was apparent to me that the affairs of Service & Co., Inc., were not in the best condition; nor were they ever likely to be. That tempestuous soul regarded every asset as something to be hypothecated to furnish the means for larger ventures, so that no sooner had we hurdled one bunker than we confronted a new hazard. Nor was he hesitant about mortgaging in one way or another assets which were merely in the keeping of the firm without actually being its property. As I became more and more familiar with his methods of doing business I wondered why he didn't sometimes laugh at himself for having demanded all those references from me. But executive ability and a sense of humor do not always go together, I have observed. One must be just to the man and admit that he had executive ability, if by that one means that he made others work with vim, for that he certainly did. The world is still more or less savage and admires a man who can scowl and roar and order people about and promise impartiality while giving rein to the imperious whim. To see him during critical periods one would never have guessed how narrow was his margin of safety, and sometimes I think he was sufficiently stupid not to guess it himself in spite of all the tabulated summaries I was ordered to supply. He should have been a medieval duke. There his military bluster might have led on to empire. And he was an able strategist, I must also admit.

One day while Tony was shining my shoes he said, "You know that chair by the window in Mr. Service room? It do not move. It is nail to the floor. Why is that?"

So I explained to Tony that Mr. Service always seated the salesmen in that chair when they were admitted. It was five feet from his own chair and forced them to speak in a loud voice. He had discovered that a man who wished to tell a sad story or make excuses or ask for an advance of money usually hitched his chair very close. Keeping them at a distance saved him lots of trouble. Timid souls couldn't say what they had intended to say when they entered. One or two futile tugs at that chair left them stranded. They would admit defeat and depart, saving Mr. Service the trouble of dismissing them. Tony's eyes opened wide at this.

"Ah, he is a king, that man; he is very wise," Tony whispered with awe. "Some day, you will see, he will be a millionaire."

New Jobs for Old

It was three days after this that the firm failed and a week later Mr. Service was indicted by the grand jury. Even in that situation, however, he retained his pose of greatness. Staggering from the inner office with his right hand on his forehead and the warrant of arrest in his left hand, he said to me and the others within hearing, "Wall Street got me. I was getting too big for them."

His voice was husky. Tony was there at the time.

When Mr. Service left the room Tony said, "Is a very wicked place, that Wall Street. Some day God will punish Wall Street for this."

His distress was so evident I would not offend him by laughing, since I could not possibly explain. I clapped on my hat and went out to lunch, meditating upon the sturdiness of that ego.

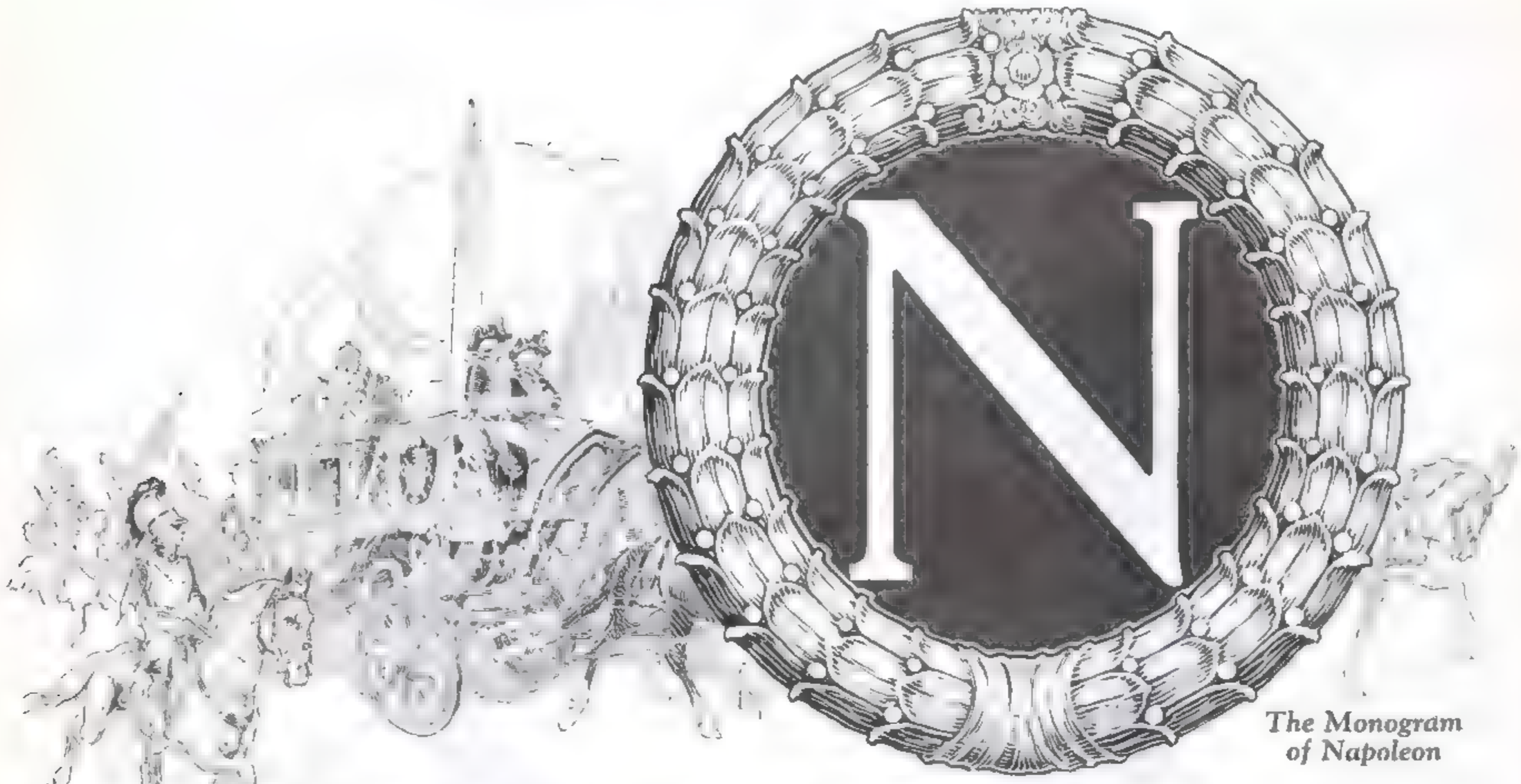
Wall Street never heard of him. As a matter of fact, our total business wouldn't have amounted to $1,000,000 a year. We might have been a useful institution doing half that business, but Mr. Service dramatized himself as a captain of industry. It was the world or nothing for him. On the testimony of twenty or more persons whose hard-won savings he had ruthlessly squandered, he was quite properly sent to the penitentiary for a long term, though I have always felt sorry for him. He was what he was just as I am what I am and Tony is Tony. Mr. Service, as I said before, should have been a medieval duke.

My services were at once claimed by a firm which occupied the three upper floors of the building, and here I was installed in a beautiful office with two large windows giving a view of the Hudson River and part of the bay. There was thick carpet on the floor and a magnificently framed photograph of the head of the institution hanging on the wall. Tony was charmed. He got down on his hands and knees to examine the carpet and told me that never before in his life had he seen such a creation. I permitted him to tear up one corner of it so he could cut off a tiny sample from the edge which was tucked under. He wanted to see the weave and determine for himself how it was made.

Then he examined the photograph and remarked, "Looks like a bishop."

And so, indeed, he did, both in real life and in that wonderful picture. Mr. Livingstone dressed in black of the finest weave

(Continued on Page 133)



The Monogram of Napoleon

What's in a Name?
—*a Monogram*

The distinctive Monogram Christmas window display in accessory shops, car salesrooms, department stores, hardware stores, etc., is a sure guide to the genuine Monogram Original Self Locking Radiator Caps.

First letters are the biggest things in names—Monograms! As individual as the name itself.

There is the true touch of *personal consideration* in your giving when the gift is MONOGRAM Original Self Locking Radiator Cap. Its rich old text initial is individuality. The art-lettered shield surmounting massive ball-end sport bars proudly perks up any car.

To all of this beauty MONOGRAM Self Locking Cap adds real utility. It stops the motor meter thief; yet there is no key annoyance! It fills without unscrewing. It attaches instantly, without the use of any tools.

Such a gift, practical, beauteous, intimate, bespeaks clever understanding. There is a MONOGRAM Self Locking Cap with the right initial for every car owner you are remembering. Good motor outfitters feature the original. It has the name MONOGRAM in the metal always—persist. Do not risk a scarcity of the initials you want —buy for every autoist friend now before stocks are depleted.

GENERAL AUTOMOTIVE CORPORATION, *Chicago*

MONOGRAM
Original Self Locking Radiator Cap

More Traction- Greater Safety!

The "Lever" Locks the Chain

The above shows how the patented Dreadnaught lever lock draws up the slack and fastens the chain so that it is easy to put on, yet secure against loss while in use.

You need tire chains for *safety*. With Dreadnaught Double Duty Chains you get *greater safety* because of *more traction*.

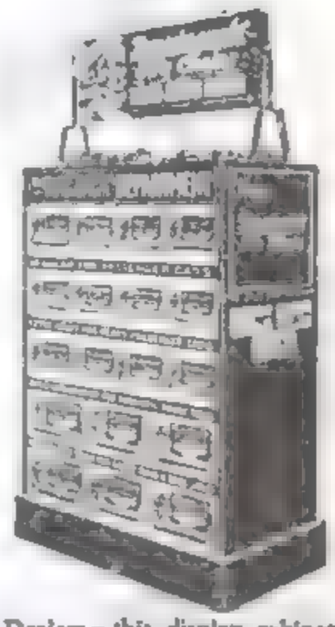
Three cross chains are always on the ground, instead of one or two—a cross chain for every other link of rim chain. This means at least 50% more non-skid traction and 50% greater protection.

The quality of Dreadnaught Cross Chains also gives extra mileage—gained by the use of special alloy steel case hardened. A malleable inner core prevents brittleness.

The patented Dreadnaught "Lever Lock" Fastener makes the chains easy to put on and take off, and positively prevents their dropping off while in service.

Dreadnaught Tire Chains make ideal Christmas Gifts

All Dreadnaught chains are over weight. Your dealer has all types in stock (Dreadnaught "Double Duty", Dreadnaught "Regular" and "Super Dreadnaught"), or he can order them from his jobber. Ask him.



Dealers—this display cabinet has more than doubled the tire chain sales of many dealers. Keeps your stock well arranged—and moving. Ask your jobber or write us for full information.

THE COLUMBUS McKINNON CHAIN CO.

Makers of highest grade industrial chains for all purposes—steam shovel, loading, conveyor, hoist, coil, dredge, etc. Catalog on request.

General Offices: COLUMBUS OHIO, U. S. A.

In Canada: McKINNON COLUMBUS CHAIN CO., Ltd.
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District Sales Offices: New York City, San Francisco, Chicago, Tonawanda, N. Y., [illegible], Pa., Salt Lake City, New Orleans, Jacksonville, Detroit

Factories: COLUMBUS, OHIO; LEBANON, PA.; TONAWANDA, N. Y.

Dreadnaught Double Duty Tire Chains

(Continued from Page 130

and had a peculiar cut of collar so that at first glance it appeared ecclesiastic. He obtained part of this effect by wearing his waistcoat cut very high at the top and having a certain cut of the coat about the lapels. His large, square face was marble white, without appearing unnaturally pallid, while his eyes were deep-set and glowed with the warmth of an inward fire. His hair was prematurely silver. His appearance was decidedly pleasant, in addition to being impressive, but in a photograph he was nothing less than beautiful. His personality was spiritual and there was the unmistakable suggestion of the scholar, but along with it vigor. For instance, his hands were soft as velvet, but the grip was strikingly firm. His voice was low, musical, persuasive, but never uncertain, while his enunciation was as clear and accurate as I have ever heard.

Mr. Livingstone looked upon himself as a man with a mission in the business world. He was especially interested in small investors. He explained that he could make just as much money by having only a fifth the number of customers he actually had, but that he felt a responsibility to the many persons who were seeking an opportunity for profitable investment of sums even as small as $100.

Exploited Clergymen

When I examined the books I was astonished to learn how rapidly the business had grown. He was mistaken about the possibilities of fewer customers with larger accounts. By no other system that I have ever heard of could his business have grown so rapidly. The possibilities were apparently inexhaustible, since there are millions of persons with $100 to invest. He would have nothing to do with veteran salesmen, but trained his own forces and maintained that any man could become a salesman by following his system. This interested me very much and I went to listen when classes were assembled in the evening. But I must confess that though the system appeared to be a success in so far as it produced business, I could not analyze it to the point of finding a direct connection between the training and the results. It was more like a revival meeting. Indeed, former ministers were welcomed into the organization.

How many of these men I have met! And what tragedy they disclose! I shall pass over those who found themselves out of the ministry because of some reflection upon their characters and deal only with those honest, earnest souls cursed with too much moral honesty for this orphan world. Because of some twisting of a phrase which probably had never interested one per cent of their congregations, they would decide that they could no longer occupy the pulpit. And with what high aspirations and noble zeal they plunged into business! They proposed to consecrate the traffic in butter and eggs or introduce the golden rule into some other branch of merchandising.

Poor guileless souls, most of them were doomed to fall among thieves, accept the rascals without question, and go forth armed with an honesty of purpose that would have convinced Thomas himself, only to sell segments of the celestial blue. If you have never seen the anguish of an honest man inspired by ideals too lofty for his own welfare, confronted with the sordid fact that he has been the agent of a crook and done things which are beyond explaining, then there are depths of misery you will not care to plumb. Let them alone and we will return to the happy Tony, who often begged permission to remain in Mr. Livingstone's private office long enough to sketch him or to model his likeness in putty.

Long afterward, when Tony bought a three-acre tract near the New Jersey village where I lived, I learned that he had used Mr. Livingstone as a model for the image of some obscure saint, presenting it to a little mission church over there. If Tony had known his man better he would not have begged so abjectly for permission to make those models. The fact that all three floors were decorated with photographs of Mr. Livingstone ought to have meant something to Tony, but it didn't. He was singularly devoted to bootblacking and art.

I can imagine how those offices and the scores of well-dressed men and women who rode up and down the elevators must have impressed this simple country boy. He told me that the inspiration to come to America seized him when he saw a returning immigrant attired in patent-leather shoes. It was the first pair he had ever seen, and thereafter he knew no other ambition than to reach the United States. Having arrived, he immediately felt a proprietary interest in all the magnificence he observed, and, beyond providing for his comfort, seemed to be immune from acquisitiveness.

Tony and I used to have hot discussions about politics, which ought to have been preserved for the benefit of some future Josh Billings or Bill Nye, because neither of us knew what he was talking about. Nevertheless, I argued for independence of party affiliation as a matter of principle, while Tony remained stoutly loyal to Tammany as long as he was a resident of New York. Some agent of Tammany had met him shortly after he landed, conducted him to a cheap rooming house, bought him a cup of coffee and offered to try to get him a job. Tony was not penniless, as were many of the other immigrants who arrived at the same time, but he never forgot this first kindness he encountered on a strange shore.

Sometimes when he was urged to vote the Republican ticket, and really weighty argument was offered, Tony would brush it aside by shaking his head. This would usually bring a rapid fire of questions assailing the Democratic candidate. Then he would smile like a cherub and answer all the questions at once by saying, "For reasons of sentiment."

Gradually I learned more about the business with which I was now connected, and was no longer impressed by the generosity of Mr. Livingstone in maintaining that expensive school for salesmen. Nearly 90 per cent of the enrollment bought stock. That was no school; it was a selling department. And while under the full steam of their newborn faith and enthusiasm, they rushed out to sell to all their friends and acquaintances. With the cold prospects—that is, persons who were buttonholed—they had very little success. Most of them quit within three months. Scarcely a one represented a loss to the firm.

And while getting acquainted with the firm I also came to know Mr. Livingstone better. His was such a pure case of paranoia that I never was able to determine whether he was sincere or a fraud, honestly mistaken or consciously a rascal. Neither was I certain at first that he wouldn't succeed regardless of the answers to the foregoing questions. He had a wonderful power to inspire not only faith but adoration. That the ignorant were impressed is not surprising, but often he convinced highly educated men that he was also a man of learning, though he had been a telegraph operator at some water-tank station until he was twenty-six years of age, and knew neither school nor books.

Exit Mr. Livingstone

He had a peculiar way of making use of certain words and phrases to the best possible effect; but, having used them once, he had nothing in reserve but repetition. By frequent use of such words as "function," "operate," "overhead," "distribution," "spread of costs" and similar phrases he gave the impression that he was familiar with the entire literature of business administration. And the offices themselves were models of system and order. Mr. Livingstone insisted upon each desk being clean every night. His own was clean all the time. That so aroused my curiosity that I explored its mahogany caverns one evening and discovered only half a dozen empty cartons which had once contained soda crackers. For lunch he ate soda crackers and drank a pint of milk. So that the only paper which he had ever found available for cluttering his desk cluttered it.

He was a delightful fraud and I enjoyed him very much. His methods were beautiful in their simplicity. For instance, stock was issued at 90, but the schedule called for 92½ next week. Thus one could see at a glance that by purchasing this week one was certain to make two and a half points on the following Monday. The only trouble was that no dividends ever arrived and eventually the business failed.

Mr. Livingstone informed me that he was a broken-hearted man who had given the best years of his life to an ideal for which the world was not ready, when he should have been providing for his family. Then he and his wife and her maid and his valet sailed away for a year in the Orient, where he hoped to recover from the awful blow. The trustee searched in vain for $200,000 of missing assets. And so did I.

"Deskitis"

The Insidious Enemy of Desk Workers

"LINO" A Preventative and a Cure

Trademark Reg

Why does the Arctic Explorer often suffer from Snow Blindness? Why does a day on the water in bright sunshine frequently induce headache? And why do desk workers find themselves victims of "DESKITIS"?

Science tells us that it is because nature has provided no protection to the eyes against light reflected from below the *level of vision.* The brows, lashes and upper lids automatically adjust themselves to light from *other* directions. But glaring reflections from snow, water and desk tops or other surfaces enter the eye and cause headache, nerve strain and fatigue.

Desk workers need no longer suffer from this destroyer of comfort and efficiency, which we term "Deskitis."

Efficiency is at once increased when Gunn Linos are installed. The eyes and nerves immediately respond to better treatment.

Lino Tops wear like iron, yet feel like kid—are impervious to stains and distinctively beautiful in appearance. Made in Grand Rapids and conceded to be the greatest advance yet made in Office Equipment.

All Gunn Lino Desks have Lino Tops. We also supply Lino Tops for Desks in use, Lino Fabric in rolls, or by the yard, and a full line of Cafeteria Tables and Tops, Counter Tops and Teachers' Desks.

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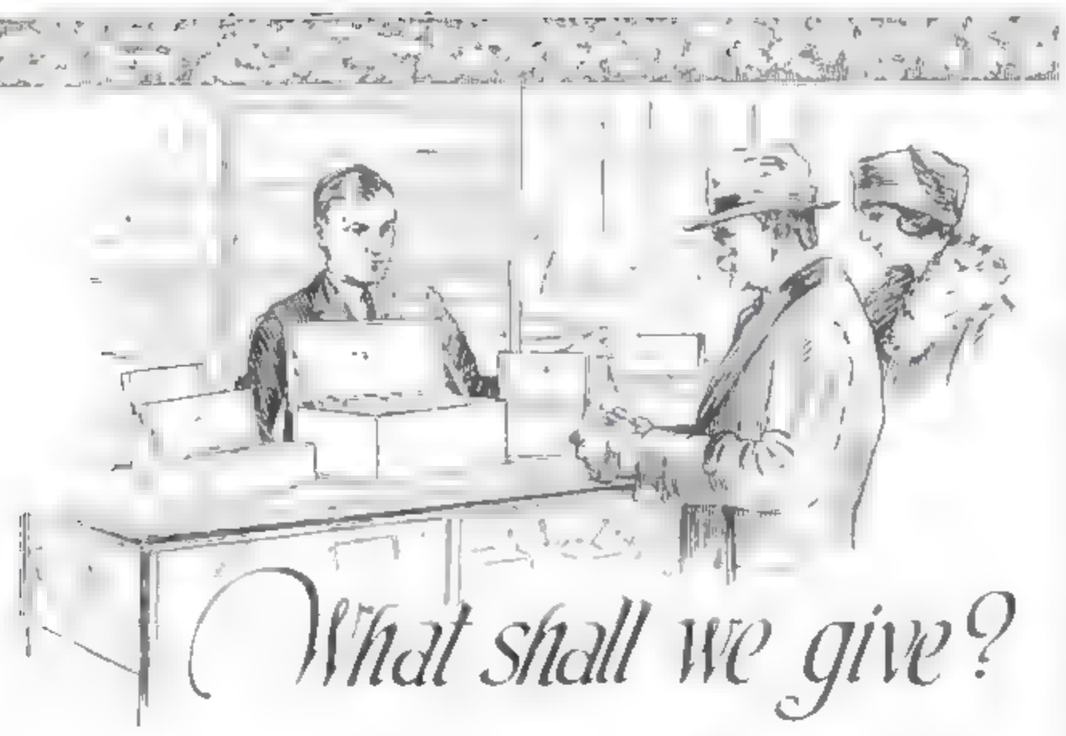

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If you desire to unite a delicate avowal of lasting friendship with charming utility—give Boxed Writing Paper. It meets these exacting standards.

"The WRITE Gift" is at your dealer's in tints, sizes and styles to match every occasion in the social calendar.

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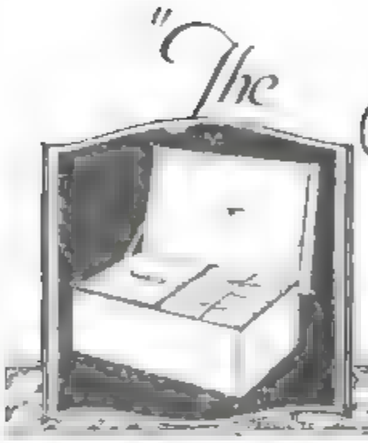

"The Write Gift"
BOXED WRITING PAPER

A Gift of Safe Driving

NO rain-blurred windshield to hide dangers and make necessary sudden twists of the wheel, or quick skid-inviting applications of the brake—no risky tiresome stretching over the steering wheel, to sweep the windshield, when one drives back of a Folberth.

Back and forth swings the cleaner blade, sweeping away rain or snow the instant it strikes the windshield. The glass is ever clear as crystal for sure vision and both hands are always free for sure steering or quick action.

You can't find a more practical or pleasing gift for the one who drives a car!

Accept no substitute, but insist on the Folberth—the automatic windshield cleaner which is used as standard equipment by twenty-seven leading manufacturers of automobiles.

THE FOLBERTH AUTO SPECIALTY CO., *Cleveland, Ohio*

The Folberth works automatically, driven by the surplus suction of the motor. It costs nothing to operate, is easily installed and will last for years.

At all leading jobbers', accessory stores and garages

$7

Comes packed complete in special Christmas carton for Christmas giving

FOLBERTH Automatic WINDSHIELD CLEANER
"It Cleans While You Drive"

for my books were certainly in order. While I sweated over an adding machine Tony wept over that beautiful carpet; it was carted away. He begged for the photograph on my wall. I was in some doubt about giving it to him, not knowing the value of the frame; but others heard his plea, and before I came to a decision eighteen such photographs were presented to him. The era of adoration had ended.

By this time our building had become a rendezvous for such firms. They go in flocks in big cities. I don't know why, but I know of very few exceptions to the rule. Even when two are engaged in precisely the same sort of enterprise, and one would expect them to avoid each other, they drift together by some instinct that I neither understand nor can speculate upon with hope of presenting a plausible guess. Few of these firms last long, and the number of Livingstones who get away with part of the loot is astonishingly small. Nearly all of them could escape at some time before the crash; but again without attempting explanation, I offer the simple testimony that most of them do not.

My situation was now most unfortunate. I was known in this building and enjoyed not only a good reputation but even some fame. On particularly difficult tasks in accounting or devising systems to meet new conditions I was often called in consultation. But beyond that building I was not known. There I could get another place easily. Anywhere else it would be difficult. So I remained and accepted a position with another firm which proposed to develop a large tract of land in Mexico, having first formed a corporation in the United States.

The manager of this business was the best executive I have ever known. He was a ridiculously fat little man, with a moon face wreathed by enormous protruding ears that made him look like the comedian in a burlesque show. He was very sensitive, and so thoughtful of the feelings of others that he could never bring himself to summon anyone by pushing a button. He would walk out to his stenographer's desk and ask if she could come in. He dictated rapidly, smoothly, without expression, so that the stenographer could get every word mechanically and never have the import of the communication thrust upon her consciousness. Twenty or thirty letters followed each other with entire ease, the intervals between being not over three seconds. He knew bookkeeping and would sometimes come to my desk and glance at the work for a minute, getting information that another man would have ordered in the form of a tabulation or summary requiring hours. His judgment of men was unfailing and when they tried to mislead him he had a way of smiling as though he were embarrassed—and I think he was.

Professional Promoters

He remained only two months after I came. The board of directors could not believe such an unobtrusive person had executive ability. They felt safer with someone like Mr. Service who would flail about with his arms and use his bass voice to drive home his argument. So they got another man. He might as well have been Mr. Service, therefore I shall not describe him. Among the elements which make for success—or what passes for success—in the business world I would rank a bass voice very close to the top. I have seen it succeed absolutely unsupported by either character or ability, and never have I seen even character or ability succeed unless buttressed by some other complementary forces. But the man who chooses a bass voice as his spear and charges an unsuspecting world will come out of the tournament not without honor if he has that grain of ego which most men have.

If the soil of Mexico is one-half as fertile as the imaginations back of the company with which I now had the doubtful honor of being connected, it should produce acres of orchids, though wild goats trampled them underfoot. These directors were all promoters of the professional type. Each offered himself as a representative of groups of capital, whatever that means, and spoke impressively of "my people" in a way that suggested a roomful of aged, palsied millionaires absolutely dependent upon him to make a living for them. And the most amusing characteristic of the group was that they fooled each other. Some of them may have had a prospect somewhere, but there were three out of the seven who had none.

They began operations with an option on 200,000 acres of land which was given for nothing along with $20,000 in cash to promote a company. The object of the man who furnished all this was to get the property off his hands and turn his equity in it into cash before a mortgage could be foreclosed and leave him utterly bankrupt. With these assets a corporation was capitalized at $10,000,000 and the general outline of the business showed that half of this was to be distributed in promotion fees. Having outlined their selling campaign, the promoters left the city on expense account, each to present the proposition to his group of capital. Two weeks later one of the three men, who, I happen to know, had no financial connections of any kind, telegraphed that his group could be depended upon for $500,000. This was beyond doubt a mere stratagem to stimulate the others, but it had precisely the opposite effect. The six others hurried back to the office and held a special meeting of the board, at which they voted to raise the capitalization from $10,000,000 to $20,000,000, with proportionate increases in promotion fees.

If the man actually had sold $500,000 worth of stock this would certainly have blasted the transaction, for it decreased the value of it by 50 per cent. All that happened thereafter can be briefly told. A few thousand dollars was raised from small investors and then the company disappeared.

It was a heavy blow to Tony, for I know of no class of people so meticulous about the condition of their shoes as professional promoters. They were a bonanza to Tony. But like most bonanzas, they did not last long. When the $20,000 with which they began had been spent they were through. Again Tony and I watched a carpet being torn up, but this time Tony was more interested in seeing the gold letters disappear from the door. Before the man had completed the job another was at work putting up new gold letters.

The Texas Land Concern

I remained long enough to spell out Greatest Invention, and then went to lunch. I knew what would have to come after that. It would necessarily be the "Greatest Invention of the Age." They all are. Out of idle curiosity I went back next day to see what it would be. It was something that every automobile owner would have to have, but I soon forgot what it was. Wandering through the building and looking at the signs on the doors, I meditated upon the fact that I was now about the oldest resident. I antedated the present owner and his renting agent. I even antedated Tony, who was by this time considered part of the interior decoration or perhaps part of the service mentioned in the leases. In fact, he was asked if he went with the lease, and quite solemnly came to consult me on that subject, since he had a high regard for his personal liberty.

Before resuming the account of my personal experiences I must touch upon the operations of such neighbors in the building as I remember clearly. Since they were continually going and coming, it is obviously impossible to discuss more than a very few of them. There was, for instance, a land company which had a sort of contract-in-escrow ownership of a large ranch in Texas. This they proposed to turn into an irrigated garden tract with a town site in the center, and the maps showed that a railroad would be constructed to this point.

Thousands of lots were sold in all parts of the country without disturbing the jack rabbits which were then the only residents of this future Garden of Eden. None of the owners ever moved to their properties, but surveyors were sent to mark off the ten-acre tracts and the city lots. Eventually some of the owners tried to sell the lands they had purchased and discovered that there was no market; then they investigated and learned that neither a town nor a railroad had been constructed. Very slowly the company failed and the subsequent legal procedure developed the interesting fact that the wooden stakes set out by the surveyors had rotted so that no man could determine where his property was. Thus the title to that great ranch had been effectually clouded until such time as it could be cleared by sheriff's sales for taxes but whether this time ever came I do not know, because some of the owners scrupulously paid their taxes, innocent of the fact that even the surveyors couldn't have relocated their properties.

(Continued on Page 136)

Gifts

Get His Christmas gift today. He will appreciate it on Christmas morning, and every morning for years.

Priced at $5 to $75.

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The New Improved

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Florsheim Shoes grow old as gracefully as a man who has taken good care of himself. They reflect the mellowing influence of time.

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Most Styles $10
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Let Us Establish You In A Well-Paying Business

You Furnish: Only a few hours of your spare time each week.

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1. A complete outfit for immediate profitable work, *cost free.*
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No Investment, No Experience Needed

Cash profits from the first day. Permanent ever-expanding business. Like other subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, you can make as much as

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The Curtis Publishing Company
646 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Gentlemen: Without obligation to me, please send details about that spare-time business offer.

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Continued from Page 134

Companies of this type always expected to make enormous profits, and consequently paid wages which attracted the best class of office help from substantial firms. Each failure found bewildered men and women in the hallways wondering how they were going to live. Not infrequently they had invested their savings in these businesses.

There is a general impression that laws could be enacted to prevent these tragedies, but I doubt it. And much as I have seen of the results, I still question whether such laws ought to be enacted. Many of these promoters are sincere in their efforts, but, as an assistant of mine used to say, "not quite right in the head." About the best the law can do with them is what it does with the drunken dare-devil who drives an automobile—take his license away from him after he has done irreparable damage. To prevent men from going into business might save millions for foolish investors, but likely as not the censors of business enterprise would banish all the budding Fords, Edisons and Rockefellers, thereby doing incalculable damage. Our freedom, of course, carries presumptions of intelligence, which unfortunately all of us have not got.

The most amusing of my neighbors were the senator and Mr. Land. The latter was a sleepy-looking pink-faced individual, rolling in fat. He had innumerable chins and an oleaginous ruffle of wrinkles between the base of his skull and the top of his collar. Mr. Land had just one large room, the most conspicuous piece of furniture being a large leather couch, on which he reclined most of the time. He kept books on his cuff, as the saying is. Here he would lie in a condition of coma, drugged by excessive eating, and dream dreams. When need drove him he would sally forth in search of capital. He always gave assurances that his own millions would go into the enterprise and no one ever doubted that he had them. His thick tongue and fat-clogged throat made sounds that simply oozed wealth. Some of his enterprises eventually succeeded, but always after he had abandoned them. He took his profits early and retired to his life work of eating and drinking.

He and the senator were friends bound together by the same love of food and bizarre business enterprises. But though Mr. Land's dreams were always exotic and sometimes possible, the senator's were unfailingly impossible. Nevertheless, Mr. Land liked them. As soon as he had dragged back to his lair the profits of one of his forays the senator would get to him with an idea and Mr. Land never failed to invest in it to his loss. Was it not Dean Swift who remarked that fleas have other fleas that bite 'em? I know very little about the senator except that he was not a senator and never had been.

The Golden Age for Bucket Shops

Mr. Land's gastronomic favorite was a certain large oyster which I believe comes from Maine. One day the senator came in with a proposal to buy the water front of some little bay in Florida which had the same name as this oyster. Mr. Land was fired with the greatest enthusiasm of his life. He thought the oysters must come from that bay and that he was about to get all of them. He was a very ignorant man. He plunged with his last cent. For some years after this disaster the senator folded circulars and did other odd jobs around various political headquarters, while Mr. Land sold life insurance. After prohibition came in they again joined forces and were prosperous bootleggers.

I cannot even guess how many thousands of these charlatans played their little parts in that building during the years I knew it, but whenever I read in the newspapers about a shortage of office space I could not refrain from laughing. What a marvelously rich country this is to support so many of these people with such entire ease! And meanwhile savings-bank accounts, life-insurance reserves, bank deposits and all the evidences of productive wealth march forward as though there were no tigers in the jungle. What unimaginable reserves of capital this great nation must have!

My next connection took me back to the top floor, which I liked best, because of the beautiful view. This was now the office of a large and flourishing bucket shop, a fact which became painfully apparent as soon as I examined the books. I had no stomach for that sort of enterprise, but neither had I alternative. So I put my dislike for it into most scrupulous bookkeeping against the day when some other firm of accountants would make their report to the district attorney. This time, I knew, it would not develop that honest men had failed honestly.

But this was a bucket shop with a wonderful constitution, not to mention remarkably powerful connections. Having before my eyes so many tricky transactions, I thought at first that it would not last long, but I was mistaken. That was the golden age for bucket shops. In Europe the World War had begun and that universal seismograph, the New York Stock Exchange, was registering with feverish jerks the convulsions of a world in agony. Sudden jumps and falls of values seem to prosper the bucket-shop industry, provided of course that the jumps do not come too frequently or consistently. Falls are better. They wipe out margins and the profit remains in the bucket shop.

Observing what was going on, it occurred to me to ask Tony one day what he did with his money. No use to ask him if he had any; being an Italian, he would. He informed me that it was safely deposited with an Italian banker and showed his book. It was with difficulty that I waited until the lunch hour to go with Tony and get the money. His bank was simply a man who called himself a bank and permitted the trustful to deposit their money with him. Tony did not wish to withdraw his funds from such safe guardianship, especially as he could pronounce the name of this bank while the others looked so strange, but I persuaded him. I think that even then Tony would have been reassured by the sight of his money and would have left it there, but the banker mistook me for a person of his own stripe and abused me. That settled the matter. Tony turned the money over to me and we floated off in a torrent of Milanese abuse. Tony said that not even a Sicilian could swear so well, and as for a Neapolitan, let him boast, he couldn't swear half so well.

From War Brides to Liberties

At that time there were certain excellent investment stocks which were lower than they should be, and I took the liberty to open an account for Tony with an excellent brokerage firm, leaving him margins of such safety that he had little to fear. Tony now regarded me as his banker. His money was placed in my hands exactly as it had been placed with the Italian banker.

When Italy finally entered the war I was uneasy about Tony, for he had expressed rather fiery patriotism. I forgot to mention that in the meantime he had brought over a young lady from his neighborhood in Italy and she was now his wife. But Tony had no thought of going back. War to him meant conscription.

"But they cannot get me here," he said simply.

I wonder if that is what conscription does. His heart was warm for Italy, but he seemed to feel that it was up to them to catch him first before he went to war.

Finally the war orders began piling in and I discovered that without any forethought I had acquired a lot of war-bride stocks for myself and Tony. Our profits shot to dizzy figures. We didn't make so much as we could, but neither did we lose it all when the decline came. We took our profits at an opportune time and were ready for Liberty Loans.

The manipulations of the bucket shop during these troubled times were amazing. Time after time something happened which seemed to spell disaster for every bucket shop in the world, but our adroit pair of partners would perform some new kind of financial loop-the-loop and escape by an eyelash. They appeared to be an ill-matched pair, but they were not. One represented respectability and kept in touch with that large class of clients who are never supposed to gamble, but do. The other represented crooked politics and that equally large class of clients which does nothing but gamble. One was a trustee or deacon or something of the sort in a small but fashionable suburban church. The other frequented the roaring Forties and kept a law firm profitably employed with divorce suits, breach of promise contests, blackmailers and the recovery of something or other that was forever being stolen from him—diamond stick pins, bundles of stocks, watches, pedigreed poodles and automobiles. But, like Mr. Service, he was watchful of the character of employes. On that point, however, he has my warm

appreciation, because it gave me long association with as honorable, pleasant and lovable a group as one could hope to meet in any office.

I did not succeed in getting into the Army because of defective eyes; Tony was married and had two children by the time he registered for the draft. So we took our war in the newspapers. Nor was that without its thrill, for I remember one bitter day in that awful winter of 1917–18 when I could barely count out the pennies with frozen fingers at the news stand and found myself staring into the face of the man who sent the telegram about having sold $500,000 worth of stock in the Mexican promotion. He picked up the pennies and pretended not to recognize me. Well, perhaps he didn't.

That winter went very hard with Tony, for he came from a land of sunshine, and even cloudy days affected him. Sometimes he would stand at the window of my office scowling out at the bay, where clouds and water seemed scarcely a hundred feet apart, and mutter, "Maka me seek."

There were times when the bucket-shop partners could have closed shop and pocketed $500,000 of legal profits. Often I wished they would. But I was growing hardened by this time. Trite as it sounds at this late date, Barnum was right. There really is a large class of people who are determined to lose their money in foolish ventures. All the laws one could imagine would not protect them. They are doomed. And do not think that they quit after one misfortune. They go right back after more of the same. If a gold mine turns to salt they are through with gold mines, but eager for oil wells. When oil wells run dry they consider themselves unlucky at oil, but destined to make a fortune in the stock market. What is termed a sucker list is regarded as good so long as the suckers therein named remain alive. The press was filled with warnings against bucket shops, and I hope that they did some good. I saw no evidence of it, however.

When the Crash Came

But with the close of the war there came a period of prolonged depression, followed by a period of equally disastrous steady rises—and another bonanza was at an end. How they popped! Have you ever walked under a cherry tree when the water-soaked overripe cherries lay thick on the ground? That is how they popped. The merest trifle of a run brought disaster. I knew the evil day could not long be postponed and I watched my books more carefully than ever. But our firm had no run. There was simply a gradual decline in business. We finally reached the point where we were insolvent, but still going ahead. We had been insolvent many times before, however, and that did not alarm anyone. On the contrary, our deacon or trustee member was engaged in getting rid of a preacher whose ideas were too modern to suit him, and our political partner was quite active in conferences about nominations for the judiciary. From the standpoint of the bookkeeper it was all very entertaining.

One day our two partners conferred together all day long, and during the lunch hour I learned it was rumored we were insolvent. The rumor, of course, was on the street. I listened with amusement, knowing that we had been insolvent for two months. But imagine my astonishment when I was called into conference after office hours and arranged a schedule of most generous Christmas bonuses for all employes!

The next day the partners were together again and quite busy with the telephone. That afternoon the glad news was announced. There would be a most elaborate Christmas dinner for all the employes and bonuses would be distributed. The program was carried out with even greater display than I had expected after hearing the arrangements made. The banquet hall was banked with flowers, a flashlight picture was made, reporters scurried about, telegrams from important personages were read.

But as I ate, those balances kept running through my head and I wondered what all this meant. I nearly laughed out loud when our deacon partner rose, after a laudatory introduction, and said it was the most prosperous year the firm had ever known.

During the succeeding three weeks the office was swamped with orders. It was impossible for any corps of bookkeepers to handle such a deluge. The office was still in utter confusion, and I was half sick from the sight of such disorder, when we failed for $2,000,000. Again the trustee went in search of assets and again my books were commended by accountants and court. But the money was gone. Later there was scandal piled on scandal. Whoever was bribed to get passports for the partners failed and they were arrested. Later it developed that they not only didn't have any assets but that their attorneys, who specialized in the business of such firms, were under suspicion. Then their wives were under suspicion. Next the wives of the attorneys were suspected. But nothing came of it and no one seemed ever to have the missing money.

Farewells to the Old Building

If one cares for poetic justice it is my belief that no one of those who had guilty knowledge of the thievery ever got away with any of the loot. Later one of the partners owned a delicatessen store. The other one was convicted. The deacon's crowd didn't stand behind him so loyally as the other crowd backed their man, which was natural, because the deacon had been found out and the other partner had never deceived anyone.

About this time the railroad which ran through my New Jersey village decided it needed the little plots of ground which Tony and I owned, so we sold. Having a competence for my simple needs, I decided not to seek employment again, but to spend some years at work in pure mathematics for my own pleasure.

Tony and I journeyed together to New York one day, I to deposit my check and he to purchase lire for his return to Italy. Poor Tony was starved for sunshine, and he wanted to see his aged parents, who had suffered much privation during the war. We stopped in front of the old building and had a last long look at it; Tony, sentimental as ever, had tears in his eyes. Nowhere else in the world, he said, were there such good, such generous, such beautiful people as he had known in that building—nowhere. If only the winters were not so long and cloudy, he would remain there forever and shine their shoes. He prayed to God to bless all of them and prosper their enterprises, and when he returned to Italy he would go to the little church where he was baptized and speak for them to the Saint Anthony there, which was better than any other Saint Anthony in the world for bringing good fortune. Then we walked on to the news stand, where I purchased a newspaper from the former director. It was very amusing.

"Tony," I said, "you and I knew that building many years, didn't we?"

"Long time, long time," he replied.

"And it will be there for many more years," I added.

"Oh, sure," he agreed.

And then I stopped short, without saying what I had intended to say. Why not let Tony go back with his illusions still untouched? Yes, why not? So I did. But I had intended to add, "You and I are the only two who ever got anything but disaster out of that building."

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Give him a Flexible Flyer and you give him all outdoors—wholesome fun—invigorating exercise—rosy cheeks—firm, active muscles.

Every boy and girl wants a Flexible Flyer, no matter how many "other sleds" they've had. It's the strongest, safest, speediest sled made. Good looking, graceful—grooved steel runners—sure steering control. The only sled boys and girls know by name.

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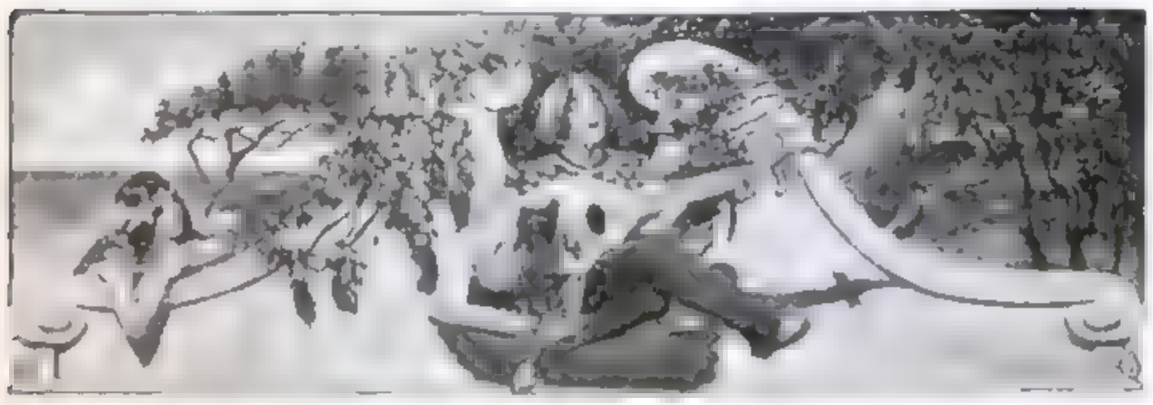

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UNWRITTEN HISTORY

Continued from Page 4

the godfather look. He had kindly eyes, fastidious hands, a gentle, semihumorous dignity. He might have filled the rôle of Santa Claus and how intensely I hoped he would to me!

"Good God!" he said as I walked in; which, curiously enough, sent my spirits up. And when I asked him why, he Unwinned quickly, hid his first astonishment at what I suppose was my juvenile appearance, and struck several shrewd blows at my sudden confidence. And when at last I managed to ask him what he thought of Which is Absurd he burst out laughing and tapped the manuscript with his fingers.

"Odd," he said, "very odd. Sentimental cynicism. Naïve, sophisticated, flippant, ingenuous, unconventional. Distinctly clever and now that I see you, too clever, rather dangerously clever. In fact precocious. Still, what do you want for it?"

I very nearly stood on my head, waved my spatted feet and sang through my sobs. I asked for an enormous sum—a hundred pounds or so. A gift at that, I thought, ignorant of prices. I had seen where Kipling lived. And then followed a further process of Unwinning and a final cash offer of ten pounds for the lot. To be in the Autonym Library was very well with the rest. Ten pounds for all that work! No wonder my father had talked of garrets, frayed shirt cuffs and trodden-down heels. I asked for time, made an appointment for tomorrow, and with mingled feelings of triumph and disappointment tore round to the rooms in Clifford's Inn of a friend of a friend who drove the pen for bread.

Sitting amidst a scatter of proof sheets like a cook who had plucked a goose, this man was kind enough to hear my tale.

Advice

"What? The Autonym Library? A chance to be published in the Autonym Library, with the reflected glory of its famous list and the certainty of quick press notices in all the papers? Give him the damn thing, you lucky devil; make him a handsome present of it, and thank your stars for something I'd eat my hat to get." But I took the ten-pound note with humble gratitude.

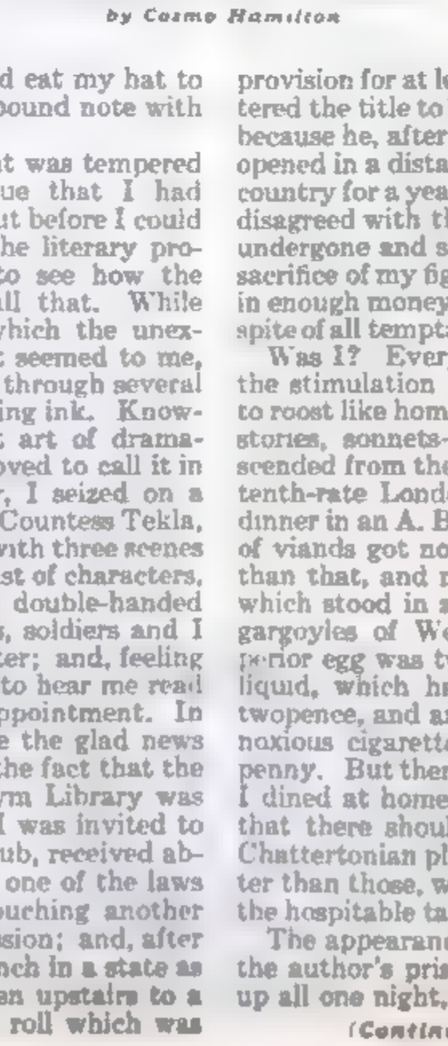
My father's astonishment was tempered with wisdom. It was true that I had achieved the impossible; but before I could call myself a member of the literary profession it might be wise to see how the book was received, and all that. While waiting for an event of which the unexpectant public was kept, it seemed to me, lamentably unaware, I ran through several bottles of the blackest writing ink. Knowing nothing of the difficult art of dramaturgy, as Max Beerbohm loved to call it in his gorgeous snuffbox way, I seized on a book of Robert Barr's, The Countess Tekla, made a four-act play of it, with three scenes in every act, an enormous list of characters, battlements, drawbridges, double-handed swords, lords, ladies, pages, soldiers and I am very much afraid, a jester; and, feeling certain that he would love to hear me read it, asked fearlessly for an appointment. In the letter in which I broke the glad news I touched quite lightly on the fact that the new volume of the Autonym Library was by most sincerely yours. I was invited to lunch at the Devonshire Club, received absolution for having broken one of the laws of literary etiquette by touching another man's novel without permission; and, after pecking at an admirable lunch in a state as flat as a pancake, was taken upstairs to a quiet room with the thick roll which was written on the glossy sheets of government-office paper that I had lifted from my father's desk.

"There isn't a play in this novel, anyhow," grumbled Barr. "However, you'd better get it off your chest."

From the moment that I made a start to do this thing the bearded parent of that outraged book, wearing a baggy suit of thick brown tweeds, prowled all over the room like a restless grizzly bear, followed by a constant cloud of smoke. Every now and then he stopped for a moment, whether in horror or in order to light another of his homemade cigarettes I couldn't possibly tell. With my eyes glued to the pages, I read and read and read. He growled occasionally, chuckled once or twice, cursed a waiter who poked his head into the room, and by the time that I was leading up to the final scene was going round and round my chair like a squirrel in a cage.

"Curtain," I said, and looked up giddily, expecting to be flung downstairs.

"Better than Shakspere!" shouted Barr, hauling me to my feet and waltzing me about the room.



D. Lloyd George From a Caricature by Cosmo Hamilton

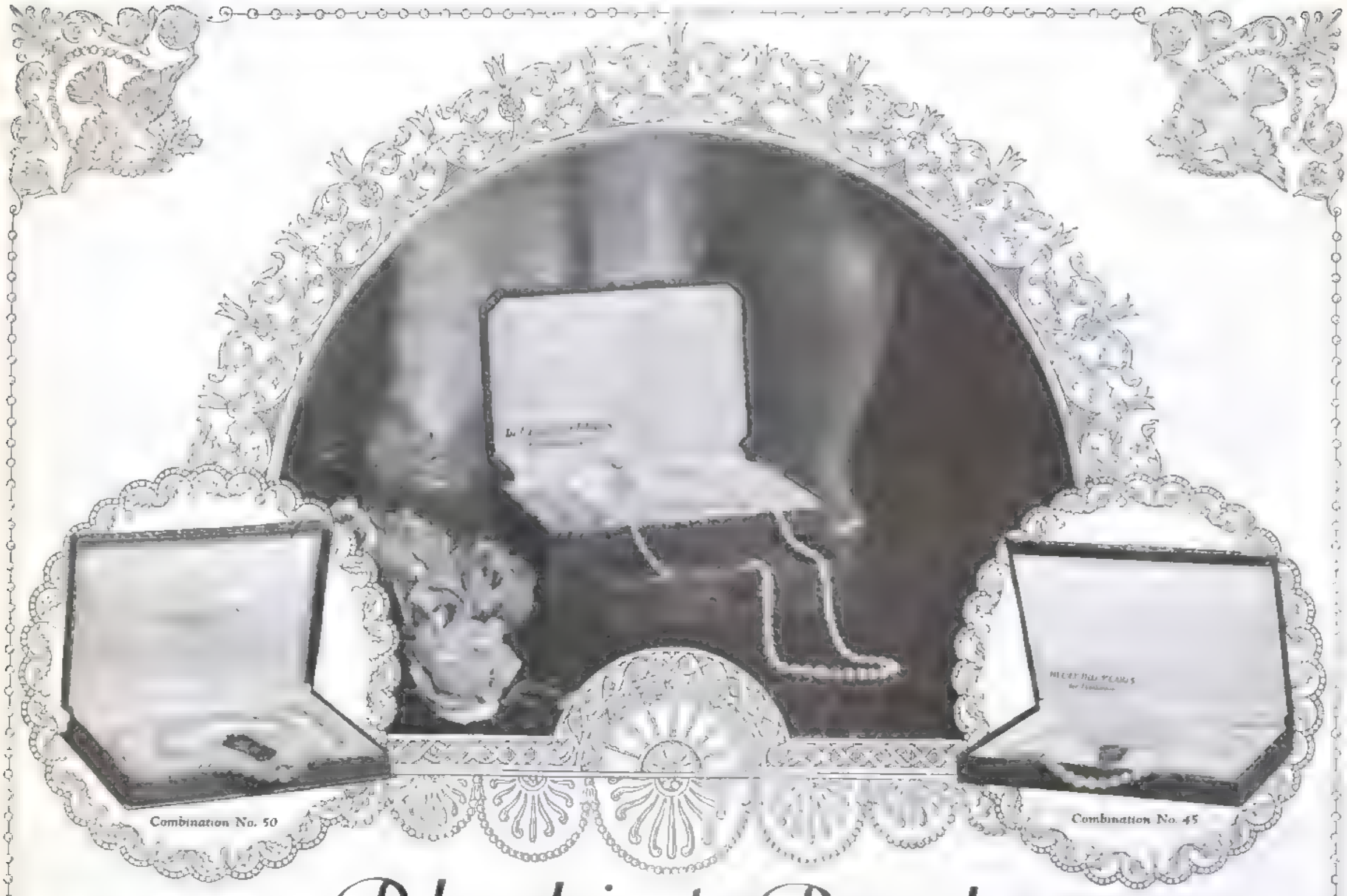
Broke

He knew as little about plays as I did; but I agreed with him, and swam home through what appeared to be champagne. He worked over this exciting effort for a fortnight; and just as it was about to be placed with George Alexander for production in London by an agent in his employ he sent me a telegram to say that he had arranged for it to be done by Edward Compton in the English provinces. He had hired a dog and barked himself and ruined a magnificent chance. The red-headed father of Compton Mackenzie and Fay Compton was, however, a sterling actor who had played the old comedies with his own most excellent company for years; and, after he had cut out a dozen superfluous characters and several unnecessary scenes, a castle or two, a fight in which I had made provision for at least a hundred men, and altered the title to The Emperor's Romance—because he, after all, was the star—the play opened in a distant town and ran about the country for a year. I never saw it played. I disagreed with the drastic treatment it had undergone and shuddered at the wholesale sacrifice of my fighting men. But it brought in enough money to take me into rooms. In spite of all temptations, I was a writing man.

Was I? Everything that I wrote under the stimulation of this success came back to roost like homing pigeons; articles, short stories, sonnets—everything. And I descended from the crowded dining room of a tenth-rate London club to eat my scanty dinner in an A. B. C. tea shop, whose choice of viands got no further into the alphabet than that, and my supper at a coffee stall which stood in an open space beneath the gargoyles of Westminster Abbey. A superior egg was twopence, a cup of burning liquid, which had stood near coffee, was twopence, and an attenuated packet of obnoxious cigarettes almost killed one for a penny. But there were good evenings when I dined at home, guarding my appetite so that there should be no suspicion of my Chattertonian plight; and others, even better than those, when I drew up my chair to the hospitable tables of my father's friends.

The appearance of my masterpiece, with the author's pristine copies of which I sat up all one night, reading all six from cover

(Continued on Page 140)



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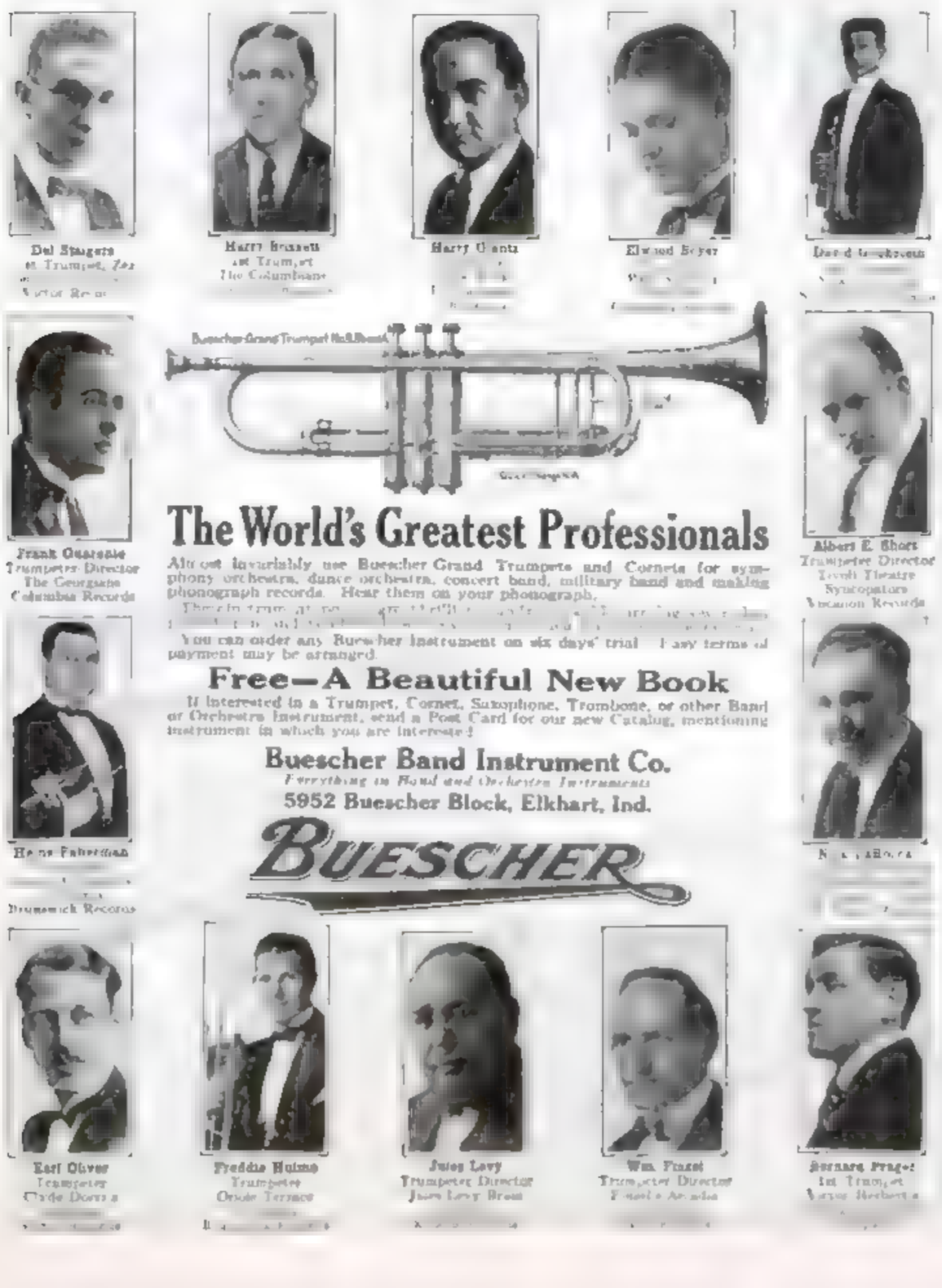
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BUESCHER

(Continued from Page 138

to cover with tingling blood, brought me better luck. On the strength of the reputation of the library whose name it bore, it was reviewed at once in most of the papers, and either kicked or praised. The critics who were amused by its juvenile satire, its beardless cynicism, its twisted sentiment, its cheap cleverness and its Gallic flippancy, said so, with quotations. The others, whom it worked into a condition of volcanic irritation, said so, too—though, fortunately, at length. If I didn't wake to find myself famous, I woke, at any rate, in a blaze of publicity.

"Who is Cosmo Hamilton?" one evening paper asked, and answered its own question in these crushing words: "Either a very bitter old man who is bankrupt of every hope, or an unkissed girl in a boarding school who ought to be spanked with a brush."

Barr, always kind, went to Jerome K. Jerome, who was running a weekly of sorts, and asked him to say something nice about that boy's first book. Jerome, promising that he would, wrote this: "Which is Absurd, by Cosmo Hamilton. Autonym Library Fisher Unwin. Quite so."

Spill it and Go

My father threw the book out of the window, and now I agree with him. But then ——

The almost immediate reaction to this newspaper effervescence, this little commotion from the escape of gas which produced innumerable small bubbles and not much else, was an almost indecipherable note from Sir Douglas Straight, an ex-Indian judge, who was then editing the Pall Mall Gazette. In answer to this I presented myself at his noisy slap-desk office in Charing Cross Road, in which the paper was made up, put to bed and flung into its yellow distributing carts, before it became the property of Mr. Astor and was lifted into its present palatial home. I found Sir Douglas, who looked more like a typical British admiral than an editor or a judge, sitting on a high stool with the straw bursting out of its leather seat, his top hat on the back of his head and a smudge of printer's ink on his aquiline nose. In the most conspicuous place in this hole in the wall hung a notice the exact epigrammatic wording of which I can't remember now. "Spill it and go," was the essence of it, with a rather pathetic suggestion that the editor was bored enough already without one's adding to his distress.

"You Hamilton?"

"Yes, sir."

"Damned young."

"Yes, sir."

"Preposterous book."

"Yes, sir."

"Have a shot at eight articles for me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wednesday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good-by."

"Good-by, sir."

Which led to numerous contributions, after twenty-four hours of agonized incompetency, to a series called The Wares of Autolycus, for which Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Alice Meynell and other equally distinguished people wrote many delightful things. It led also to my writing a daily London letter for a syndicate, which took me frequently to the lobby of the House of Commons, to the theaters, exhibitions, concerts, and who knows what besides. It thrilled me very much to watch and study the ways and manners of Gladstone, Asquith, Harcourt, Haldane, Dilke, Balfour, St. John Brodrick, Chamberlain, with his inevitable orchid, Churchill, the obstreperous members of the Irish Party, Burns, the first of the Labor men, with his bowler hat, and the early and more earnest Lloyd George.

It was then that I began to indulge in the pernicious habit of drawing caricatures; and I shall never forget an uncomfortable incident which occurred one afternoon when Mr. Gladstone stood in the lobby among a group of worshiping constituents and directed his eagle eye at me. I had just finished putting his leonine head upon the body of a hungry-looking cat when he marched down upon me and held out his wrinkled hand. I sprang to my feet, wishing that I had been born with the gift of physical dissolution, and handed over my book.

"Very feeble," he said distinctly, and gave it back to me; whereupon I knew how the unfortunate Admiral Maxse must have felt when Queen Victoria commanded that he should give his well-known imitation of her august self, watched him put a handkerchief on his head, sink his chin and blow out his cheeks, said in her iciest tone, "We are not amused," and left him worse than dead.

I was not permitted to go into the Press Gallery of the House except during the two or three times when I deviled for the Parliamentary Observer of the Pall Mall Gazette. Being new to the proceedings, and not utterly bored and blasé like the older men up there, who looked upon all the leaders of the political game as a band of cynical and frankly selfish actors striving without the smallest loyalty and patriotic sense to force themselves to the center of the stage and stick there at all costs, I found it as good as any play I ever saw, though the dialogue was not so witty as it was in some. To look down from the gallery and see the utter indifference of all those men who, unless a crisis made them sit up straight, lolled and flopped on the benches, yawning, cracking jokes through the debates and leaving the place whenever they could, was vastly amusing to one who liked to look behind the scenes. Mr. Balfour's usual attitude, with his head bent forward, his back flat upon the bench, his long legs stuck out in front of him and his hygienic shoes resting on the table which held the mace; Mr. Asquith, often fast asleep, with his head on anybody's shoulder; Mr. Chamberlain, trying to keep the creases from his trousers—were, of course, the subjects for many and frequent pencils. The present Lord Dalziel was a private member then—a tall, untidy Scot, with a queer sense of humor and a shrewd head for business, and pockets bulging with newspapers that he wanted to buy or sell. So were many others who have since been shuffled into the House of Lords, either as a reward for services or to get them out of mischief. Parliament is a more curious place than ever it was, with the Labor Party in such devastating numbers.

High Hopes

My second full-length play, called The Wisdom of Folly—being three exciting days in the otherwise peaceful life of a fluffy-minded woman—was written about this time; and, after the usual disheartening adventures through which such tyronic efforts go, it fell into the hands of Charles Cartwright, the well-known actor, who was directing the productions of Miss Gertrude Kingston at the Comedy Theater. Her season had not been successful. Two plays had failed to attract. Her backing had been severely strained. In my Mrs. William Allen Richardson Rose, Cartwright saw a very fat part for the worried and charming lady, who must change her bill at once in order to tempt the public again. He urged acceptance of my play, won his point, and read it so delightfully to the distinguished company in a little back room of the theater that all our hopes ran high.

With Charles Groves as a retired admiral, J. H. Brewer as a retired colonel, Holman Clark as a retired civil servant, Frank Kemble Cooper as an active solicitor, Ada Ferrar as a spinster maid, Barrington Foote and Lily Grundy, the daughter of Sydney Grundy, the dramatist, as the two young self-conscious people, and Gertrude Kingston as the fluffy-minded woman, it went into instant rehearsal; and if any play had a chance to draw the fickle playgoer, that one had. What a cast, what enthusiasm!

On the first night, not daring to go near the theater, I wandered about the streets in an agony of apprehension; and when, drawn like a needle to a magnet, I went to the front of the house at the moment when I thought that the verdict must have been passed, a critic, whom I knew very slightly, rushed out in advance of the audience, caught sight of my sea-green face, called out "Damned good in parts, damned bad in parts," and went off at a run to his office.

My father, who had seen the play that night, gave me supper at his club, and with roars of laughter, not wholly mirthful, accused "you young devil" of having put him on the stage in the person of Shand-Shand, the civil servant, which I honestly and strenuously denied. I had made use, of course, of certain characteristic Whitehall shibboleths on which I had been brought up; but the pompous bewhiskered person whom I had drawn with a malicious touch of caricature bore no more resemblance to my father, for whom I had the greatest love and admiration, than a turkey buzzard to a greyhound. The poor little play, written in

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high spirits and the most youthful sense of satire, was accused by the Daily Telegraph of being stamped with the most poisonous cynicism, lingered for two anæmic weeks and faded away, sending Miss Gertrude Kingston to the hospital, me to the country to lick up wounds and her company back to the Green Room Club.

Once again in town, with a renewal of optimism and a coat of sunburn, I was asked by a rash man whose name I forget to edit a weekly paper called, for no earthly reason that I could discover, The Sovereign. I found upon entering the office of this quite superfluous and entirely bloodless joke that I had been engaged to occupy not only the editorial chair but those of all the staff as well. Like the pathetic desperado in one of Gilbert's ballads, I was the cook and the captain bold, and the mate of the Nancy brig, the bo'sun tight and the midshipmite and the crew of the captain's gig. brave boys, the crew of the captain's gig. I had a very jolly and a rather strenuous time—while it lasted. I wrote the editorials in the pompous manner of all such things, went for the Irish Party tooth and nail in the most approved Tory fashion, dashed off many highly libelous attacks on David Lloyd George, which he never saw or heard about, and printed what I liked about plays, books, music, art, religion, science, finance, men, women and morons.

It was a curious position; rather like that, it seemed to me, of a man appointed to rule the nonexistent inhabitants of a deserted island. Mine was, indeed, a voice crying in the wilderness. But I did have one eager reader—the proprietor—who admired my work extremely, I was thankful to say, until the strain upon his purse became quite unbearable and The Sovereign was laid to rest without any of the pomp and solemnity that usually go with a royal demise. I made one excellent discovery, however, in the person of W. K. Haselden, a maker of humorous drawings.

Back once more into a less unearthly atmosphere, I took it into my head to write for the World for a change. At that time the weekly Society Journal, started by Edmund Yates about thirty years before, contributed to under his flamboyant editorship, which led him into jail for libel, by Dickens and Thackeray and most of the big guns of those days, was in the hands of William Archer as dramatic critic, Lady Jeune as the anonymous Belle of the famous letters, Lady Colin Campbell as a genial observer of pleasant follies, Robert Hichens as the dialoguist, Frank H. Hill, former editor of The Daily News, as the oracle of its politics, Richard Dehan as one of the mainstays of the fiction end, the brilliant and erratic Mostyn T. Pigott as the incessant provider of vers de société, with W. S. Bullock writing from Germany, and many other first-rate pens, occupying as much space as they cared to fill on any subject that took their fancy. In other words, the paper was being edited by the contributors, and not, in the customary manner, by the admiral on the poop.

A Diplomatic Answer

This placid, gentle, charming, happy-go-lucky person was William Drummond, who wore frogs on what was a cross between a smoking jacket and a frock coat, which gave him the appearance of the conductor of a casino orchestra or the station master of a Swiss railway line. Instead of emulating the conscientious Atlas, who bore the world upon his shoulders, Drummond sat on top of it with a beaming smile and dangled his legs over the side. Without taking the trouble to achieve an introduction to him, which was foolish, I sent him a so-called satirical dialogue every Monday for a year. But, you see, he had a dialoguist already, with whom he was perfectly pleased, and so these things came back to me with the regularity of clockwork.

A little tired of this monotonous game, I tried my hand at a short story, designed to add an extra beat to Mr. Drummond's pulse. In this I made two ill-mated husbands perform an exchange of wives. It was a tragic story, a little too daring perhaps, but not without a note of ecstasy. Its effect was precisely the one that I had done my best to achieve. I received a courteous though perfectly steady letter, asking me to be so kind as to call at King Strut, Covent Garden, the following Wednesday afternoon. At the end of a very pleasant interview, during which I was informed that my story would be accepted with pleasure if I would consent to make a slight alteration in its last three lines, the Elizabethan Mr. Drummond asked me a question that completely winded me:

"Have you ever, by the way, tried your hand at writing dialogues?"

In a flash I saw a pile of fifty-two refusals on a bookshelf by my desk which obviously he had never seen. The elbow grease! The heartbreak! It was on the tip of my tongue to confess that I had bombarded him with dialogues with a tragic persistence which had broken down at last. But, with a touch of diplomacy, inherited presumably from my grandfather, I answered the question with another:

"Would you like me to see what I can do?"

The result was the sending back of every blessed one of my neglected efforts and a great many more besides. The C. H. under my first year's contributions were generally supposed to be the initials of Charles Hawtrey. No one suspected the inconspicuous author of the play that had put Miss Kingston into bed. I was, however, the first writer eventually to have his name signed in the columns of the London World. Imagination boggles at such a revolution! When, finally, I sprang my joke on Mr. Drummond in a burst of careless confidence the corners of his gentle mouth curled into a smile, and he said, "That's very amusing indeed."

The Gadsbys Dramatized

For several weeks I had been trying to screw up sufficient courage to write to Rudyard Kipling to ask if I might be permitted to dramatize his Story of the Gadsbys, and at last I ventured to do so, with little hope of gaining my eagerly desired point. By return of post, to my infinite joy and amazement, I received a card telling me, in the small, neat writing of the man I worshiped from afar, that if I was so keen to have a shot at what he himself had several times failed to make any sort of job of, I was at perfect liberty to do so.

"I'm off to South Africa at the end of the month, and if you can get it done by then let me see it before I sail."

I did get it done by then with the aid of midnight oil and daily concentration broken only by the necessity to eat. It was a labor of love, because Kipling was then, and is still, in my estimation, the master, the giant of the pen, who has done more magical things with the English language, especially in his short stories and in Kim, than any other living man.

In the process of dramatization it was necessary, as it nearly always is, to take certain liberties with the original story, to introduce new people, to focus upon a main theme, and to make one of the characters the pivot of the play. I made Gadsby the leading part—dear old heavy-footed Gadsby, who remained a bachelor even after his wedding bells had frightened him to death. It was with the most painful trepidation, therefore, that I sent off the finished play to Kipling and in the most deadly funk that I waited for the verdict.

His card was stolen by an autograph hunter, the most unscrupulous of men, and so, unfortunately, I cannot quote it here. It was to the effect, however, in the kindest words, that I had done the trick, that it met with his absolute approval and that I could go ahead and get it placed. "Good luck; R. K." It was accepted by the first of the managers to whom it was sent—Frederick Harrison and Cyril Maude of the Haymarket Theater—and shortly after his arrival at Spion Kop, to stay with Cecil Rhodes, 50 per cent of the preliminary payment dropped out of his agent's envelope on Kipling's breakfast table.

But that's another story.

The best laid schemes of mice and literary men gang aft a-gley, and by a most unfortunate chance I came under the blue eye and open blandness of a financial shark at this encouraging period of my inky struggle which almost landed me in jail. How true it is that a carpenter should never attempt to manipulate the wires of an electrician, or an electrician attempt to solve the mysteries of a saw. A short, ingenuous and trust-inspiring man, with the face of a philanthropist and the cooing of a dove, came suddenly into my innocent and sometimes sedentary life. I've never been able to fathom why he picked on me, and, out of all the crowd, marked me out for wealth. It was, perhaps, because I happened to be able to say "How do you do?" to an ex-governor-general and exchange the time of day with an earl, both these fates being strangely irregular on the part of a literary

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gent. Be that as it may, he astonished and confused me very much one sunny day by saying that he had appointed me to a seat on the board of directors of a high-sounding company for the exploration of the gold, silver, copper, oil, steel, iron and nitrates from large portions of this earth. It carried a salary of six hundred pounds a year and nothing to do but sign my name. It was a dream, a chimera, one of the many things which seem too good to be true. But it was true, as I quickly saw when I was taken to a suite of palatial offices in Trafalgar Square and stood gaping at the specimens of the company's richness reposing in glass cases round the walls.

When it turned out that I was the only director out of a yet-to-be-landed eight, and that the company had still to be provided with a large capital by a public none too anxious to buy gold bricks, I ought to have resigned with dignity and taken to my heels. It is easy to be wise after the event and pick the winner when the race is run. I was a babe in business, and an optimist. Then, too, my new-found friend read the lessons every Sunday in his church.

The governor-general and the earl, as, of course, you will have guessed, were the next to grace the board, at which eventually there also sat a duke and several members of Parliament. All went well though with, I am bound to confess, several Gilbert-and-Sullivan moments, such as those during which two or three of us, gathered together, signed documents which might have been written in Zulu so far as we could make them out, and those when my leg was pulled by my friends and I received an anonymous letter from A Well-Wisher pointing out that guinea pigs, as directors of companies had come to be named, sometimes wound up not in sties but prisons—until the day the company went to allotment, when for the first time the directors had the pleasure of making one another's acquaintance en bloc. Great excitement under the most phlegmatic attitudes. Hundreds of thousands of pounds were expected to roll in on top of a booming press campaign.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the lists were closed, the secretary entered the board room with the spoils, and the promoter withdrew, as etiquette apparently demanded, to be informed of the fact that we had gone to allotment greatly oversubscribed, as he intended in any case to announce. There were notices to that effect on the table all ready to be sent to the papers.

It would take a better pen than mine to describe the expressions of amazement that settled on the faces of the governor-general, the duke, the earl and the members of Parliament when the secretary announced the total of the checks received, a total at least four hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds short of the capital asked for. Even the somnolent governor-general woke completely up at this. It was then that, with the nasty remarks of my well-wisher ringing in my ears, I locked the board-room door, to the rage and imprecations of our philanthropic financial friend, who hammered a devil's tattoo and moved a hasty resolution. It must have been most eloquently expressed, because, well within an hour, the checks were all ready to be posted back to their gullible dispatchers and our formal resignations had been duly entered in the minutes. A quiet and rather pale procession of men, who felt that they had escaped from the unpleasant charge of fraud by the skin of their teeth, then wound its way downstairs, followed by an astounding outpouring of Billingsgate from the bland and blue-eyed gentleman who read the lessons in his church on Sabbath mornings. Whereupon, breathing rather quickly and with somewhat mirthless laughs, the earl and I sought the Carlton bar and drank to honest poverty and the freedom of the streets.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr Hamilton. The next will appear in an early issue

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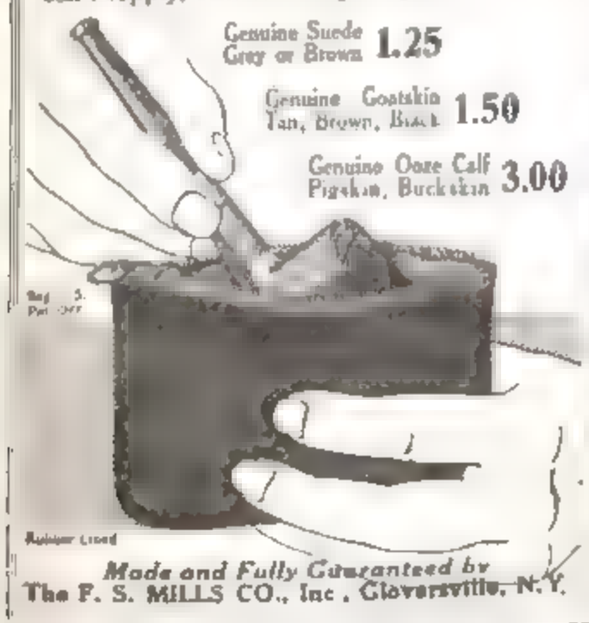

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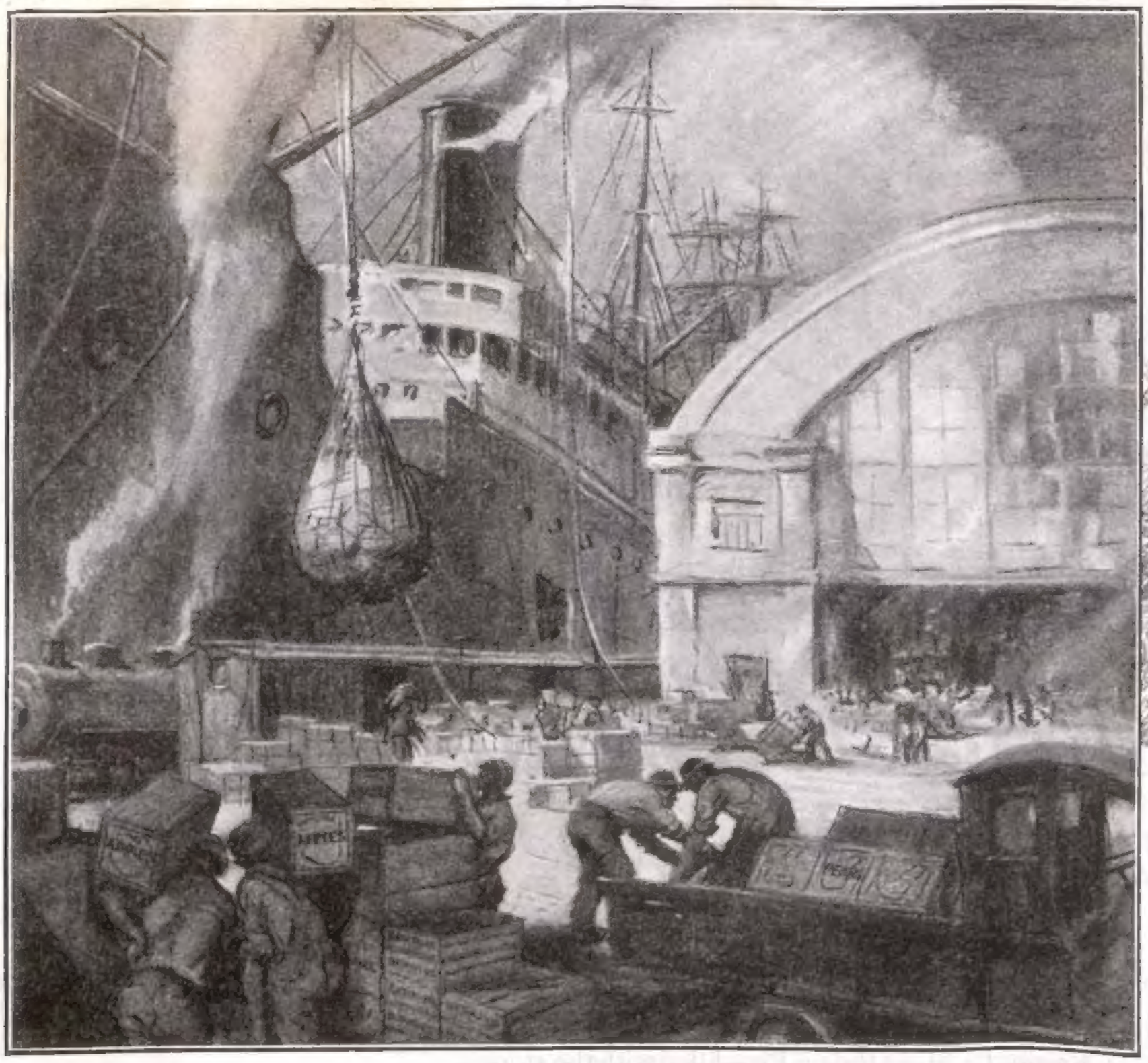

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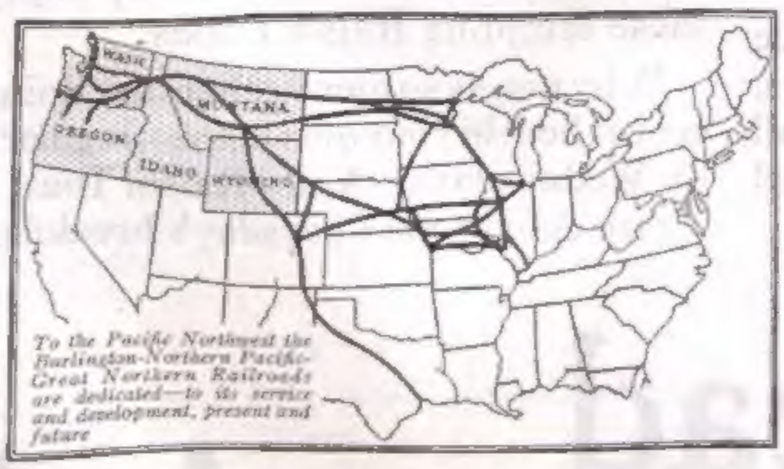

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